Collier's

August 4, 1951 ● Fifteen Cents

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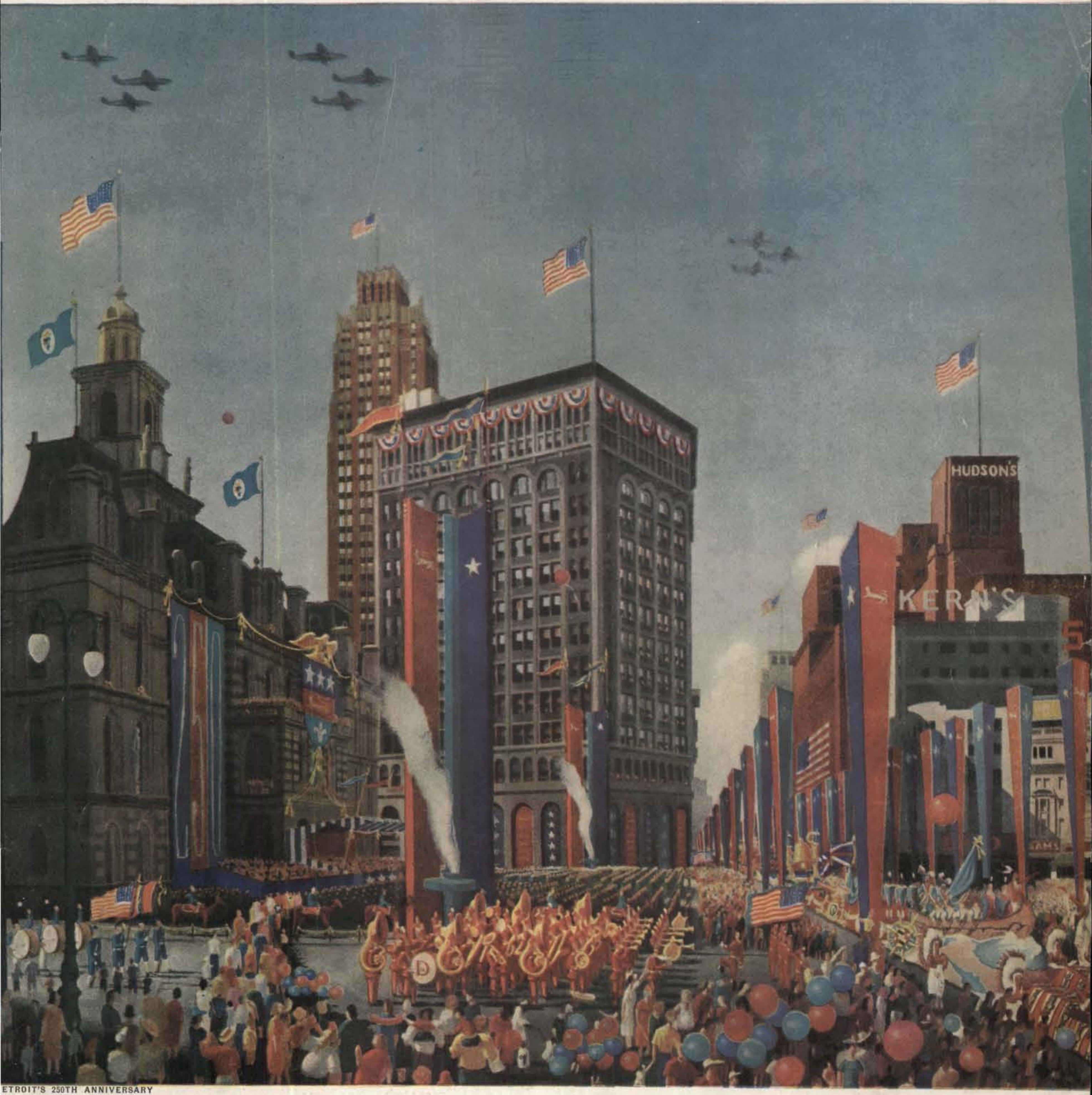
POLIO IS LOSING ITS PUNCH
By John Lear



ETROIT'S 250TH ANNIVERSARY

Another "Korea" in the Making?

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

STINGIEST MAN

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 6
PA
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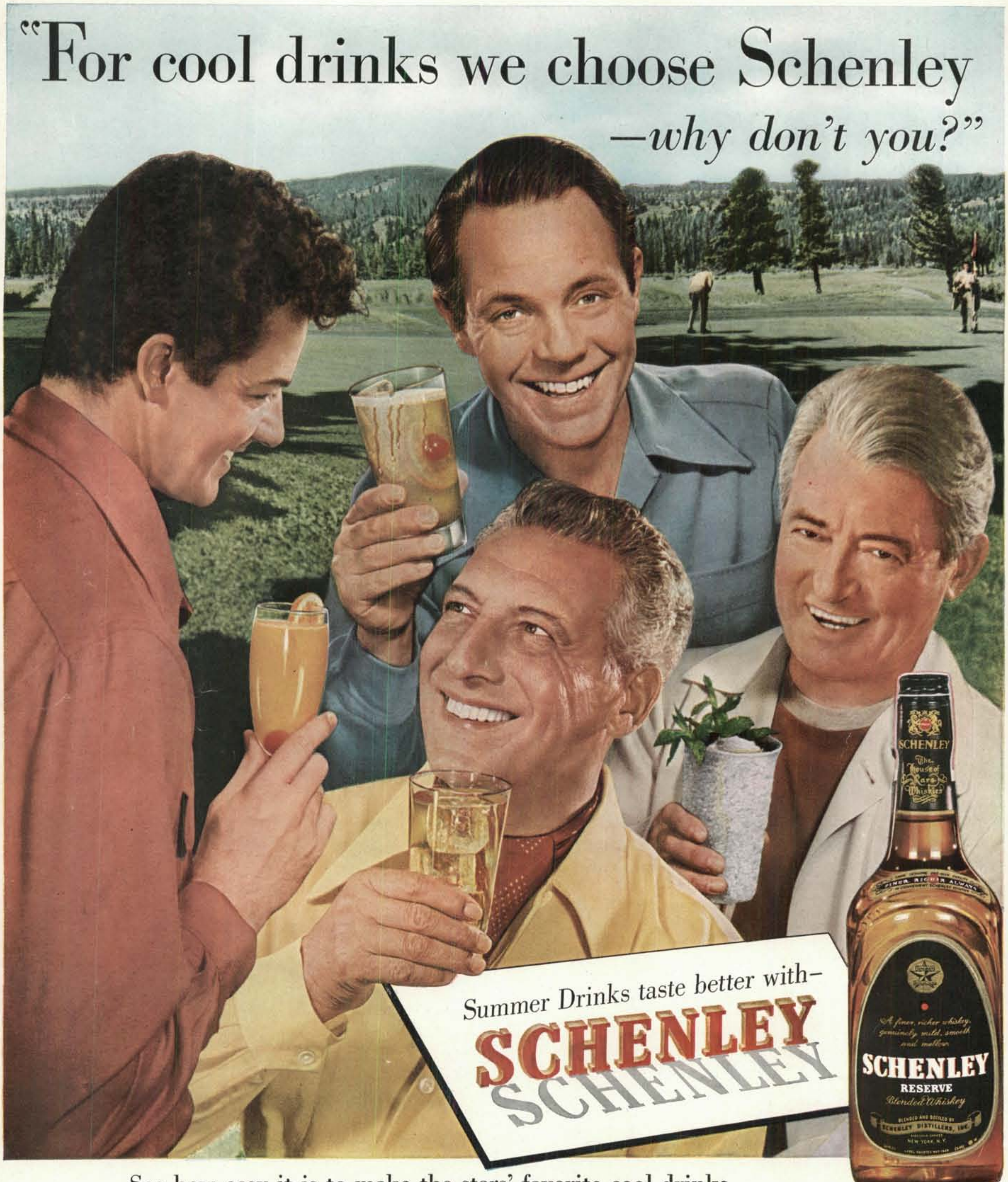
"For cool drinks we choose Schenley
—why don't you?"
Summer Drinks taste better with—
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SCHENLEY
The House of Rare Whiskies
A finer, richer whiskey, genuinely mild, smooth and mellow
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Blended and bottled by Schenley Distillers, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

See how easy it is to make the stars' favorite cool drinks

CORNEL WILDE suggests this recipe for a whiskey sour: Mix juice of ½ lemon, 1 tsp. sugar. Add jigger Schenley in shaker. Shake well; strain. Add dashes of sparkling water. Trim with orange and cherry. It's really cooling.

EZIO PINZA chooses a highball—made with Schenley, of course! Just do this: To a generous jigger of Schenley add 3 cubes of ice in a tall glass. Fill with sparkling water or ginger ale and stir. It's so refreshing.

LOUIS HAYWARD cools off with a Collins. Try one today. Pour juice of ½ lemon, 1 tsp. powdered sugar, 1 jigger Schenley in shaker. Add ice and shake. Pour into tall glass. Fill with sparkling water. Trim with fruit. Delicious!

CLAUDE RAINS enjoys a mint julep. To make it, crush 2 sprigs fresh mint with ½ tsp. powdered sugar. Put mint in tall glass. Fill with crushed ice. Add 1½ jiggers of Schenley. Stir till frosted. Trim with sugared mint.

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1951, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

How Sparkling can you be?

For teeth that
Sparkle bright...
the answer
is **IPANA!**

The answer is Ipana!

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3. BREATH. Brushing with Ipana sweetens breath instantly—and Ipana's brisk, invigorating flavor makes your mouth feel wonderfully fresh.

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Sparkling fresh...
the answer
is **IPANA!**

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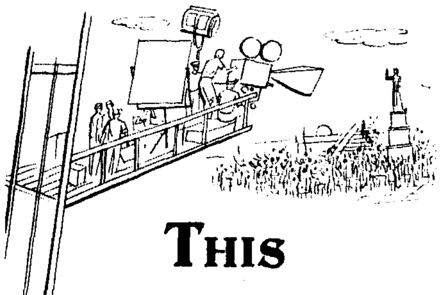
REPLACE CAP

A Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty



THIS IS THE YEAR OF QUO VADIS

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

20,000 spectators crowded a huge amphitheatre in Rome to see a spectacle no living man had ever seen before. As the flags flew to honor a Roman holiday, a giant of a man paced the sandy arena and watched as they tied a lovely girl to the stake. In cages beneath the stadium, more than 60 savage lions and seven enraged fighting bulls awaited release.

There, in Rome itself, in an authentic replica of Nero's Circus, M-G-M was re-creating one of a score of breath-taking scenes from one of the most colorful and exciting stories ever written—to make the greatest motion picture ever filmed.

In "Quo Vadis", ancient Rome lives once more in all its magnificence . . . Nero's banquet, the triumphal procession, and the awe-inspiring burning of Rome contrast sharply with the tender love story of a young Roman general and a beautiful Christian hostage.

To make "Quo Vadis" demanded years of planning, the design and construction of 115 massive sets, the production of 32,000 costumes. After the selection of a cast of 30,000 individual actors, including 29 top principals and 235 other speaking roles, an entire studio moved to Rome for the actual making of the picture.

Only the motion picture screen could bring you such spectacular splendor; only Technicolor could do justice to its beauty; only M-G-M would dare undertake a project so stupendous.

Now, just a year after the Technicolor cameras first started turning, "Quo Vadis" has reached the editing stage. In several months it will be ready for you to see and marvel at.

FREE...We would like to send you a 24-page booklet telling the entire fascinating story of the production of "Quo Vadis", illustrated with many full-color reproductions of actual scenes. For your free copy, write "QUO VADIS" Box 982, G. P. O., New York, N. Y. Please enclose 10¢ to cover postage and handling costs.

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The Cover

Detroit is No. 10 in our metropolitan cover series, and the fifth largest city in the country. Celebrating its 250th anniversary this year, it was founded July 24, 1701, when Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac landed on the site. High light of the birthday festivities will be a mammoth parade on July 28th, previewed here by artist Tom Fransioli. At left is City Hall, facing Campus Martius, the public square, between Fort Street and Michigan Avenue. Centered is the Majestic Building; beyond is the David Stott Building. Well-known department stores line the way all along Woodward Avenue, running north at the right.

Week's Mail

Reform Begins at Home

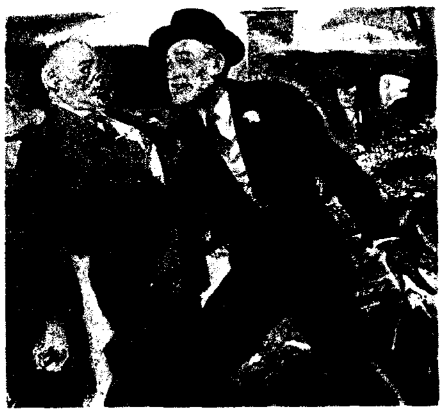
EDITOR: Orchids to your editorial on O'Dwyer (You Quit Before, Bill, Do It Again, June 16th). That's what we were talking about when we criticized your ranting at the Argentines for not throwing Perón overboard.

Again, let's chisel off and bury a good deal of our own political corruption before we tell other people what they should do.
ROBERT HIGGINS, Southampton, N. Y.

White Suit, Red Face

EDITOR: It might be interesting to know how many readers note the discrepancy in the illustration for your "short short," Crusher Shea's Social Security (June 16th).

McCarthy's script calls for white linen suit but Bischoff's Hunnewell is nattily attired in Oxford gray morning coat, striped trousers, Homburg and gray gloves.
TUBLEY RIVES, Detroit, Mich.



. . . Do the illustrators read the stories they illustrate?

In The Man in the Four-Dollar Suit, (June 16th) the text says that the boy tries on and takes off a coat, but he is drawn trying on the whole Tuxedo suit.

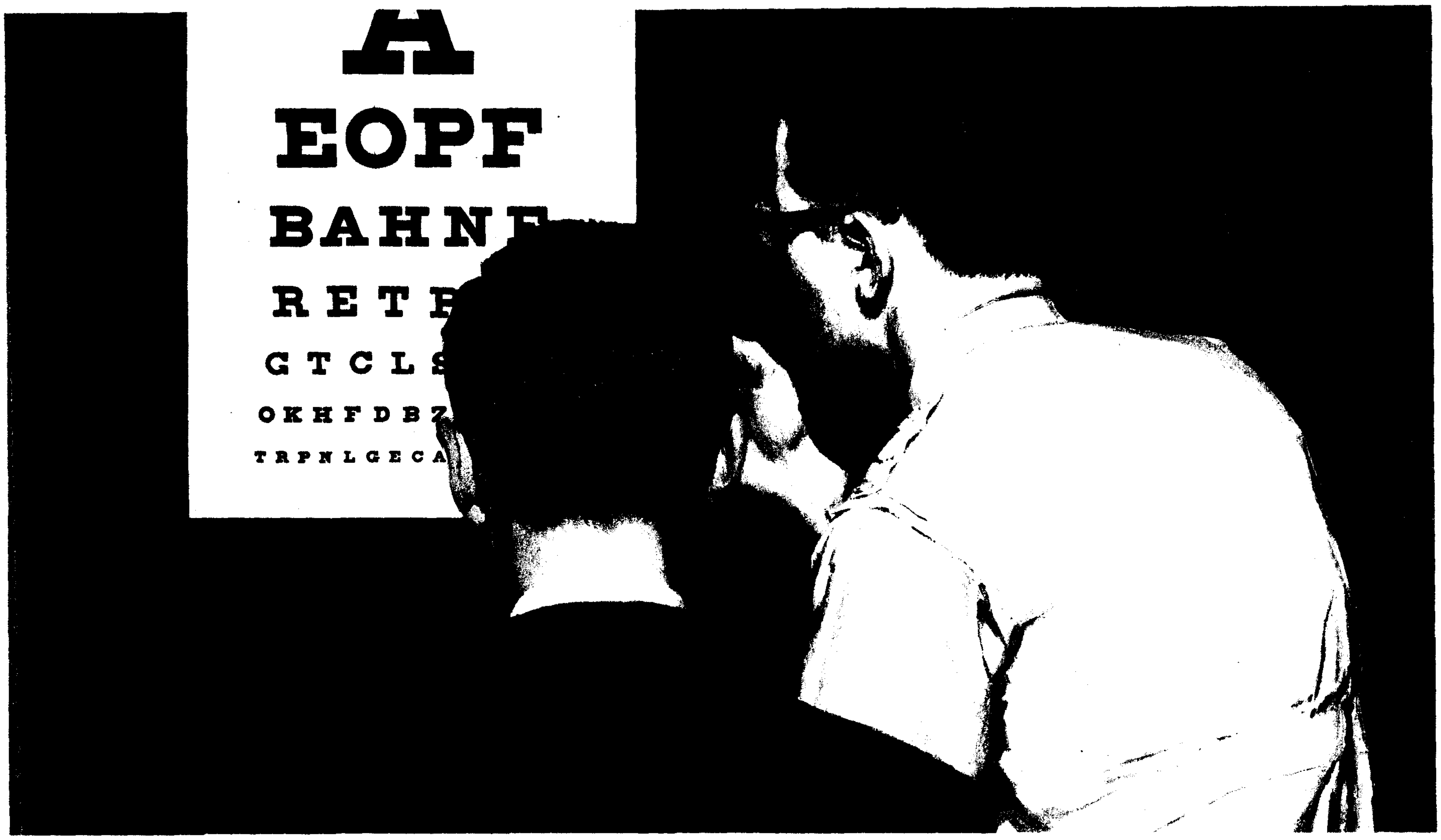
Well, that might be all right, but on page 36, the immaculate Hunnewell in his white linen suit has changed to a black one.
MRS. R. N. WHITE, SR., Mount Dora, Fla.

The General's Pilot

EDITOR: Compliments on Lieutenant Colonel Story's article, My Air Adventures with General MacArthur (June 16th). Certainly he came up to Mr. Shakespeare's summation: "He has the elements so mixed in him, that you can stand up and say to all the world, this is a man."

I hope he and General Eisenhower may be used to better world conditions.
L. E. TERRY, Ponca City, Okla.

Mr. Shakespeare's summation actually reads:
". . . The elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' " **(Julius Caesar.)**



Do your eyes need help?

Many people—both young and old—have some degree of sight impairment. According to recent estimates, one out of every five children of school age has faulty vision. Among adults over 40, two out of every three have visual defects.

To help maintain good vision throughout life and protect general health, doctors recommend that everyone follow the safeguards below.

The child's eyes . . .

During the formative years, authorities say that the eyes need careful attention. The eye grows and changes during this period and it is necessary to discover any serious abnormality early. Faulty visual habits are often formed during childhood which may lead to defects in later years when correction may be more difficult.

Authorities also say that a child's eyes should be examined at age three or four, again before entering school and after starting to read. They recommend these examinations even though no signs of eye trouble are evident.

There are many common diseases that affect the eyes of children. Most of them are mild—but some may be serious. Both may start in the same way—with redness, flow of tears, blinking, squinting, or scowling, accompanied by little or no pain. So, if these or other signs of eye trouble appear, it is wise to see a doctor.

Specialists caution against delay in the use of glasses if a child needs them. Glasses generally help the child to improve his vision, or overcome other eye defects—often within a relatively short time.

The adult's eyes . . .

After age 40, periodic examinations of the eyes are especially important. They provide a *double* safeguard. First, by discovering defects and diseases of the eye itself. Second, by helping to detect conditions such as high blood pressure, diabetes, and hardening of the arteries which often reveal themselves by changes in the eyes.

Fortunately, more can be done today than ever before to check or cure some of the more serious eye conditions. New drugs, for example, are remarkably effective against eye infections. Improved surgical techniques have likewise helped doctors to prevent loss of vision in cases of *cataract*, and in conditions affecting the *retina*, the vital "seeing" part of the eye.

Three common eye defects—nearsightedness, farsightedness, and astigmatism—can usually be corrected by properly fitted glasses. Only an eye specialist is qualified to prescribe glasses or other special eye treatments.

Under proper medical care, most of the threats to good vision can be corrected or cured so that the eyes may be used efficiently throughout life.

To help keep the eyes in good condition:

1. Read with a clear, good light falling from above and behind you.
2. Rest your eyes at frequent intervals when reading or doing close work.
3. Except for easily removable particles, trust only to expert help for removing a foreign body from the eye.
4. Be alert to the warnings of eye trouble—headaches, eye fatigue, blurred vision, inflammation of the eyes or lids, spots before the eyes and colored halos around lights.
5. Use eye safety devices exactly according to instructions.
6. Have your eyes examined regularly by an eye specialist.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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BONELESS Skinless HAM
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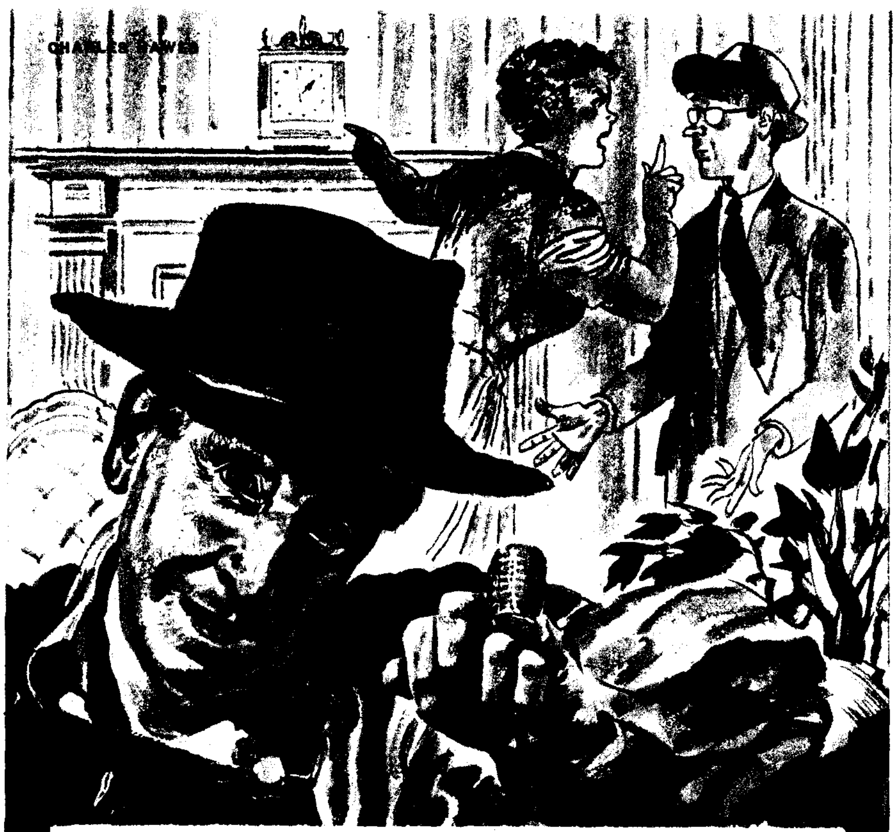
Now, enjoy all the goodness of Swift's Premium Canned Ham—packaged at the very peak of its flavor—and ready always at the twist of a key. Here is that carefully selected, leisurely cured ham—boned, skinless, without waste—thoroughly vacuum cooked for convenience, for tenderness, for easier carving, to save all its good natural juices. Sizes from 6¾ pounds.

Martha Logan suggests keeping one of these fully-cooked hams in your refrigerator . . . ready at a moment's notice for a shiny oven glaze or a quick trip to the snack tray.

Swift's Premium Canned Ham is just one of 25 delicious canned meats including Prem, Chopped Ham, Hamburgers, Pork Sausage and Frankfurts.

Swift makes such good canned meats!



THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

Women Don't Read The Constitution

Dear editar:

All last winter and spring I followed all the Congressional investigations in Washington and New York as close as I could from out here at Circleville. Had the edge on city people, because I didn't have to stop work to keep up, I'd already stopped earlier in the year. You can say this for radio and television, they beat a back fence all to pieces for use in transmittin gossip over. A breath of scandal of course ain't never had no trouble gettin spread, in Circleville or Boston, with or without radio, but modern science beats the old-fashioned way, and it ain't cut down none on exaggeration, either. Rumors fly as well on a coast-to-coast hookup as they do through a picket fence in Circleville.

But what intrigued me the most about the investigations was the method the people bein investigated used to keep information down to a minimum. They've hit on a plan for avoidin answerin embarrassin questions that I'd like to see brought out of Washington and given to us ordinary citizens.

As I understand it, here's the way it works. Say one of em has been caught practically red-handed stuffin dollar bills in his pocket and some senator asks him whose money it was and he just refuses to answer and that seems to settle the matter. Stumps the whole Senate.

Accordin to the news analyst on my radio, this is entirely constitutional, and what I want to know is why this constitutional safeguard ain't extended to the rest of the people? It looks like most of the easy money is gonna go to other people, but I don't see why this handy constitutional device too has to be reserved just for them. Why can't it be extended to every American citizen?

You take a ordinary hard-workin man. Maybe he gets tied up in an important discussion over the 1952 Presidential race at the drugstore or the café and don't get back home at the time he promised and his wife demands to know where he's been.

While he might have a good excuse, sometimes he gets caught off guard a little without no ready answer or he's preoccupied and if he could fall back on the Constitution and say he declines to answer on the grounds it might tend to incriminate him, he would at least be enjoyin some of the mental privileges of the select few, don't make no difference if he hasn't got a shot at the cash or even at namin a few judges or a mayor here and there.

But the trouble with this plan is that there ain't enough women who are familiar with the Constitution. They apparently ain't never heard of that section.

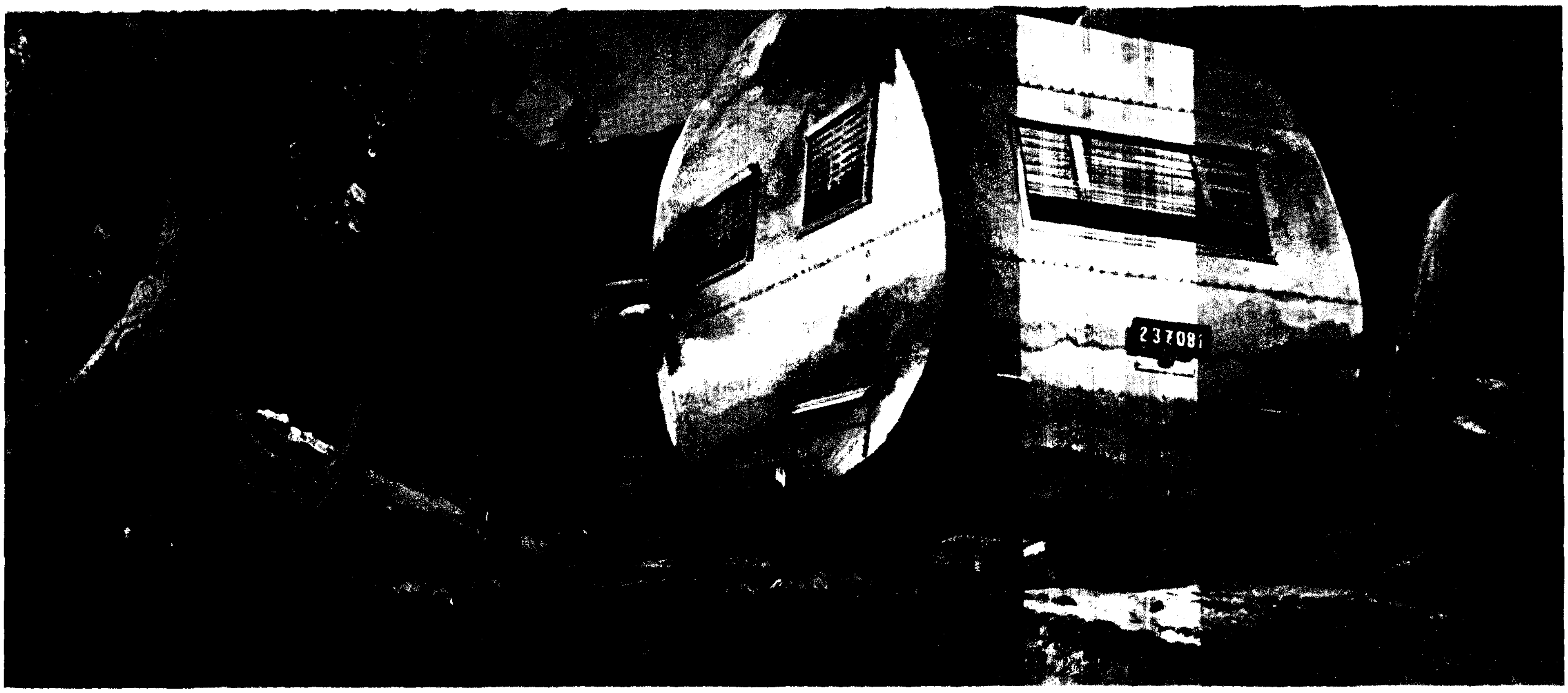
A man caught two inches short of red-handed can lean back in the witness chair, blow a few smoke rings, and decline to answer a pressin question, and the Constitution seems to prevail, but you come home some time at 2:00 A.M. and try it on your wife.

What this country needs is a campaign to familiarize the women with the Constitution. It's a great document but just ain't enough women got enough respect for it.

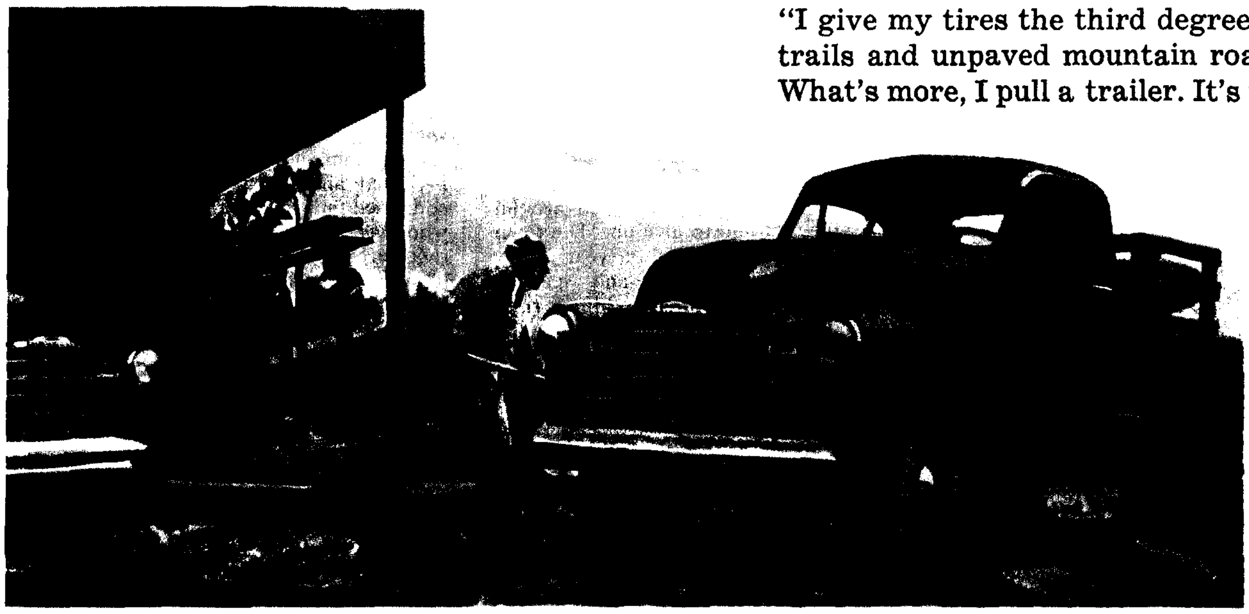
Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

"Tires shouldn't be treated this way"

says Mr. Charles W. Down of San Jose, California



"I give my tires the third degree. Week-ends and vacations, I drive logging trails and unpaved mountain roads—over ruts, rocks and chuck-holes. What's more, I pull a trailer. It's tough going!



"I'm a plumbing contractor, and on new construction jobs, the tires on my 3 trucks are driven through rubbish piles, glass, nails, even old bonfires. Naturally, I need the best, so I use Atlas tires—no other kind.

"My wife's a schoolteacher and drives her own car. I'm glad to know she also rides on *safe* Atlas tires."

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Haven't been able to verify this, but there was a rumor around the National Press Club in Washington that one of the reasons it took Congress so long to vote wheat for India was interference in our national affairs by Shivan Chida Nand Gir. Brother Gir is the boss of the Naga sect—nudists—and recently in New Delhi delivered a speech in which he urged that Harry Truman and Joe Stalin get together and talk peace—in the nude. The carrier of this rumor insisted on pointing out that Mr. Gir felt in this way both Mr. Truman and Mr. Stalin would create a nothing-to-hide atmosphere. Well, maybe, but would Uncle Joe leave *truth* unadorned?

* * *

For several years, Danville, Virginia, has been trying to discourage fortune-tellers. We've been trying to find out why crystal-gazers, palm readers, professional prophets, soothsayers and suchlike sorcerers have rallied around Danville, but had to give up. The town started taxing them $500 a year. They didn't even shrug. Paid and went on prophesying. Danville raised the ante to $1,000. Not even a protest from the oracles. Then $2,000. That's the tax today. So what? Business is wonderful; customers record-breaking. Customers say that what the Danville prophets tell them is more reliable than stuff reaching them from Washington.

PAST PRESENT FUTURE

* * *

Apparently everybody who can read at all has seen the news that the government employs 7,052 chauffeurs whose sole job it is to drive bureaucrats expensively hither and thither—to lunch, to cocktail riots, to around-the-corner conferences, from home to work and home again. Anyway, no day passes that someone doesn't take time to tell us that he or she knows at least one such government VIP who, before landing his job, wasn't exactly sure where his next pair of shoes was coming from.

* * *

Several of the ladies in the Watch Washington Club, in Columbus, Ohio, are thinking and talking along that line. And if you don't think that the capital of your beloved country is watching the Watch Washington Club, you're uninformed. This organization was started a few years ago by Mrs. Bruce Lindsey, of Columbus. It has 750 members. Taking their cue from Mrs. Lindsey, similar clubs have formed in Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and Raleigh, North Carolina. No. 10 Downing Street, London, knows about them, as much as No. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. The Watch Washington Women are seeing to that. They believe that the Constitution of the United States is the most important political document in the world. Sounds rather old-fashioned, doesn't it? They are nonpartisan. All politicians look alike to them. Let an officeholder stray from the path and—*wham!* Watch those Watch Washington Clubs.

* * *

Yet all is unity, peace and concord in Sheakleyville, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. Sheakleyville is about to celebrate her centennial—August 12th to 18th. Without hysteria, with a minimum of noise (including oratory), with the serene confidence of a people who haven't veered an inch from solid old Americanism. There will be a parade. There will be pageants by home talent, farm equipment contests—such as tractor pullings. There will be chicken pie suppers, an Americanism born, say the residents, in Sheakleyville. There are no racketeers in Sheakleyville, no dope pushers, no hopheads young or old, no Communists, no screaming political wahoos. Just Americans who *not only* want peace but practice it. Oh, sure, there'll be a Festival Queen. We said the celebration was going to be 100 per cent American, didn't we?

* * *

The Honorable Sam Lumpkin, who wants to be governor of Mississippi, is stumping up and down Ole Miss, hollering loud and long. Not long ago he addressed an audience thus: "A man who seeks high public office should be required to meet the same qualifications that are required in private business." And that moved one of his hearers to demand: "What do you want to do, Sam? Purge Congress?"

* * *

And Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, is now belatedly willing to admit he doesn't know what things are coming to. "Seems," writes the Colonel, "no matter where a shot is fired anywhere in the world, it always hits the American taxpayer."

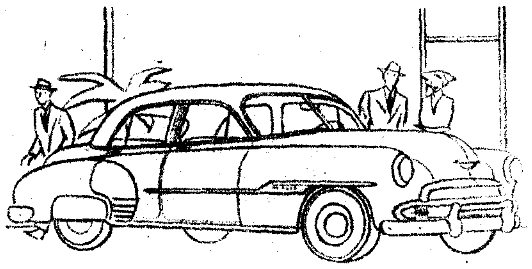
* * *

The school authorities in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, do not believe in letting the kids fritter away their time in such nonsense as sleep. Therefore, just before school closed for the summer, they issued the following directive: "Children will come to school on Friday at 1 A.M. to get report cards."

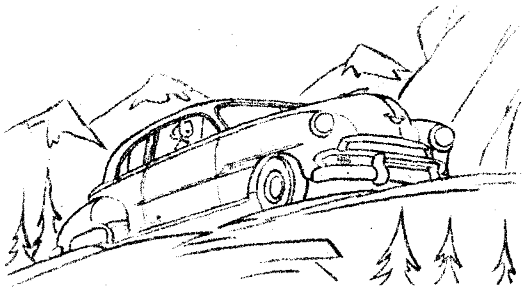
JACK BETTS

* * *

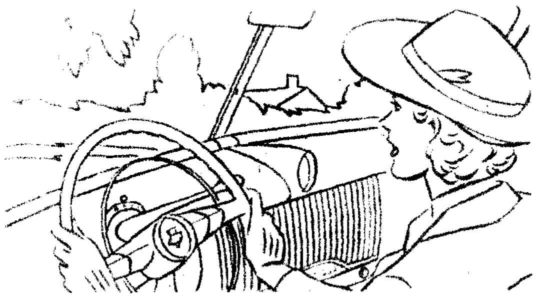
Story goes that an administration spellbinder, reporting back to his boss in the Interior Department in Washington after having scouted the Presi-



Look at the Size!



Test the Performance!



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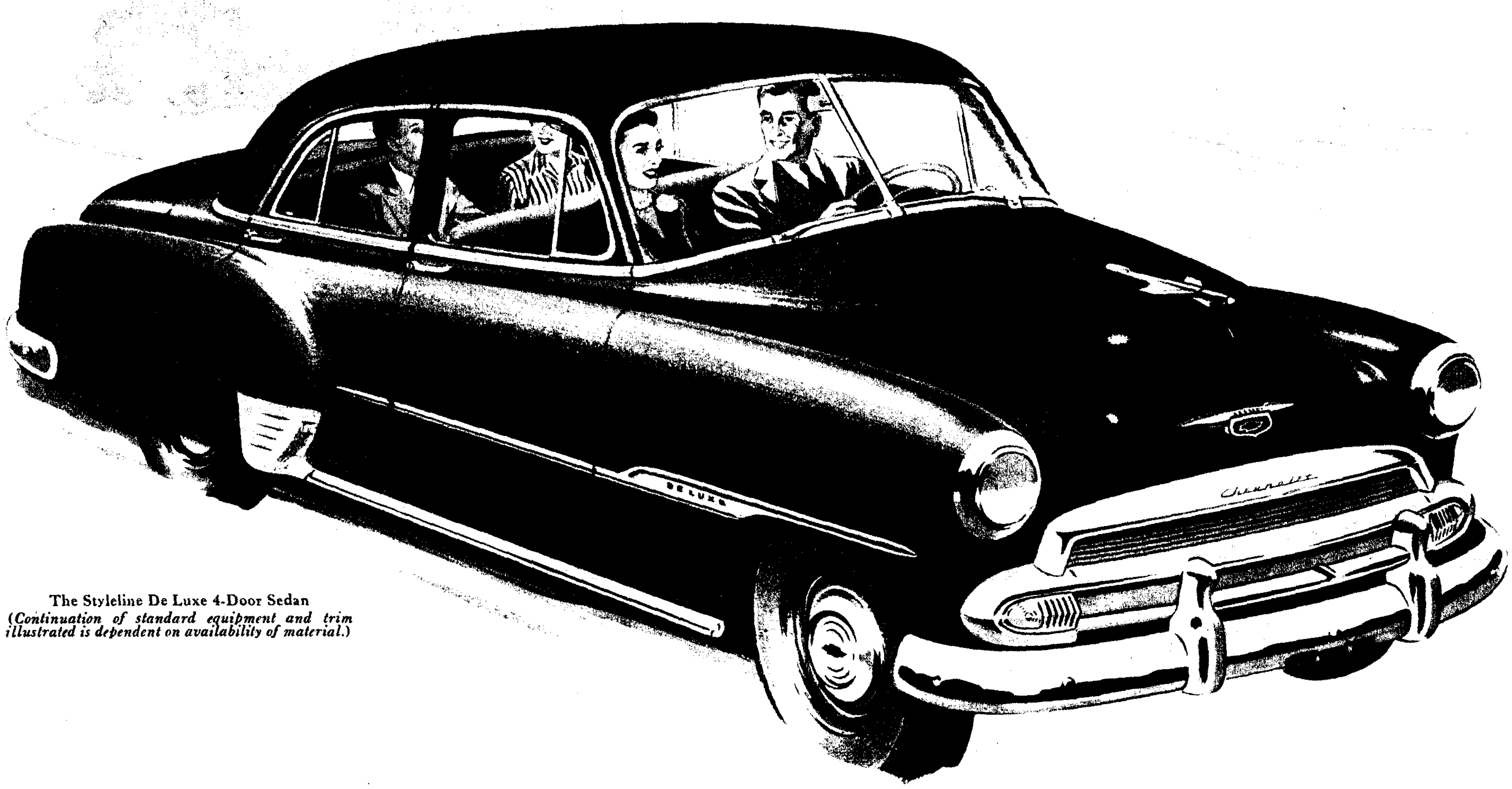

The Styleline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan
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All over America, men and women are telling each other that the new Chevrolet for 1951 gives top quality at today's lowest prices.

We believe you will reach this same conclusion when you see, drive and ride in *America's largest and finest low-priced car.*

You'll know it's the standard of styling the moment you inspect its longer, lower, wider big-car look . . . its modern-mode interior . . . its beautiful America-Preferred Body by Fisher.

You'll realize it offers the peak of luxurious low-cost performance once you test its extra-efficient Valve-in-Head engine . . . its time-proved *no-shift* driving* or *standard* driving . . . its extra-powerful Jumbo-Drum Brakes —largest in its field.

And you'll be certain that no car in its field handles as easily or rides as comfortably as this one car which combines Center-Point Steering, the Knee-Action Ride and many other advantages of higher priced cars.

Yes, you'll discover top quality in *every* detail of this new Chevrolet at today's lowest prices—value so outstanding that it will pay you to see it and place your order now! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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dent's favorite whistle stops, asked about his next assignment. "Yes," said his chief, "get out to the West Coast and remind the folks that the public is confused. Latest reports I get indicate they're beginning to forget that they are."

* * *

In Los Angeles, Mr. Thaddeus Orgen has been spending the past few weeks studying reports from the Census Bureau. He finds that if the draft age should presently be lowered to eighteen, the armed services would have 1,088,000 more men to draw on. However, Mr. Orgen finds that the greatest number of males in America—1,935,000—are in the three-year-old pool. "Please," he pleads, "keep this information away from the Pentagon Building."

* * *

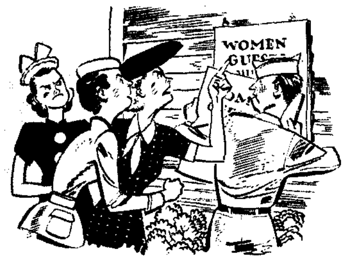
Every week this department of Collier's receives queries from its readers. Most of them are about politics and government—why can't the latter get along without the former, for example. Some we try to answer; some we're afraid to answer. Very few are satisfied, no matter what we say. But sometimes there is variety in the demands. A lady in Muncie, Indiana, asks: "Why is it that my baby never sneezes except when he has his mouth full of cereal?"

* * *

You'll remember that some time ago we told you about artist Jefferson Machamer's model, who said she was told she didn't look old enough to have a grandmother. Anyway, Mr. Machamer telephoned her recently asking her to come to work on the following day. She said she would be glad to. "What time?" asked Mr. Machamer. "Oh, about mid-noonish," she said.

* * *

For years, Washington's Army and Navy Club had a sign over the front door reading: Women Guests Must Use Rear Entrance. Women didn't like it. Steady pressure brought results. Couple of months ago, the sign was covered up and over the rear door appeared a new sign: Women Guests Will Please Use Front Entrance. Maybe you can explain what followed; we can't. The ladies would have none of that; continued to use the rear entrance. So, a few days ago the club removed the rear entrance sign and uncovered the one over the front door. And now the ladies are raising hell again and the Army and Navy Club is considering building a bombproof shelter, for men only, in the basement about halfway between the two entrances.



* * *

The American Association for the Advancement of Science has just heard from Dr. Arthur Adel of Arizona State College that this earth of ours is enveloped in a veil of nitrous oxide—laughing gas. It remains only for somebody to discover something to laugh about.

* * *

We'd like to get out to Norman, Oklahoma, before the government of that city and Paul W. Updegraff, Esq., a Norman lawyer, come to grips in court. The city of Norman notified Mr. Updegraff that it intended to cut down a 10-foot hedge back of his house. Contends that it obstructs traffic. Mr. Updegraff got a restraining order from the county court. "Clipped, sprayed and nurtured," cried Mr. Updegraff, "that hedge has been the home of Toxostoma rufum, Richmondena Cardinalis and Archilochus colubris, and must stay as it is." Whereat, the city contended that this was merely another reason why the hedge must come down—there being public health statutes to observe. In any case, Mr. Updegraff's brown thrashers, red cardinals and ruby-throated hummingbirds will have a hedge over their heads at least until the case comes up in court. And we hope there will be no rioting in the meantime.

* * *

We hope that this does not discourage you from writing to editors. Frankly, editors would be in a nasty fix if you should. Seekers after miscellaneous information pounded the streets of Omaha recently, asking psychiatrists and less complicated citizens why people do write letters to the editor. The scientific gentlemen scoffed at ancient lay explanations—love of seeing one's name in print, for example. They also waved away the theory that most letters to the editor are written when the moon, not the writer, is full. To be short about *it*, the psychiatrists attribute *it* to Guilty Conscience, Fear, Frustration and, as one of the more practical put it, "a desire to tell the editor that he's the guy who is responsible for whatever happens to be wrong at the moment." Anyway, get out your pen or unfurl your typewriter, and take a swing, folks. Costs three minutes and three cents; and where can you get more for your money?

* * *

Signs of Our Times—Dept. of Education. Ad in the Wall Street (New York) Journal: College President Wanted—Exceptional Opportunity Qualified Person . . . And, at the University of California, a noteworthy depot of education, scientists have just developed an electronic device which assorts lemons—according to color.

* * *

Mr. William L. Hughes, working in a tobacco field on Ira Daugherty's farm near Smiths Grove, Warren County, Kentucky, was being chased by a gray fox. Fox was gaining fast, too. Mr. Daugherty, an old semipro baseball pitcher, grabbed a rock and without windup let go with his fast one. It beaned the fox square between the eyes, killing the brute. Rumor has it Mr. Daugherty is now being hounded by a couple of major-league ball clubs, including the St. Louis Browns, who apparently would be glad to sign up anybody who can throw anything.

* * *

We learn with regret that Fred C. Baxter, referee of the Wayne County Juvenile Court, in Detroit, Michigan, is retiring. For 40 years, Judge Baxter has dealt earnestly and wisely with what we call juvenile delinquency. His parting words are wholly typical of his sagacity: "Our present crop of youth is as good as any. I wish I could say as much for their parents."

* * *

Before we forget, we'd better tell you why the Nebraska legislative committee which is investigating lobbyists did not hold a most important meeting to consider that drastic regulatory measure. They had to go to a big chicken dinner given by one of the lobbyists they're investigating.

* * *

Harlan Miller of the Des Moines Register and Tribune reports the discovery of a truly humble gentleman. In his letters this deferential wearer of sackcloth and ashes capitalizes YOU and refers to himself always with a lower-case "i."

* * *

Sound advice from an industrialist to a young man who, in applying for a job, stipulated that it offer good salary and quick advance: "All depends on you, son. There's considerable difference between itching for it and scratching for it."

Your American farmer thinks in billions. Helped by Nickel, "Your Unseen Friend," he grows three billion bushels of corn, a billion bushels of wheat and oats, yearly. Nickel containing alloys help by strengthening and toughening critical parts of tractors, corn pickers, other farm implements.

Whether you grow food
. . . or cook food
. . . or eat food

No matter what's cooking, "Your Unseen Friend," Nickel, can be depended upon to protect food's flavor and purity. That's why the $11 billion food-processing industry has bought so much equipment—cooking kettles, cutting tables, conveyors—made of stainless steel or other Nickel containing alloys.

. . . you have an **"Unseen Friend"** *in Nickel*

Yours is a land of plenty . . . plenty of good, wholesome food.

And one thing that helps make it so is Nickel.

Ask farmers. They "reap a harvest" from the Nickel containing alloys. For these alloys strengthen and toughen vital parts of tractors, disc plows, and other farm equipment. Thus help keep things goin' and growin'.

Or ask food canners. One reason their soups and meats and vegetables are so delicious is because corrosion-resisting Nickel alloys help protect their purity.

You don't see this Nickel, of course, because it's intermixed with other metals to add special properties.

Nor do you see the long-range planning . . . the thousands of men and the miles of sub-surface mine tunnels and shafts . . . equipment, plants, underground trackage . . . needed to blast the ore from the Earth's depths.

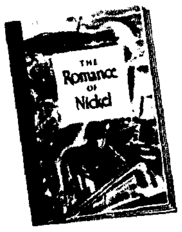
Nor do you see the sorting, grinding, smelting, and refining operations developed by Inco to extract millions of pounds of Nickel from millions of tons of ore.

All this you may not see. But you can see why Nickel is important to your present and future welfare. And why it is called, "Your Unseen Friend."

BRE
Delicious
Peach
RESERVE

Breakfast, dinner, or supper, there's hardly anything you eat that isn't purer, more wholesome because of "Your Unseen Friend," Nickel. Ask your milkman, your baker. Ask the people who can your soups, sea foods and other delicacies. Ask meat packers. On your behalf, they're big users of easily cleanable, corrosion-resistant Nickel alloy equipment.

For you and your family, there's good, rich food for thought in "The Romance of Nickel." Write for your free copy . . . . The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 309a, New York 5, N. Y.



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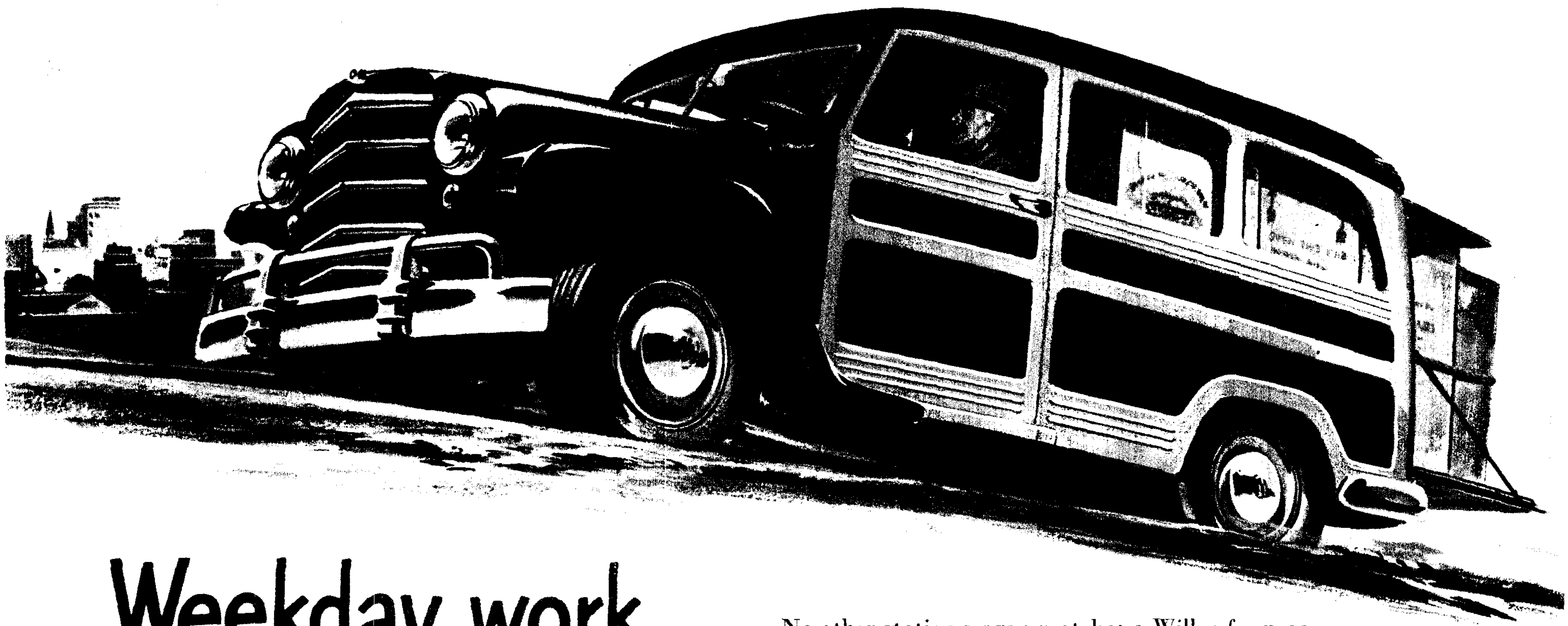
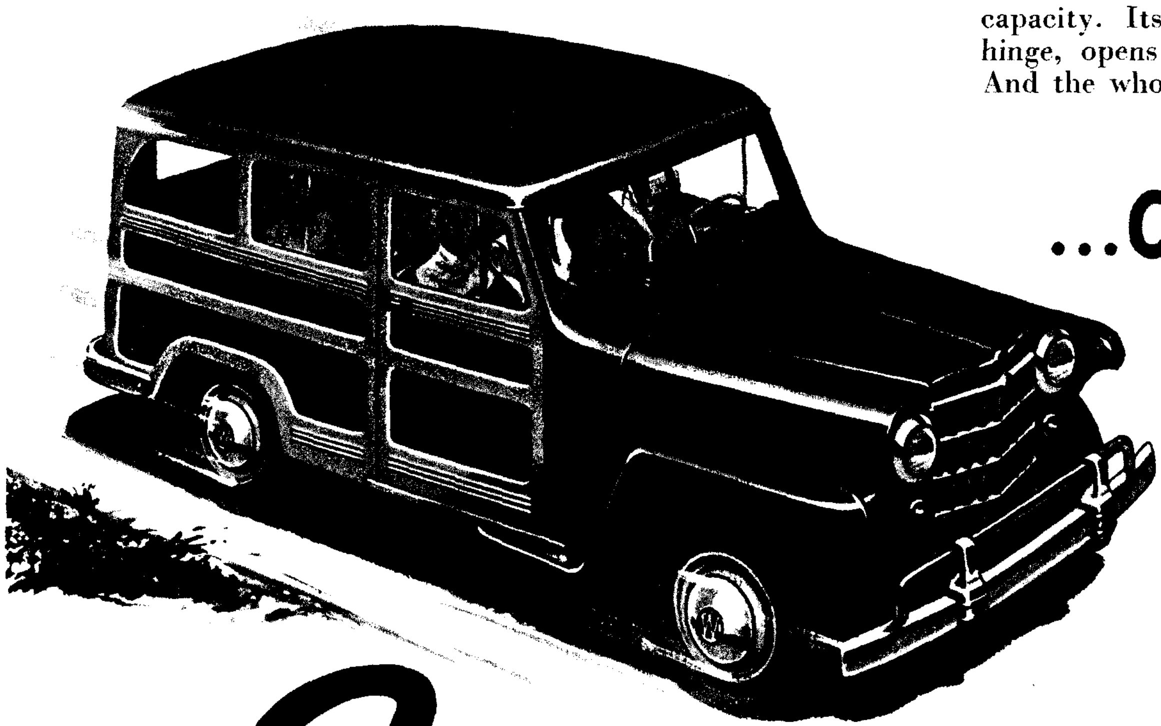
Nickel . . . **Your Unseen Friend**



Weekday work...

No other station wagon matches a Willys for practical usefulness in hauling—especially tall, bulky loads. Its cargo space is 4 feet high . . . almost 5 wide . . . 98 cubic feet in size . . . half a ton in capacity. Its extra large tailgate, with full-width hinge, opens to floor level, supports 1,000 lbs. And the whole interior is washable!



...or Week end play

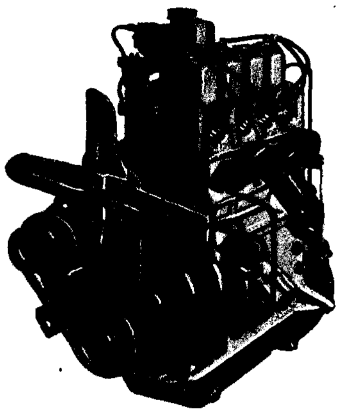
The double-duty Willys is ideal, too, when the family is headed for fun. It is big and roomy, with over-size luggage space . . . smooth and comfortable . . . quickly obedient to your hand on the wheel. And the long-mileage Willys is so thrifty you'll never ponder its cost on a trip!

Save up to $400

When you buy a Station Wagon

With wider usefulness and lower running costs, Willys is the buy—hands down! But here's the clincher—Willys costs up to $400 *less* than competitive, full-size station wagons! See your Willys dealer *now!*

HIGHEST-COMPRESSION ENGINE in the low-priced field—that's the F-head *HURRICANE* that gives you money-saving mileage and flashing performance in a Willys Station Wagon. Compare the compression ratio—7.4 to 1—with any station wagon in its price class!



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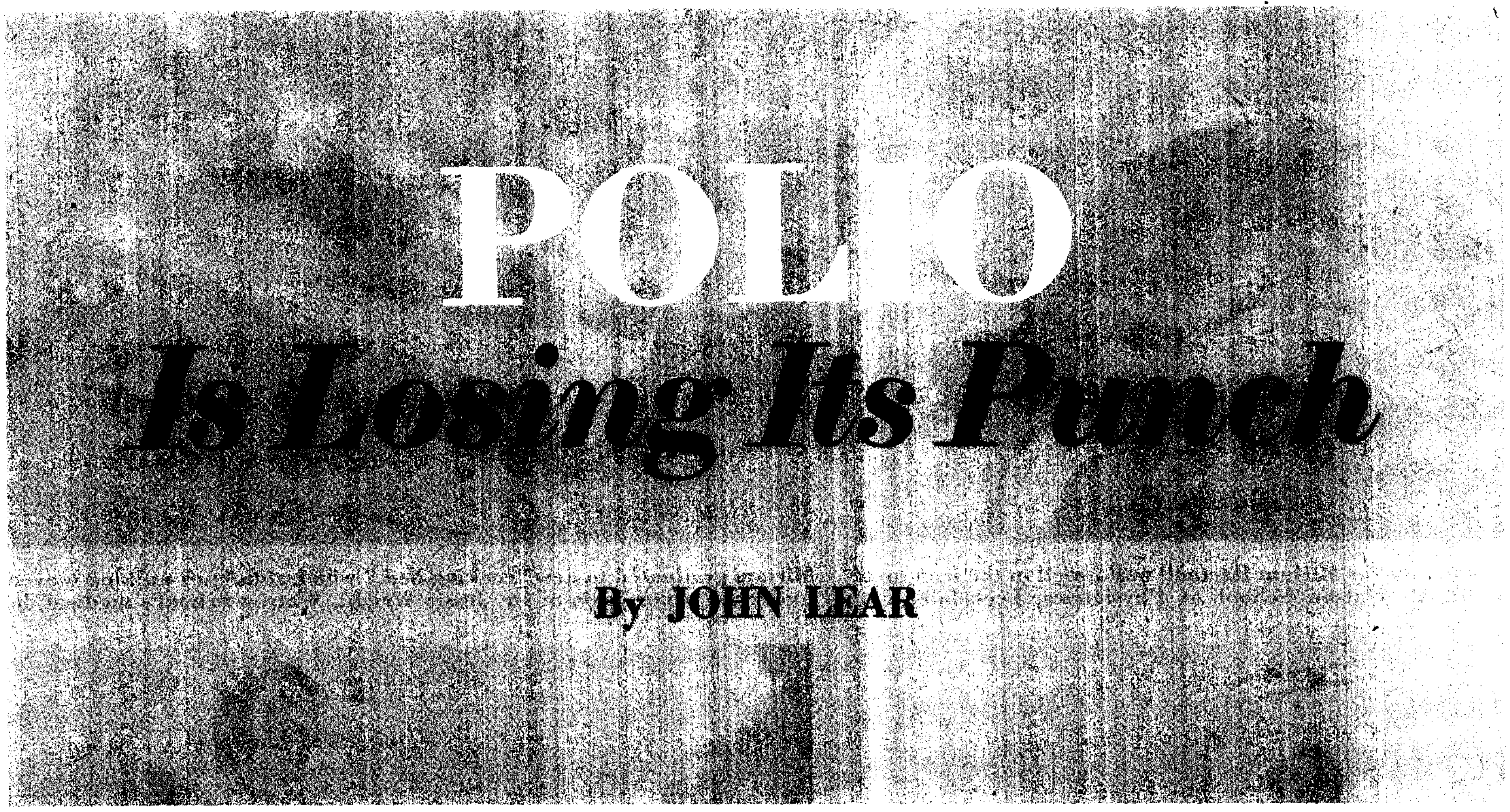
–IN ECONOMY – IN EASE OF DRIVING – IN COMFORT



POLIO Is Losing Its Punch

By JOHN LEAR

During the last two years alone, deaths in treated cases have been cut in half. One of the most interesting developments is the "rocking bed," which helps the victim to breathe. It reduces time spent in an iron lung and hastens recovery

In a big red house on a high green hill just outside Pittsburgh lives a remarkable girl. Every morning she takes a walk without getting out of bed. Lying flat on her back, demurely clad in slacks and a gently clinging sweater, she swings away at a slow but steady gait, a basket handle clenched in one determined hand and a roller skate strapped on the opposite foot.

Anyone not acquainted with this pretty brunette might very well observe that she is going nowhere. But that would be an utterly wrong conclusion. For the trips she undertakes are by far the most important of her twenty-one years. She is hitchhiking back to normal life after having been paralyzed into unconsciousness by poliomyelitis.

The story of Miriam Dartnell (that's her real name; she's a mine superintendent's daughter and her home town is Bentleyville, Pennsylvania) makes hopeful news for millions this polio season of 1951, for she is not traveling alone. Thirty-five other paralysis victims are sharing her singular transport out of the iron lung and away from the shadowland where all deaths from polio occur.

Individuals have made this trip successfully before. But never before has any doctor or any hospital put *all* of any sizable polio epidemic's iron-lung prisoners back to breathing under their own power within the year in which paralysis struck. And Miriam's physician, Dr. Jessie Wright, the lady who oversees medical care at the D. T. Watson School of Physiatrics, has performed that cheering feat not only once but for two successive years.

"Miriam was shaking hands with St. Peter when they brought her into Pittsburgh's Municipal Hospital in 1949," Dr. Wright told me at the girl's bedside this summer. Miriam grinned corroboration. "I can't remember going into the tank," she said, unconsciously falling into polio slang for the iron lung, "and I certainly didn't feel the jabs they told me they made in my veins to feed me during the first days."

In those dark hours of her life's low ebb, Miriam couldn't lift her head. It had to be held upright by a steel-and-leather brace. She lifted it, however, while we talked, and looked down at her foot as the roller skate slid up a rectangle of plywood on the sheet beneath her. With a touch of wistful pride she volunteered: "Today I walked to the door that leads to the terrace there."

Throughout our conversation, the bed on which Miriam lay rocked back and forth, in time with her breathing, dipping first her head and then her feet 22½ degrees below the normal horizontal. Rising above her, on either side, were two steel pipe rectangles. Dangling from the pipes were tiny pulleys, through which cords passed to canvas slings. In the two slings were Miriam's left arm and her right leg. When her head went down, the ropes lifted the foot wearing the roller skate; when her feet dipped, up came the hand that gripped the basket handle.

After she "traveled" a while with her left arm and right leg, the slings and the basket handle and the roller skate were shifted to allow her to use instead her right arm and left leg. Altogether, the movements approximated the normal ones of walking. Their purpose was to keep the girl's joints oiled and to mobilize her unresponsive muscles so that they would be ready to obey nerve impulses when the control cells in the spinal cord recovered from the attack of the polio virus.

Already much of the power had returned, and Miriam was able to move all of her once completely paralyzed limbs in varying degrees.

Regular Breathing Rhythm Effected

That much was visible. But what was going on inside Miriam was more important. Every time the bed shifted, so did her viscera. The weight involved was enough to open and close her lungs in regular rhythm if she needed help in breathing. And she did need help—a lot of it—for a long time after she awoke one morning to find her body encased in an iron lung and her protruding head heavy with a hazy but painful memory of having passed out sometime before while gasping for air.

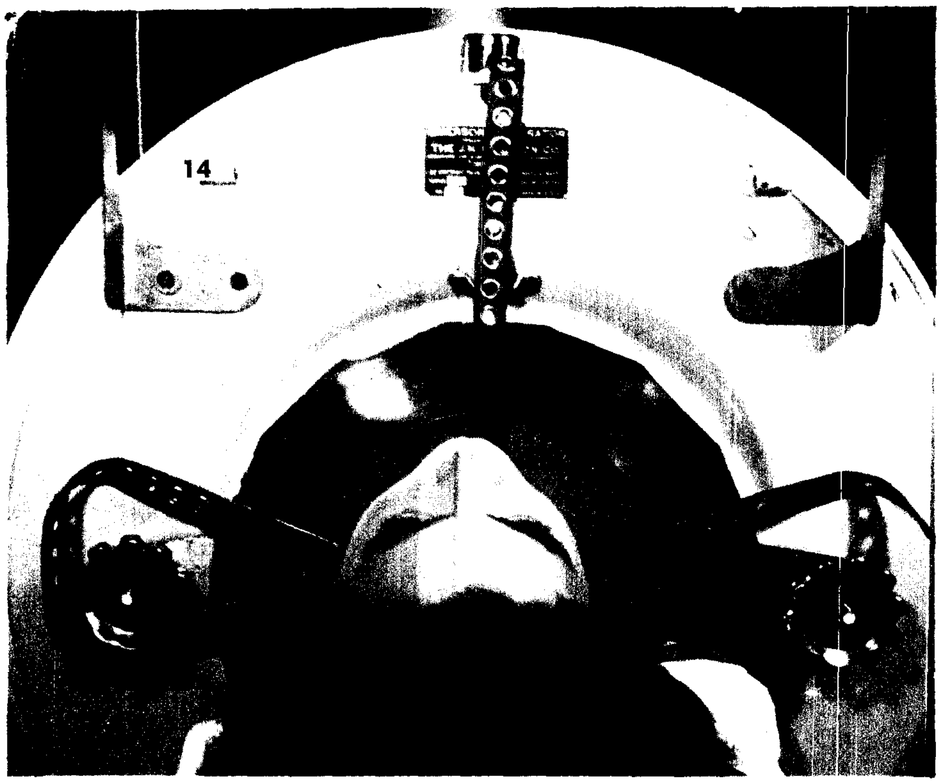
Miriam owes her life to the iron lung. Nothing can ever change that. Inside that big circular tank, her chest kept rising and falling with no effort on her part, thanks to the suction induced by the lung's electric motor. This was good, but it was also bad. For as life went on, day and night, she gradually came to believe she could never breathe again without help. When Dr. Wright first took her out and put her on the rocking bed, Miriam recalls, "I was scared to death."

That first panicky return to freedom lasted only a few minutes. But as the procedure was repeated, and lengthened, and as she learned to trust the bed's motion to help suck air into her lungs and blow it out again, she came to doze in fits and starts and then, finally, the day arrived when she relaxed enough to fall sound asleep.

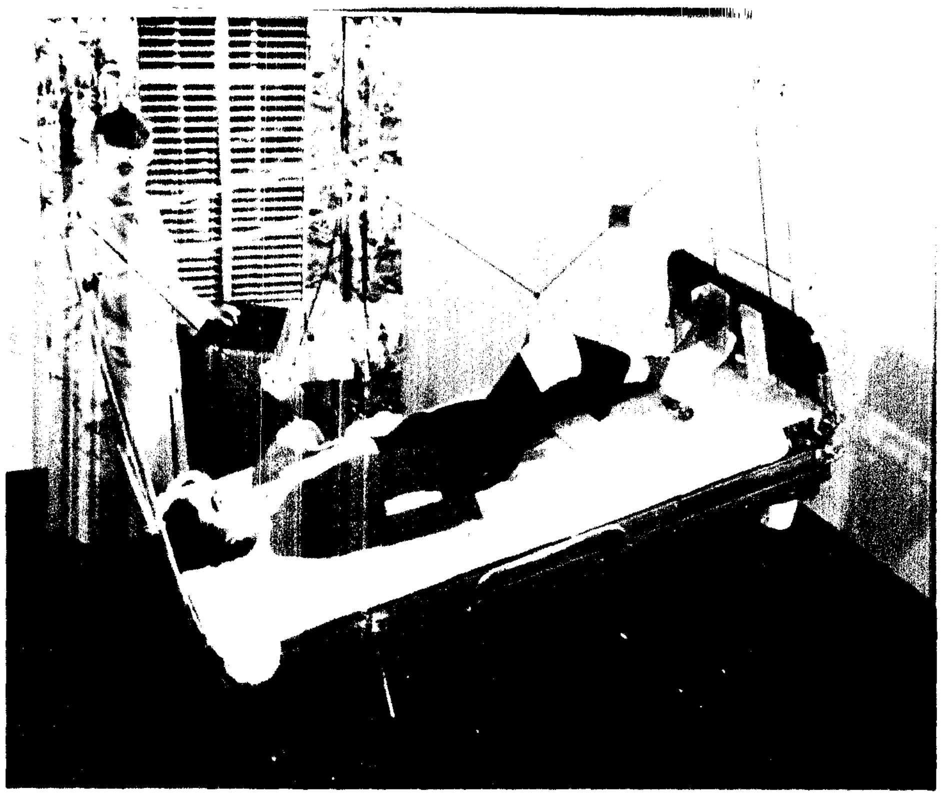
Sleeping thus in the daytime gave her confidence to sleep throughout the night. On the bed she could toss and turn as nature willed (12 moves a night is the usual minimum for most of us), a luxury the cramped space of the iron lung did not allow. Her blood circulated more freely, feeding the wearied muscle tissues with oxygen and speeding reinforcements of polio-fighting white cells to the damaged nerves. She found it possible to eat and drink while in motion, and the small efforts she made to reach the straw or the spoon in the nurse's waiting hand on each upbeat added to her strength.

When, at last, the rocking of the bed was stilled, her chest muscles had once again taken on the burden of breathing. By that time, with the help of the weights, the ropes, the pulleys and—until she had strength to grasp the basket handle—a leather glove wired to lift her lifeless hands, Miriam was beginning her daily "walks." Even while she was still engaged in these morning "jaunts," Miriam began getting out of bed. At first, she propelled herself in a cage that carried her weight and dangled her legs free, then moved to a wheel chair with tricycle motive power, and at last to an upright "walker" in which she actually carried her weight on her own feet.

If polio were not such a dreaded word, if doctors generally were not so fearful of possibly giving false hope, Dr. Jessie Wright's work would be far wider known than it is today. She first treated victims of respiratory polio by rocking them on an

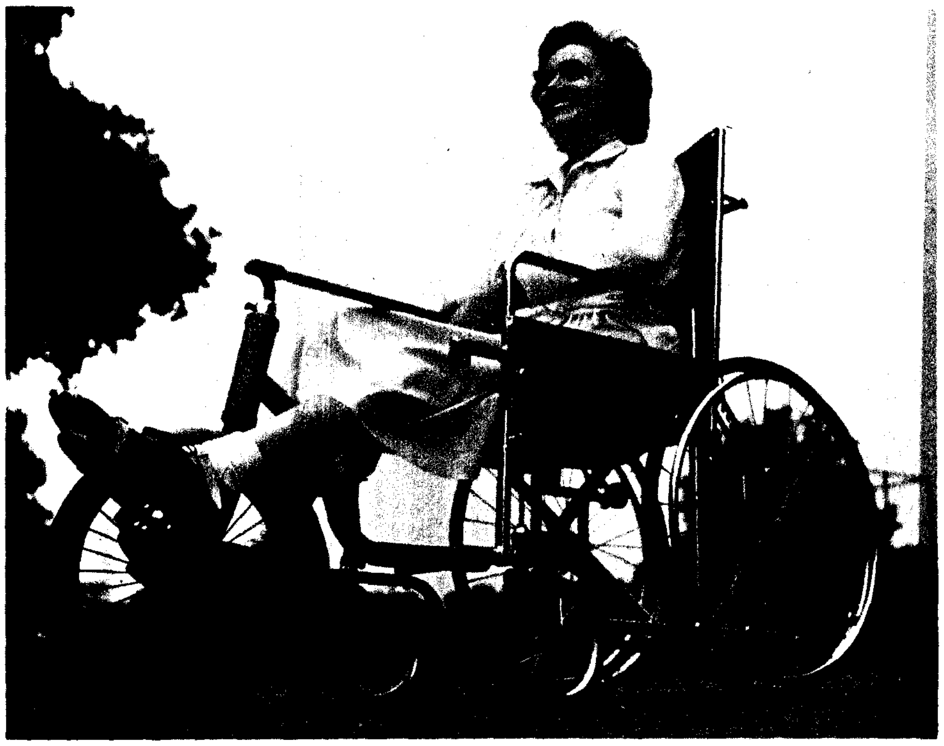


First treatment for Miriam Dartnell was a spell in the iron lung at the D. T. Watson School of Physiatrics, Leetsdale, Pa.



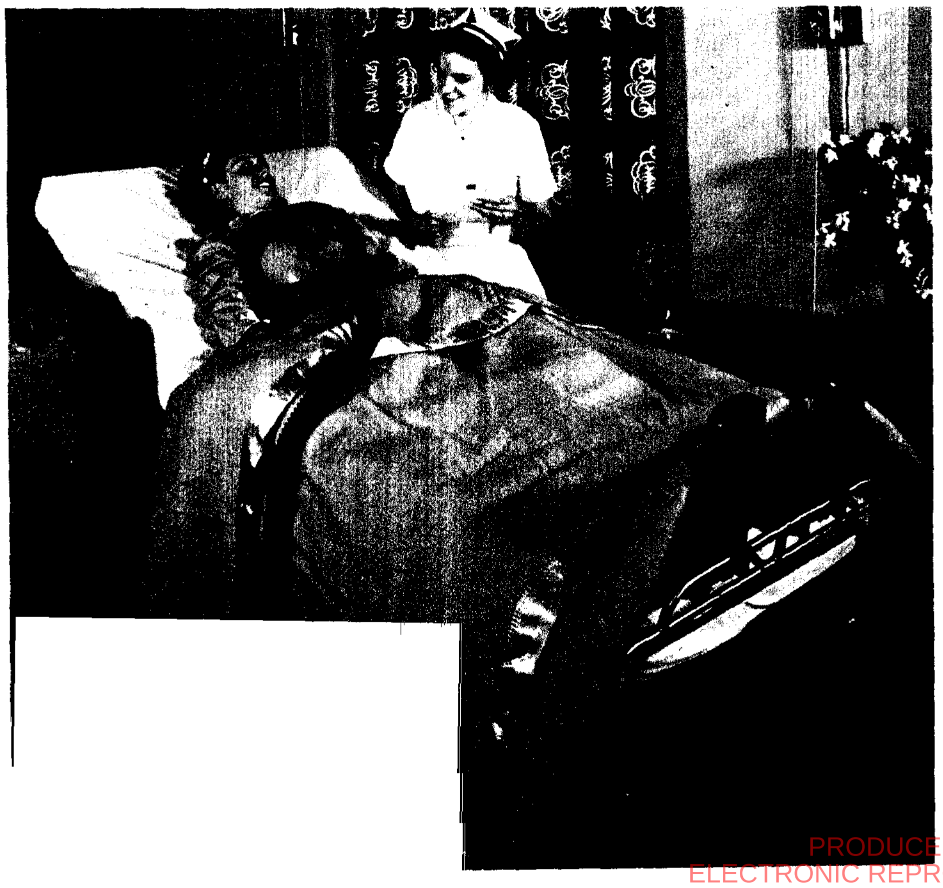
Miriam graduated to new "rocking bed," which simulates walking movements, under the supervision of Dr. Jessie Wright, Watson School's medical director

Nurse Mary E. Hile and Dr. Wright watch Miriam's progress as, recovering, she succeeds in using a walker to get about



Another device, used with an eye to strengthening withered muscles, is wheel chair with tricycle motive power. Miriam gets needed exercise by pedaling

Mary MacArthur Respiratory Center in Wellesley, Mass., uses "plastic bubble" to aid polio patient Carol Henry fill lungs



At Boston's Children's Medical Center, Nurse Bessie Amsden keeps an eye on Gerald Higgins as he masters crutches, plays and exercises on model of a bus

ordinary stretcher, by hand, in 1946, making use of a principle long before employed by the British in resuscitating drownings. In 1948, she persuaded Oliver Baron, of Toledo, Ohio, an engineer and brother of one of her student nurses, to build a bed that would rock at breathing speed.

There was nothing actually new in what Dr. Wright did, except for that vital spark—imagination. Dr. Philip Drinker, of Harvard University, who invented the iron lung in 1927, realized from the very start that, ideally, it should be only a temporary refuge; otherwise, joints would stiffen, muscles would deteriorate, and patients would grow chronically dependent and consequently helpless; Boston physicians acted accordingly and moved patients out of the apparatus as early as possible. Dr. Wright merely took their established practice, applied to it the British principle of forced breathing, and moved tougher cases toward recovery faster and with a better score than anyone ever had done before.

Not being a promoter, she didn't try to high-pressure others into adopting her ideas. She merely made the facts of her own work available. Carefully, she pointed out that she was not offering a panacea; that there were cases where the rocking bed not only would not help but would actually be harmful. However, Dr. Wright didn't supinely accept browbeating from skeptics who insisted the rocking principle would never work against polio. She just went ahead and made it work.

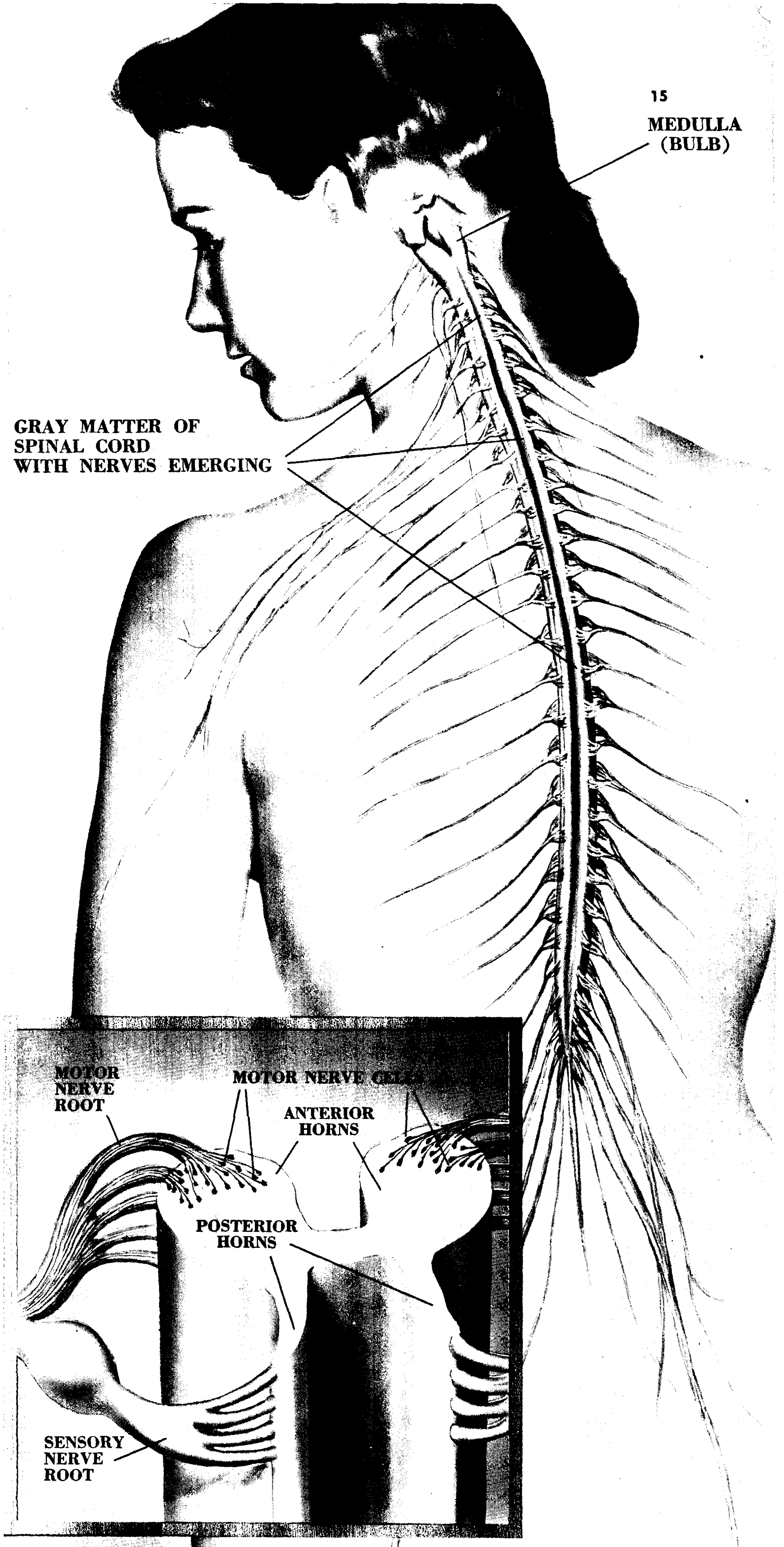
Where Skilled Treatment Is Given

Today, the rocking bed is commonly accepted, manufactured commercially, and made available for public use through the seven emergency depots (Boston, New York, Columbus, Atlanta, San Antonio, Denver and Portland) of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (March of Dimes). Copies are installed in regional respirator centers the foundation has set up in conjunction with Children's Medical Center in Boston, Baylor University in Houston, and Children's Hospital School in Baltimore—units which have been organized to concentrate skilled treatment where it will do the most good for the lowest price.

No one expects that the rocking bed will replace the iron lung. With rare exceptions where mechanical help is inadvisable, the vigorous suction of the older apparatus is imperative in treatment of patients whose condition has progressed to severe prostration before they reach expert care. There is no substitute for the iron lung when it comes to maintaining life in a collapsed chest. But if respiratory crippling is detected in time—while its effect is still limited to twitching nostrils, mild straining of the neck or gulped syllables in speech—the rocking bed sometimes can keep the polio victim breathing on his own throughout the course of his illness.

Dr. Wright, for instance, used the rocking bed in 1949 and 1950 to keep 48 chest paralysis patients (in addition to the 36 previously mentioned) completely free of dependence on the iron lung.

Where can a reasonable line be drawn in practice? The answer to that one is being sought at the Boston respirator center. There a scientific crew, headed by Dr. James L. Whittenberger of the Harvard School of Public Health, is making a detailed study of the rocker in comparison with (a) the chest respirator—a plastic bubble that fits over and lifts the chest—which lacks the full restorative power of the iron lung but has the advantage of freeing a patient's body; *(Continued on page 69)*



DRAWING BY
DR. FRANK H. NETTER

Drawings (r.), indicating gray matter of the spinal cord, medulla oblongata and emerging nerves, help illustrate how and where polio strikes. Magnified cross section (inset) of gray matter shows butterflylike shape. Each nerve has motor root which attaches to large anterior horn (and sensory root connected to posterior horn). Motor nerve cells group in anterior horn, and slender fibers from each cell go out via the motor roots and nerves to activate body's muscles. Polio attacks and destroys motor nerve cells of anterior horns. Degree of paralysis depends on the number of cells knocked out. When nerve cells in "bulb" and upper section of spinal cord are damaged, respiration is affected; this is "bulbar polio"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ROBERT L. PURDY AND PAUL DAVIS

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

BRITAIN'S FESTIVAL

FOR most of the past 12 years the people of Great Britain have suffered the concussions of war, the poverty of reconstruction and the austerities of peace. Today their economy has lifted itself from its knees and is beginning to walk again. Yet, basic industries and dollar-earning production are still dragging. The biggest single dollar-maker for Britain since the war's end has not been a tangible product but the quite intangible hospitality of the nation itself. The tourist trade, composed largely of Yank visitors, brought $67,000,000 to Britain last year. This year, to pump the profits still higher and to convince potential customers of its economic and cultural vitality, the nation is staging the biggest exhibition of its kind the world has ever seen: The Festival of Britain.

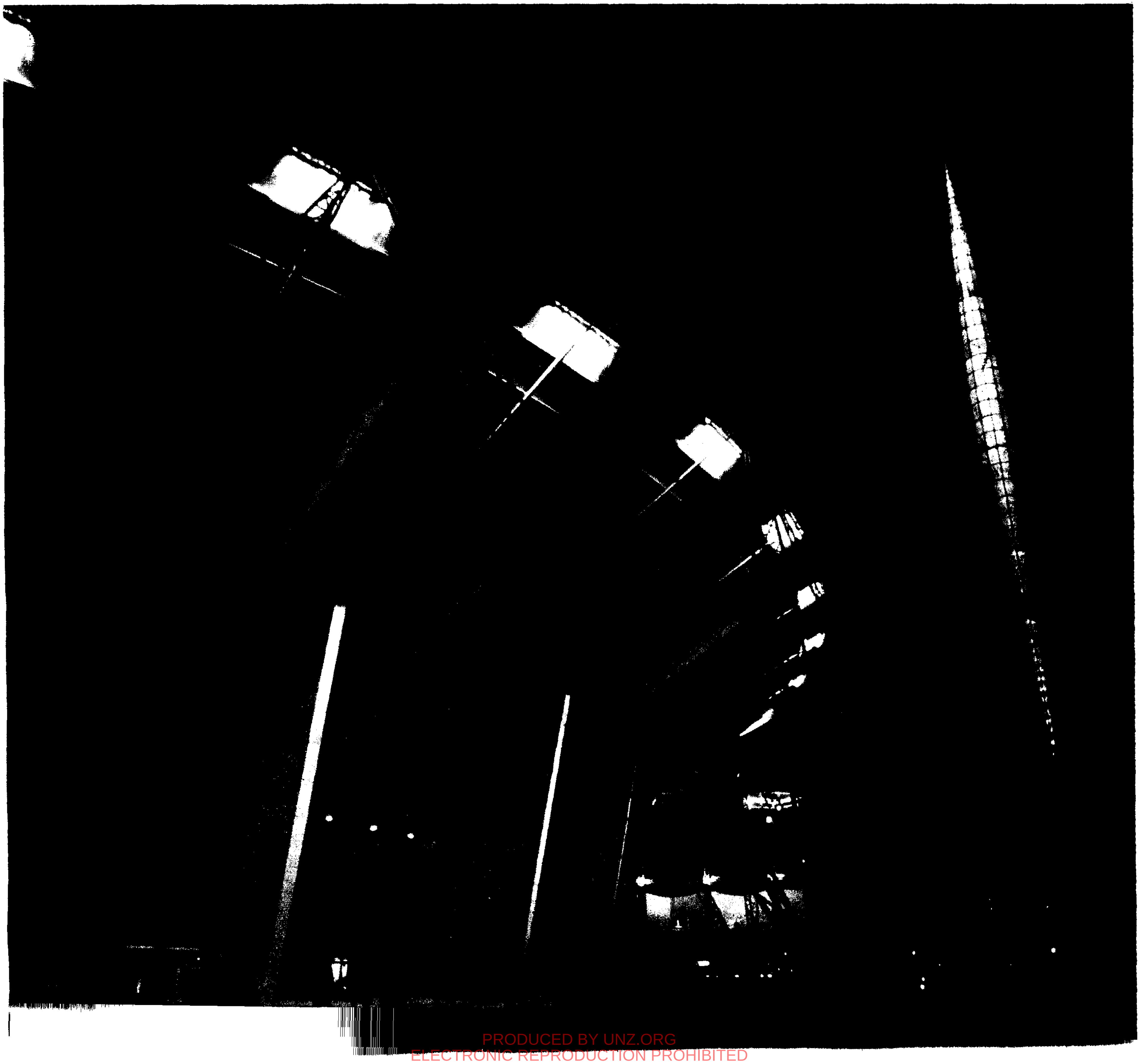
Centered in five major displays in the capital city of London, and echoing through 23 towns in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, the Festival has turned all of Britain into a fairground. Everywhere, Britons are parading their colorful traditions and showing off the new vigor of their farms and industries. But the real centerpiece of the Festival is the brilliant South Bank Exhibition in London itself.

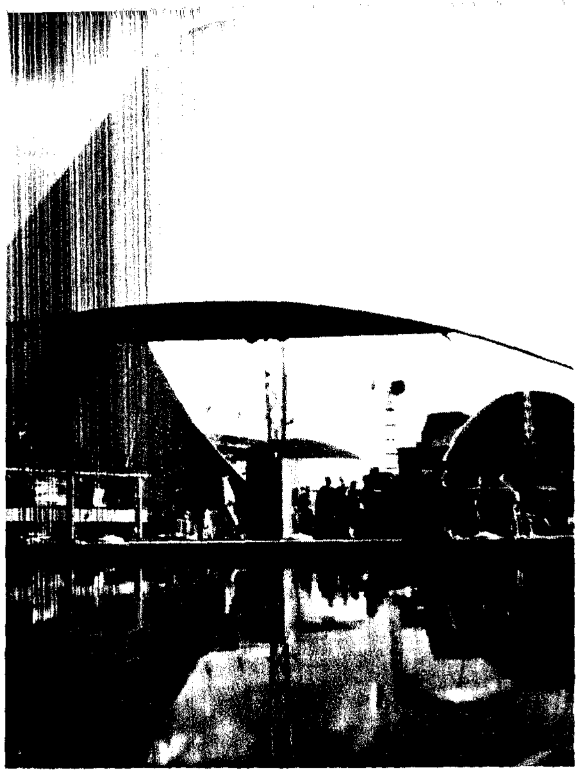
Here, on the Thames River, is a 27-acre tribute to the initiative of the British. Its most imposing edifice is the great aluminum Dome of Discovery. Claimed to be the largest architectural dome ever built, it houses the story of Britain's exploration of land, seas, skies and the mysteries of science.

Opened by King George VI in May, the Festival is a colossal national display of energy. It is expected to lure some 700,000 foreigners—including 163,000 Americans—to Britain by summer's end, and boost the nation's tourist income to $78,000,000 for 1951. But whatever the return in dollars, Britain's Festival will remain an everlasting symbol of the nation's vitality. SEY CHASSLER

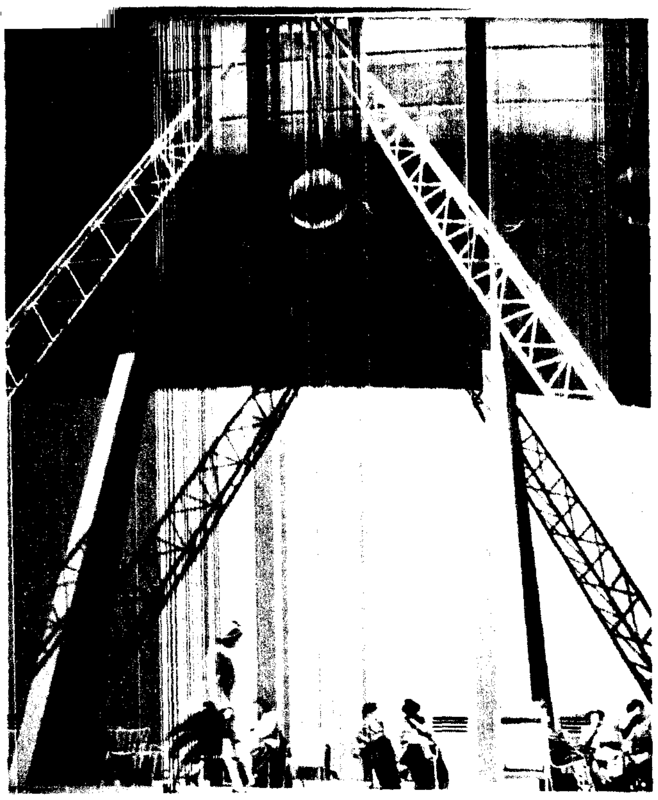
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROSS MADDEN

Dome of Discovery, 365 feet across, and 250-foot, sky-piercing Skylon set futuristic tone of British Festival, herald Britain's progress

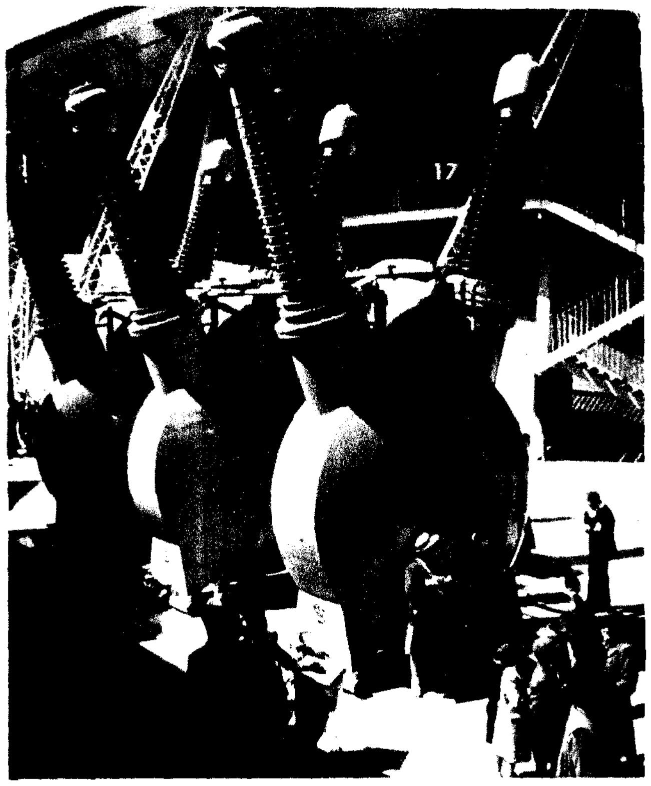




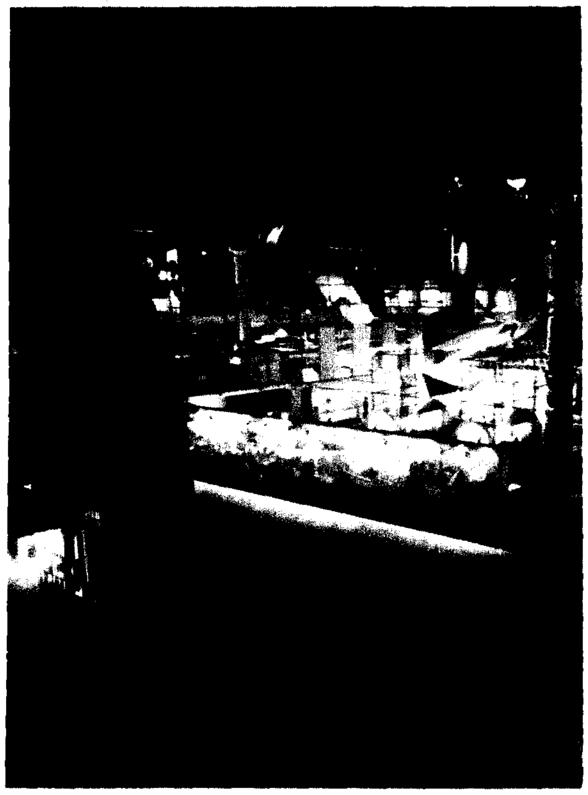
Twin aluminum cones like this enhance the broad concourse leading to the great Dome



The Dome, largest ever built, is supported by steel girders alone. Walls play no part in holding it up

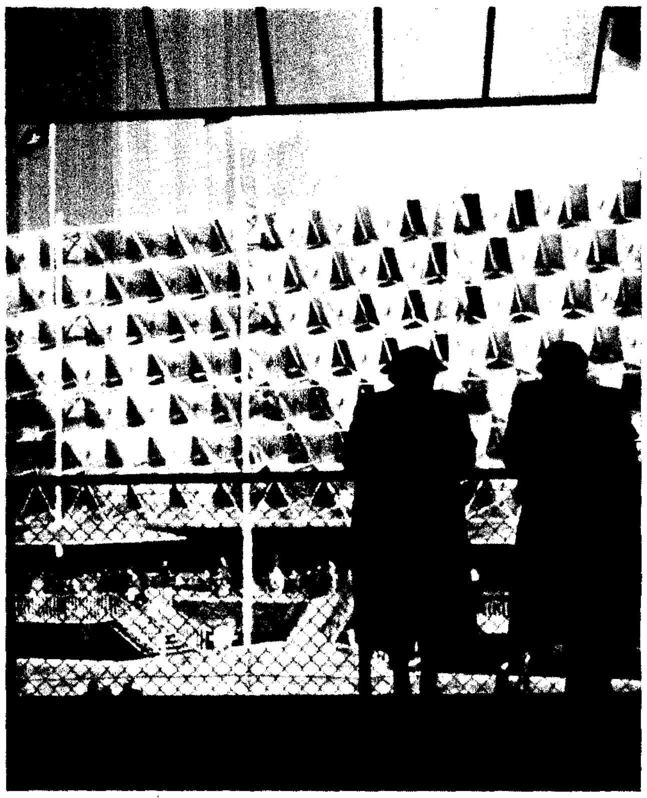


Outside the Dome, electrical research is symbolized by huge transformers



Inside Dome, displays illustrate the work of British explorers, physicists, biologists

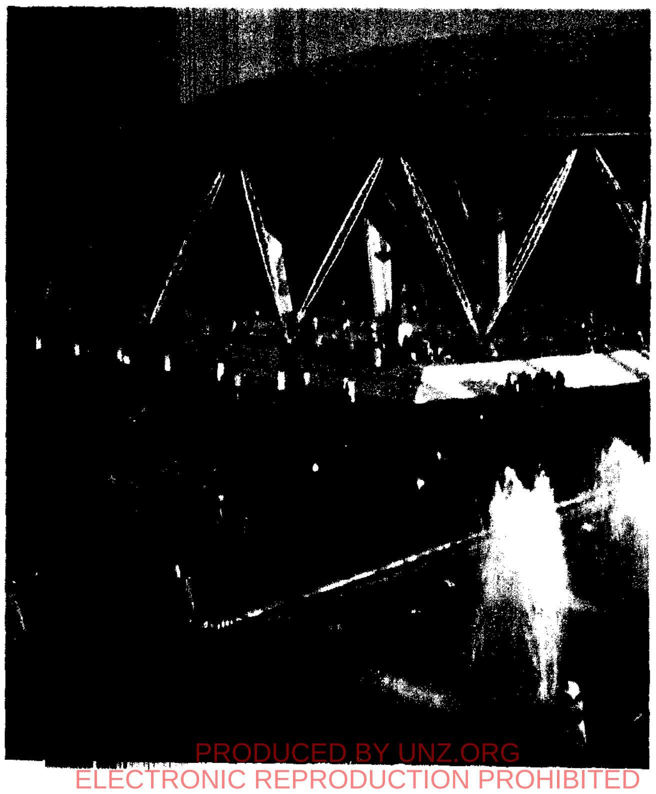
Part of Dome's "Living World" exhibit shows human birth, while other sections illustrate Darwin's theories



South Bank show is separated from city by this brilliant 60-foot trellis

Sight-seers have been coming to South Bank fairgrounds at estimated 350,000 a week

Elegant concourse around Dome reminds Americans of magic atmosphere of 1939 World's Fair in New York

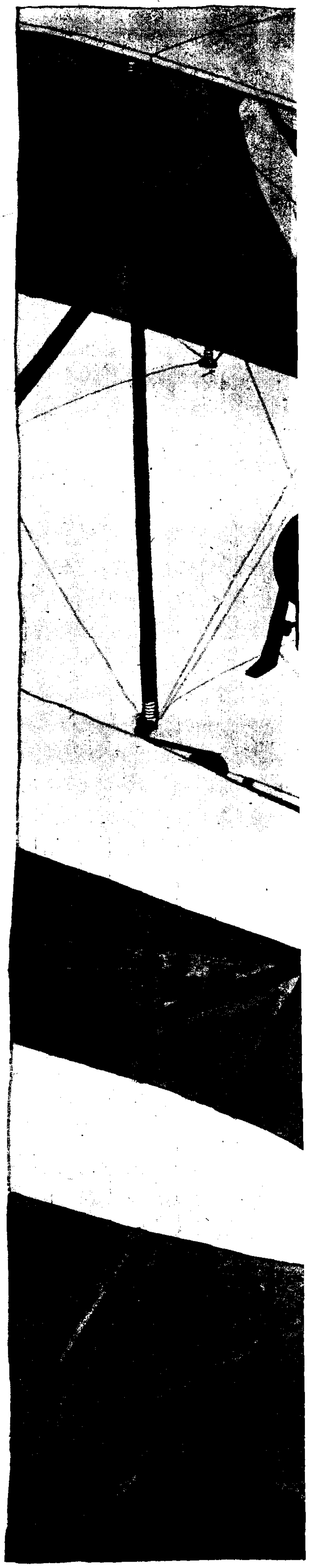


For most British, the exhibit is first pleasant conversation piece in years

Quit Zoomin' Those Hands Through the Air

Air power in the Civil War? Well, it's been a pretty well-kept secret all these years, but we had it. The Major and me invented it ourselves

By JACK FINNEY



HEY, quit zoomin' your *hands* through the air, boy—I know you was a flier! You flew *good* in the war, course you did; I'd expect that from a grandson of mine. But don't get to thinking you know all about war, son, or flying machines either. The war we finished in '65 is still the toughest we've fought, and don't you forget it. It was a big war fought by big men, and your Pattons and Arnolds and Stilwells—they were *good,* boy, no denying it—but Grant, there was a general. Never told you about this before, because I was swore to secrecy by the General himself, but I think it's all right, now; I think the oath has expired. Now, *quiet,* boy! Put those hands in your pockets and listen!

Now, the night I'm talking about, the night I met the General, I didn't know we'd see him at all. Didn't know anything except we were riding along Pennsylvania Avenue, me and the Major, him not saying where we were going or why, just jogging along, one hand on the reins, a big black box strapped to the Major's saddle in front, and that little pointy beard of his stabbing up and down with every step.

It was late, after ten, and everyone was asleep. But the moon was up, bright and full through the trees, and it was nice—the horses' shadows gliding along sharp and clear beside us, and not a sound in the street but their hoofs, hollow on the packed dirt. We'd been riding two days, I'd been nipping some liberated applejack—only we didn't say liberated then; we called it foraging—and I was asleep in the saddle, my trumpet jiggling in the small of my back. Then the Major nudged me, and I woke up and saw the White House ahead. "Yessir," I said.

He looked at me, the moon shining yellow on his epaulets, and said, real quiet, "Tonight, boy, we may win the war. You and I." He smiled, mysterious, and patted the black box. "You know who I am, boy?"

"Yessir."

"No, you don't. I'm a professor. Up at Harvard College. Or was, anyway. Glad to be in the Army now, though. Pack of fools up there, most of them; can't see past the ends of their noses. Well, tonight, boy, we may win the war."

"Yessir," I said. Most officers higher than captain were a little queer in the head, I'd noticed, majors especially. That's how it was then, anyway, and I don't reckon it's changed any, even in the Air Force.

We stopped near the White House at the edge of the lawn and sat looking at it—a great big old house, silvery white in the moonlight, the light over the front door shining out through the porch columns onto the driveway. There was a light in an east window on the ground floor, and I kept hoping I'd see the President, but I didn't. The Major opened his box. "Know what this is, boy?"

"Nosir."

"It's my own invention based on my own theories, nobody else's. They think I'm a crackpot up at the School, but I think it'll work. Win the war, boy." He moved a little lever inside the box. "Don't want to send us too far ahead, son, or technical progress will be beyond us. Say, eighty-five years from now, approximately; think that ought to be about right?"

"Yessir."

"All right." The Major jammed his thumb down on a little button in the box; it made a humming sound that kept rising higher and higher till my ears began to hurt; then he lifted his hand. "Well," he said, smiling and nodding, the little pointy beard going up and down, "it is now some eighty-odd years later." He nodded at the White House. "Glad to see it's still standing."

I looked up at the White House again. It was just about the same, the light still shining out between the big white columns, but I didn't say anything.

The Major twitched his reins and turned. "Well, boy, we've got work ahead; come on." And he set off at a trot along Pennsylvania Avenue with me beside him.

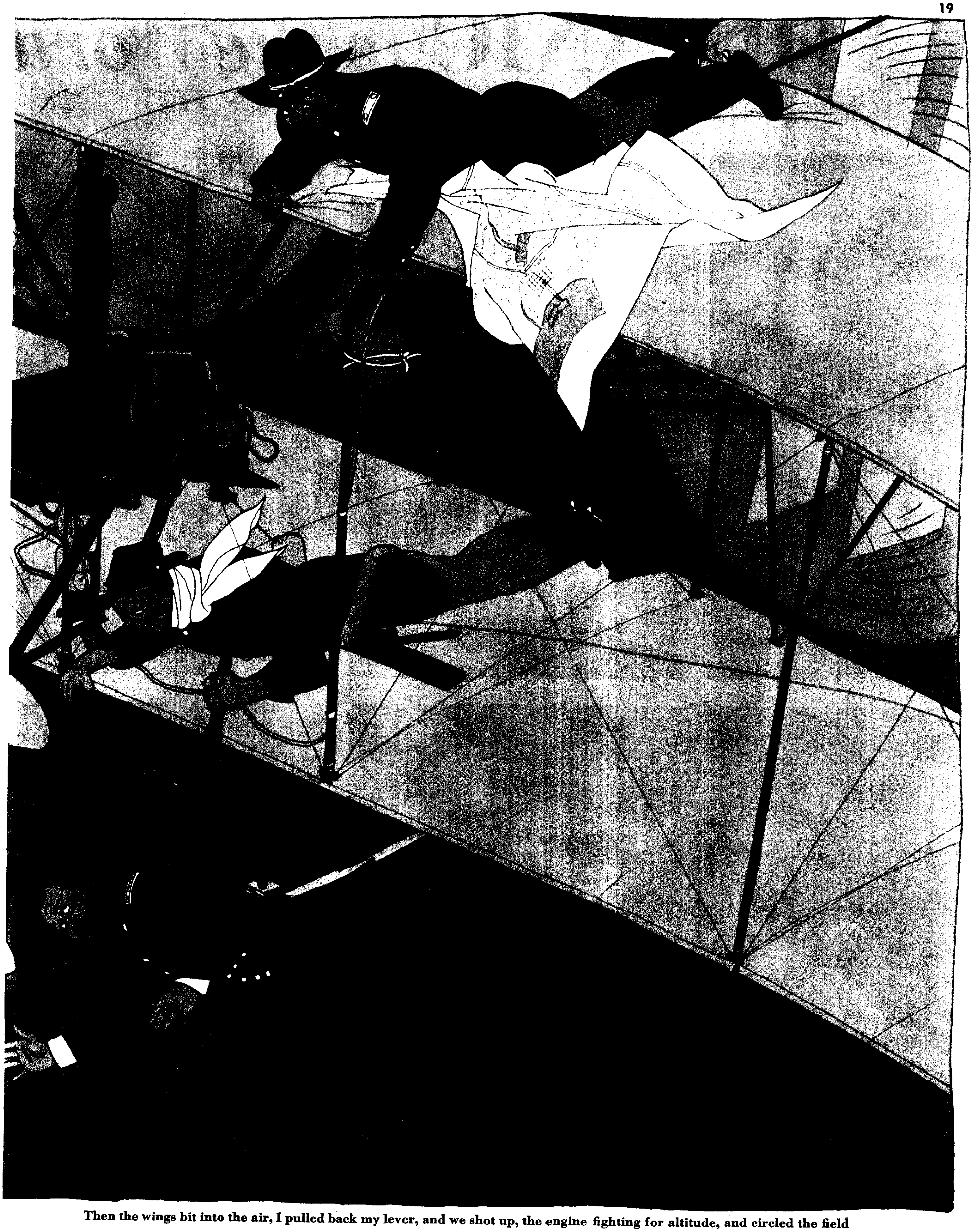
PRETTY soon we turned south, and the Major twisted around in his saddle and said, "Now, the question is, what do they have in the future?" He held up his finger like a teacher in school, and I believed the part about him being a professor. "We don't know," the Major went on, "but we know where to find it. In a museum. We're going to the Smithsonian Institution, if it's still standing. For us it should be a veritable storehouse of the future."

It had been standing last week, I knew, and after a while, off across the grass to the east, there it was, a stone building with towers like a castle, looking just the same as always, the windows now blank and white in the moonlight. "Still standing, sir," I said.

"Good," said the Major. "Reconnaissance approach, now," and we went on to a cross street and turned into it. Up ahead were several buildings I'd never noticed before, and we went up to them and swung down off our horses. "Walk between these buildings," the Major said, leading his horse. "Quiet, now; we're *reconnoitering.*"

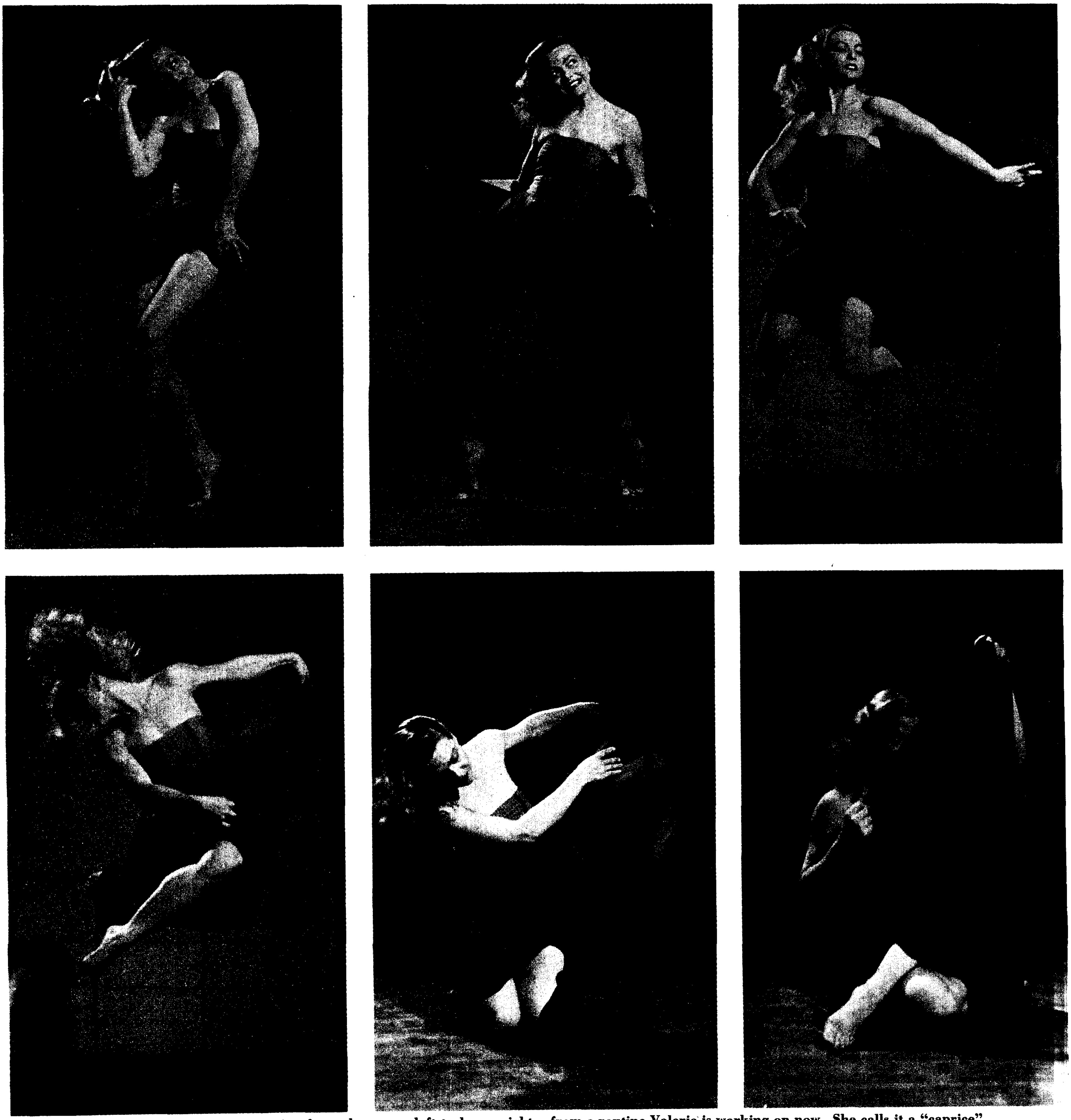
We crept on, quiet as could be, in the shadows between the two buildings. *(Continued on page* 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Then the wings bit into the air, I pulled back my lever, and we shot up, the engine fighting for altitude, and circled the field

VOLCANIC *Is the Word*



A dance sequence—running from the upper left to lower right—from a routine Valerie is working on now. She calls it a "caprice"

for VALERIE

By JAMES POLING

A salty, volatile, temperamental ballerina—that's Valerie Bettis. Her unique creations have helped make ballet an important part of every modern musical show. And she has done it her own way, without compromise

A PERPLEXED dramatic critic once saw ballerina Valerie Bettis do a dance in which, at one point, she ran forward, jumped in the air, whirled—and landed three paces behind the spot from which she'd taken off. He begged for an explanation. It was contrary to the laws of physics, he insisted, for a body to move backward through the air after first catapulting forward. "Oh, those absurd laws!" shrugged Valerie. "You just shut your eyes and do it, and it works."

This was a typical Bettis observation, and presumably did not surprise critic William Hawkins. Deprived of his explanation, he fell back on the nonexplanatory words he and his fellow critics have always relied on to describe Miss Bettis in action—words like "powerful . . . lissome . . . agile . . . sexy . . . seductive . . . sulphurous . . ."

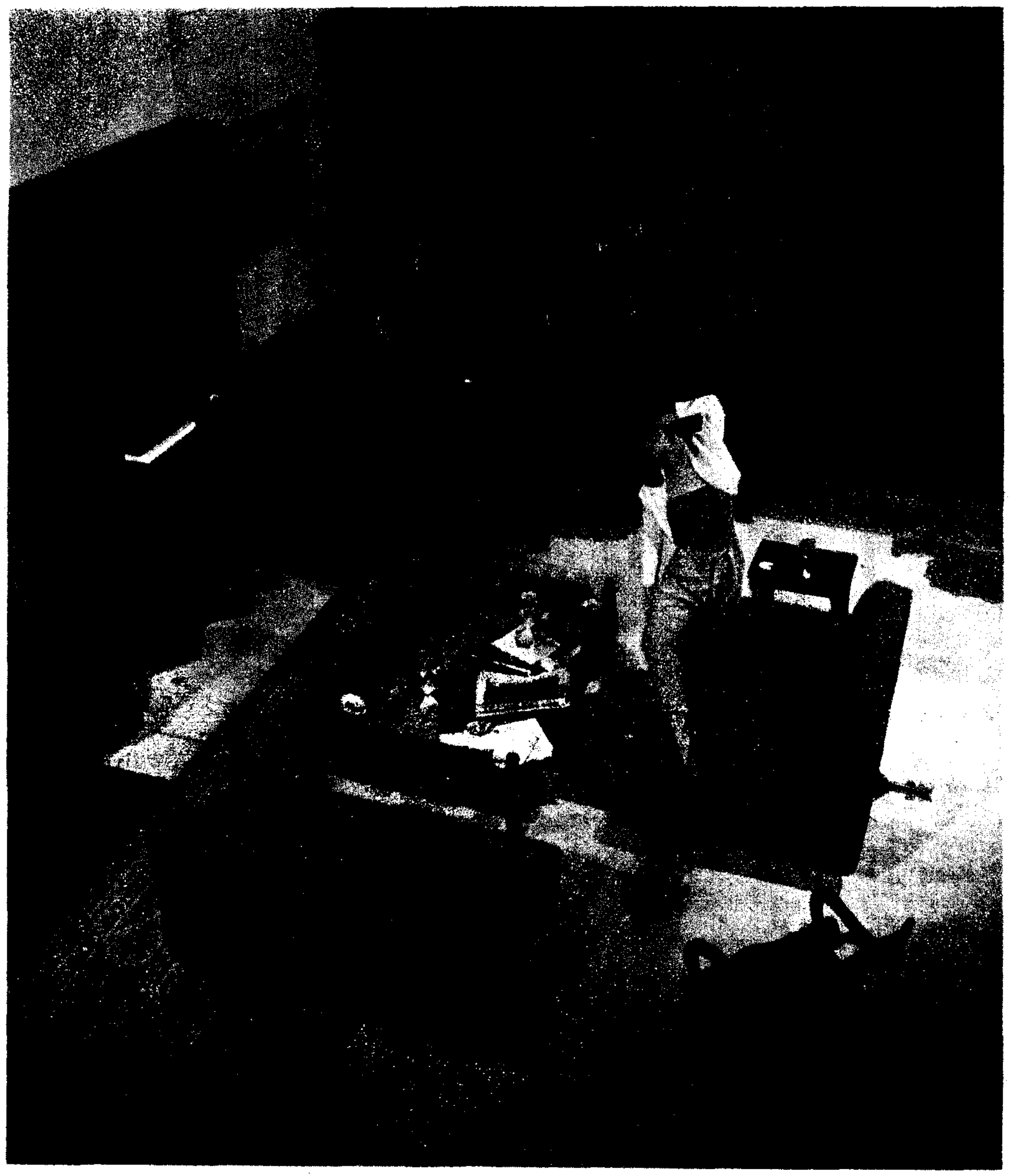
These well-meant adjectives invariably draw howls of anguish from Valerie. "I've worked hard to get where I am," she once protested, "and I'll be damned if I did it just to become known as a cooch dancer!"

Valerie Bettis is certainly more than a cooch dancer. At thirty-one, she is regarded in the world of the serious modern dance as probably the outstanding of the younger ballerinas; furthermore, she is the most popular musical comedy dancer of the day. Nevertheless, she *can* be a cooch dancer when the occasion requires.

In this past season's short-lived musical revue, Bless You All, her voice once failed her completely while she was singing a sultry number called Voting Blues. Quite undismayed, she locked her hands behind her head and slowly worked her way off stage with a series of grinds and bumps that rocked the house and stopped the show. Reminded of that incident, Valerie grins broadly and says, "Wasn't that just awful of me?" So her protests against being described as "sulphurous" should, apparently, be regarded only half seriously.

Nevertheless, she is quite right in maintaining that her claim to fame rests on much more solid ground than sheer physical appeal. She, probably more than any other single dancer, is largely responsible for the fact that ballet today is practically a "must" in musical shows. Her dancing in such productions as Inside U.S.A., Great to Be Alive and Bless You All (not to mention her television appearances with Paul Whiteman, Milton Berle, Bea Lillie, Jack Carter and many others) has demonstrated to the public that ballet can be exciting and highly entertaining, and not necessarily a mannered and pretentious bore. To many people, Miss Bettis is the logical successor to the great, pioneering dancer, Martha Graham—a point of view which Miss Graham herself supports.

Valerie was only twenty-three when, in 1943, she won the coveted award given annually by the dean of dance critics, John Martin of the New York Times, for the best solo performance of the year. She won it dancing her own creation, The Desperate Heart, with a temperature of 104 and an incipient case of measles. Five years later, in Inside U.S.A, she won the prized Donaldson Award twice—as the Best Danseuse of the Season, and for the Season's Best Musical Comedy Debut. And in 1949 she was given the Critics' Award for the best dancing and choreography on television, as the result of her season's work on the Paul Whiteman show.



Valerie "doodles" a dance while she listens to her pianist husband in their apartment

In achieving this high estate in three different fields, Miss Bettis has made no concessions to her audience. She uses the same dance techniques whether she is doing something called Five Abstractions in Space for a small studio-concert gathering, or performing for a packed Broadway house her renowned Tiger Lily number—a satire on a tabloid newspaper's handling of a homicide trail in which a sex murderess seduces a psychiatrist into winning her an acquittal.

As a ballerina, Valerie belongs to the modern, or "anything goes," school of the dance—as contrasted to the school of classical ballet, in which a dancer is stripped of her Capezio ballet slippers if her feet so much as wander from the five basic positions established during the early eighteenth century. Valerie belongs to the "anything goes" school of living, too. A leggy, powerful, tawny-haired fugitive from Houston's debutante circle, Valerie has unrelenting drive and ambition, a mercurial temperament, and a fiery temper. In her youth, her father was forced to set aside a large chinaberry tree in the back yard for her use. When she lost her temper he gave her a hatchet and made her go out and whack away at this tree until her fury had run its course. She felled the tree before she reached her teens, but it didn't cure her temper.

Recently, in a valiant attempt to provide a thumbnail sketch of the dancer, an old friend said:

"There's no one quite like her—and I guess some people add, 'Thank heavens!' She always reminds me of that line of Emerson's about beauty riding a lion, except Valerie'd never be satisfied with one trifling lion. She'd demand at least two, to ride in tandem. And both of 'em together couldn't outroar her. She lives at the top of her voice. I've heard her yell for a second cup of coffee with the same anguished intensity she puts into her screams about her heart being broken, her life ruined, her art debased.

"I often think of her as God's nearest approach to perpetual motion. She plunges into each day as if it were her last on earth and, literally, never relaxes.

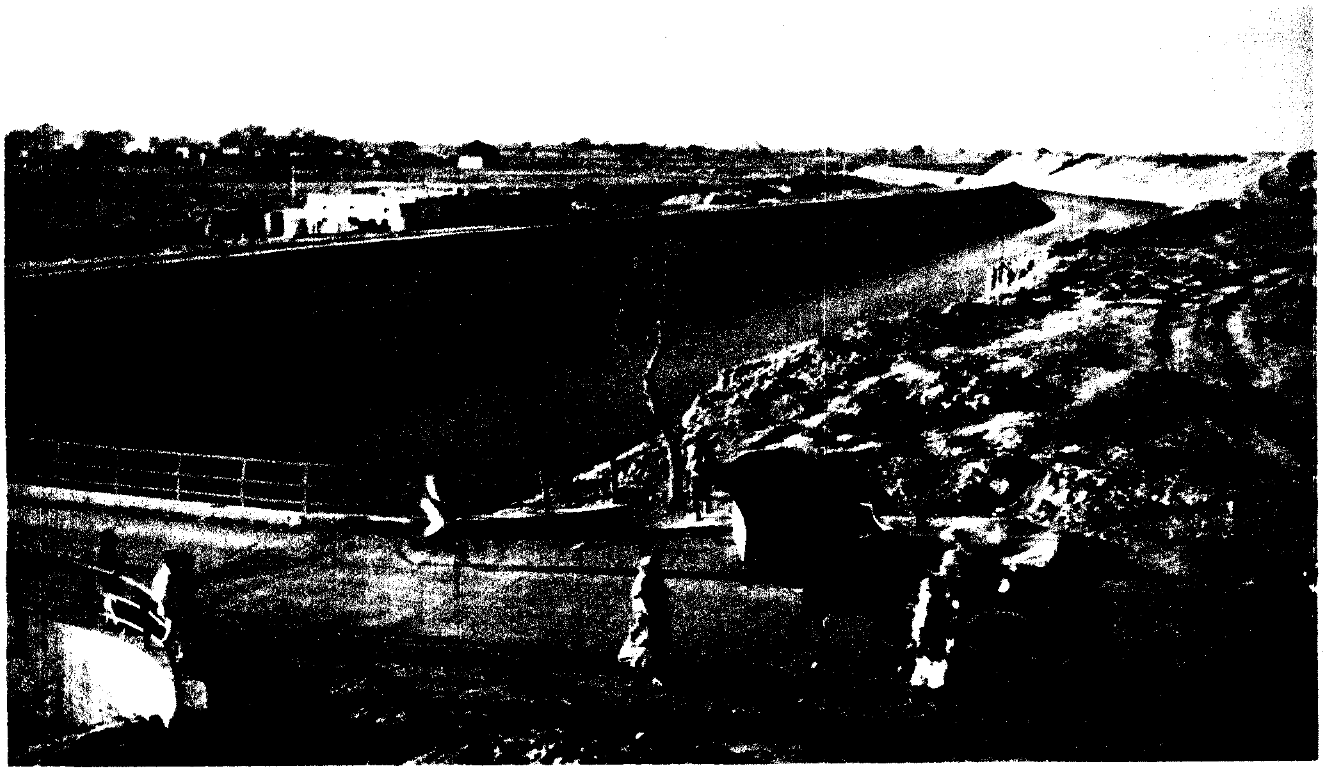
"Though I *will* say I've seen her sit down."

It's not surprising that a sitting Bettis should be thought a phenomenon worthy of comment. Her activities cover so wide a range that they leave her little time for immobility. For example, she created the dances and staged the musical numbers for Beggar's Holiday, in 1946, and recently did the choreography for the (*Continued on page* 64)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

India-Pakistan partition cut Grand Trunk Highway, from Calcutta to Peshawar, for first time in centuries

Prime Minister Nehru of India



Pakistan irrigation canal: her entire water supply rises in India or Kashmir. India could cut it off

Liaquat Ali Khan of Pakistan

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Hindus of India and Moslems of Pakistan meet in a No Man's Land set up at border by two governments

Pakistan soldier measures receding water in canal flowing into his country. Pakistanis live in fear India will shut off water for irrigation streams. Millions would starve

Another "Korea" in the Making?

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

India and Pakistan are on the edge of war over which shall possess Kashmir—a fight the U.S. might be forced to enter. Here's a proposal that could preserve peace and increase prosperity

A dispute between India and Pakistan over possession of Kashmir threatens to erupt into a war which could involve the U.S. For a firsthand report Collier's sent David E. Lilienthal, formerly head of the Atomic Energy Commission, to the two nations. Mr. Lilienthal has returned with a plan which he believes would make it possible for them to live in harmony and increased prosperity. It deals with a project vaster than the Tennessee Valley Authority, which Mr. Lilienthal headed for five years. He here presents it to the American people.

INDIA and Pakistan are today on the very razor's edge of a war that would directly involve more than 360,000,000 people, one sixth of the world's population, and might well set fire to the whole Moslem world from the Arabian Sea to the Valley of the Nile. Because the United Nations has already deeply committed itself in this controversy, the outbreak of war would undoubtedly put the United States of America into another and even bigger "Korea."

The direct issue is whether the historic region of Kashmir and Jammu—an area the size of Idaho—shall be part of India or of Pakistan. This is, however, no ordinary dispute over international boundaries. On one of this disputed region's frontiers lies Red China, on another, Red Tibet. Along another frontier is Soviet Russia.

Kashmir, in short, is Communism's northern gateway to the great strategic materials and man power of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent, and to the Indian Ocean.

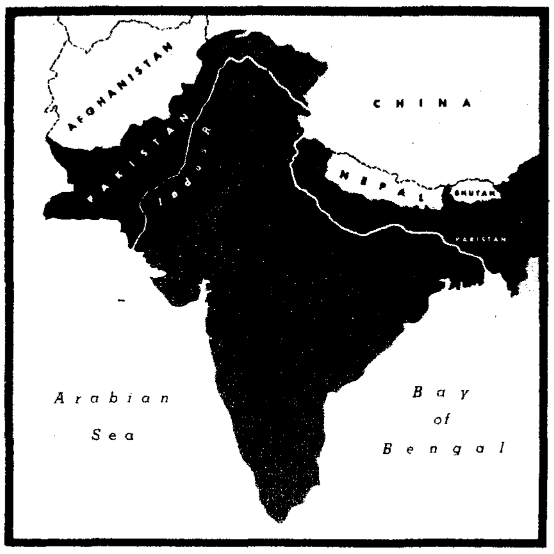
That there is danger that war will break out any day is neither speculative nor alarmist. In Kashmir's high mountains two armies face each other in anger. Only three years ago these armies, composed of some of the toughest fighting men in the world, were actually in a shooting war until a truce was arranged by the Security Council of the United Nations, and the UN began its so far fruitless effort to settle the dispute.

Back in the hills tens of thousands of tribesmen, who inhabit Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province, stand ready to sweep down into Kashmir and again raid the villages and again engage the Indian troops; in almost every one of thousands of villages and cities religious fanatics and young hoodlums of both sides are ready to set off once more for the butchery that in the religious riotings of 1947 cost the lives of 2,000,000 people and caused starvation and suffering for many more millions.

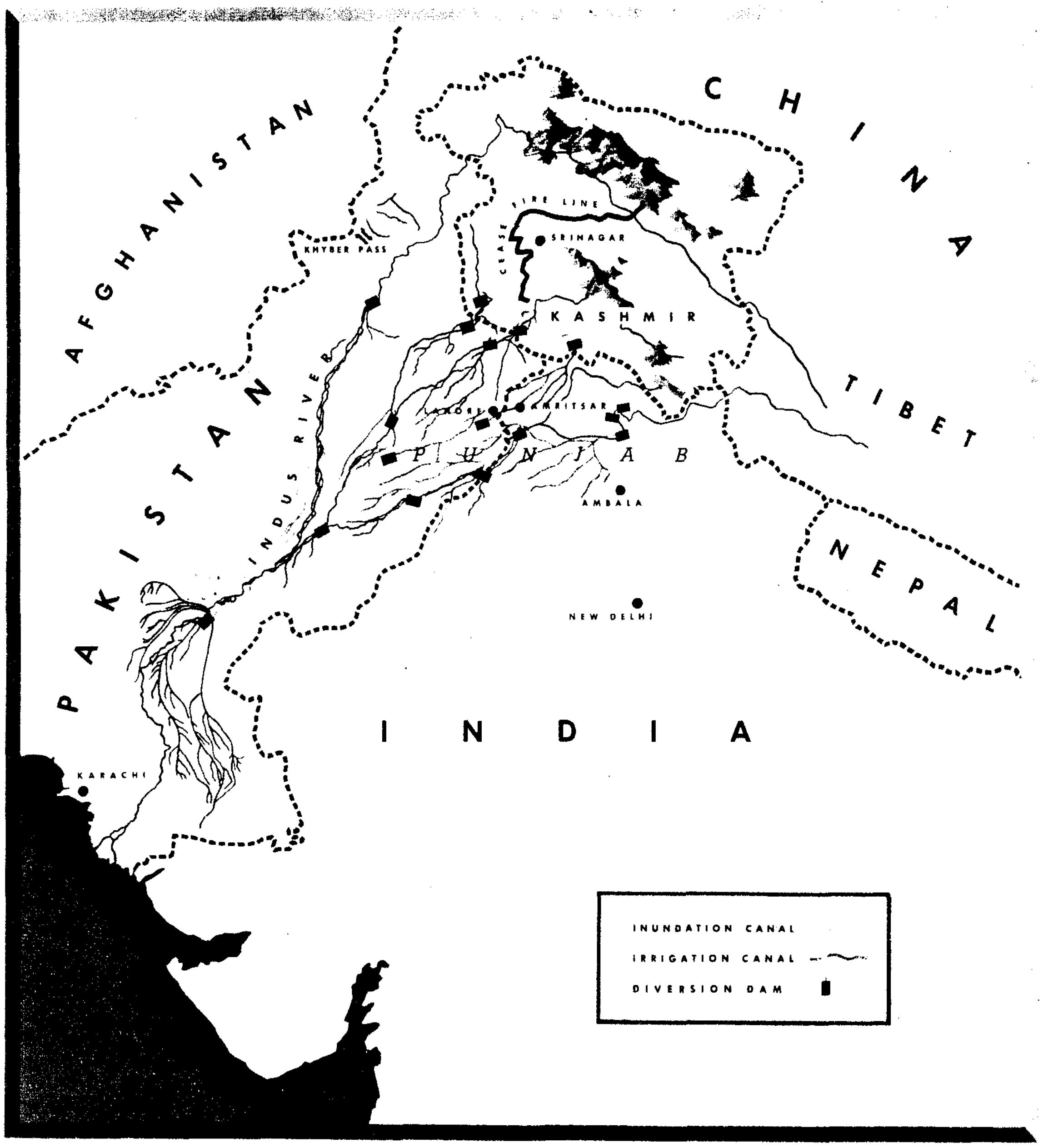
The tension and bitterness mounts; the Pakistanis grow more openly belligerent as they see India solidifying its position and preparing for a *fait accompli;* the Indians are angered by what they regard as unwarranted "interference" by the United Nations in the "internal affairs" of Kashmir, which they point out heatedly is "legally" a part of their republic. An explosion of violence will almost certainly occur unless some new and affirmative factor is quickly injected into this feverish state of affairs.

What is behind all this dangerous business?

In 1947, as the time approached for the British to leave, agreement between the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah, leader of the Moslem League, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and the Congress party of India seemed out of the question. Lord Louis Mountbatten, British governor general, proposed that India be partitioned; the proposal was accepted as the only way to achieve independence of the British. Pakistan was carved out of India. In a few months the army, the *(Continued on page 56)*



Powder keg for a vast religious war. Buff area on map above is detailed at the right



AL TARTER

With China on one frontier, Tibet on another, Kashmir is Communism's northern gateway to the vast strategic raw-material reserve and huge man-power pool of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent

Point Venus

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

It would almost be better not to see Jonas at all, Marianna thought miserably, than to play this wretched role of middleman in Lily's flirtation with him

The Story: Tahiti's fight against French annexation in the 1880s was a heartbreaking struggle. In their concern for the island's future, MARIANNA MOORE and JONAS BURKHAM became deeply involved in the war—and deeply involved with each other.

Marianna was the daughter of an English missionary, NATHANIEL MOORE, and though she knew Jonas thought of her simply as a prim young schoolmarm, she had for years been in love with the handsome, reckless American. She'd been deeply hurt to hear of Jonas' affair with LILY NICHOLLS, the beautiful, spoiled wife of ANTHONY NICHOLLS, a planter, and in an attempt to stifle her love for him, had agreed to marry RICHARD JOHNSON, a mild-mannered young missionary.

When the Tahitian resistance to the French flamed into actual warfare, Jonas joined the Tahitians in battle. And when Marianna appeared on the battlefield to help nurse the wounded, Jonas realized for the first time how deep her feeling for him was—and how great was his concern for her safety.

Several weeks later, tragedy drew them closer. A Tahitian bullet, meant for the French governor of the island, killed Marianna's father. In her grief, Marianna turned not to her fiancé, but to Jonas, and as he took her in his arms, Jonas knew that what he felt for her was deeper than sympathy.

A few days after her father's funeral, Richard Johnson came to Marianna and told her that he and some of the other missionaries had decided it was useless and dangerous to stay in Tahiti any longer. He planned to return to England and wanted Marianna to go with him to be married.

Indignant that he should leave Tahiti in its time of greatest need, Marianna tried to reason with him, and when that failed, she told him that she could never marry him.

Marianna moved back into the shadows and watched the small figure cross the beach to the lawn of the inn. So this was how Jonas passed the long hours when she had felt so close to him!

IV

THE days that followed her father's death were the most miserable Marianna had ever known. Except for Teaui, her old servant, and a handful of children and old people, there was no one about; all the others had moved to the fortified encampment in the valley of Papenoo, a few miles to the southeast. And with her father gone, the soul seemed to have left the mission station. Her own life, bereft not only of him but of the ordered routine that had sustained it for so long, seemed empty as a stranded conch shell.

She had not seen Jonas for more than a week; in fact, not at all since she'd returned from burying her father in Papaoa. Each evening as she sat on the veranda she would find herself listening for the sound of his horse's hoofs on the road. Then she would remind herself that Jonas had no reason to seek her out now. His kindness and concern had merely been his way of paying tribute to her father's memory. Now his duty was done. But still she sat and listened for his coming, as if the waiting and listening provided a proper evening's climax to the dragging pointlessness of her days.

Yet, when he suddenly appeared one evening, full of news of Papeete where, he explained, he had spent the past five days working on his schooner, she found that his presence was oddly disturbing. As she listened to his news of the continued tensions in town she saw that he was preoccupied and worried. It was only when he swung around in his chair to face her directly that she knew that the waiting was over at last.

"I hear that you—I understand that your plans are somewhat changed," he said.

"If you mean that I'm not going to marry Richard Johnson and go to England," she said coolly, "you are right."

"Then what do you intend to do? You can't stay on out here. The French are planning to build a fort here. Right on the Point, Marianna. You can't possibly stay."

So he had heard about her decision not to marry Richard Johnson, and now he would once again dutifully take the responsibility for worrying about Nathaniel Moore's daughter and her future. She listened with growing resentment as he went on.

"I talked to Mr. Thomson in town about it. He wants you there very much, to teach school for him. There's a little cottage at the inn you could rent, and Mrs. Buelle said you could take your meals at the inn."

"You have already spoken to her?" Marianna said. "How very—kind." How very officious, her voice indicated.

Some of the concern in Jonas' eyes was replaced by a look of wary amusement. "As a matter of fact, I have. I also took the liberty of engaging a wagon and horses to come out for your things a week from today."

"Perhaps you'd be good enough to pack up for me, too," she said. "You seem to have taken all the other arrangements out of my hands."

"It would give me great pleasure," he said. "Helpless women have always appealed to me."

"When I go," Marianna said in a carefully controlled tone, "you won't be troubled with any women at all in the district—helpless or otherwise. There just won't be any here."

"I was afraid of that," he said regretfully. "And for that reason, among others, I, too, am moving to town."

Marianna's eyes were wide and intent upon his face. "You, too?"

"Yes," he said. "There's nothing left here. I'll live aboard my schooner when I'm not on a voyage." He pushed back his chair. "And now I must go. Good night, Marianna. I'll be over tomorrow to see about that packing."

She got to her feet as he went down the steps, and for a moment stood indecisively by the table. Suddenly she caught up a lantern and lighted it from the lamp.

At her call he stopped by the gate. Quickly, she came to him across the dark grass. "Here," she said, "you'll need a light tonight—there's no moon."

"Thanks," he said. He took the lantern from her, watching her face in its light.

"Mr. Burkham," she said rapidly, "I do appreciate what you have done. I'm sorry I was rude."

He laughed. "Don't be sorry," he said. "I quite enjoyed it. Besides, I wasn't being altogether altruistic in planning your future, Marianna. As it happens, there are a few things I can do for the natives, now that I've got the schooner again. I can run supplies around to Papenoo, and carry information to them, and I'll badly need your help."

"*My* help?"

"Someone I can trust," he said. "Someone to cover up for me, and find things out, and be my liaison with respectability. Don't worry about it now."

He said good night to her then, and went off down the road. For a few minutes Marianna stood there in the cool starlight. All her resentment had faded away and in its place she felt a warm thankfulness. To be needed once more, to be needed for something, however small . . .

THE day she left Matavai to move to town was bright and windy. White clouds rode swiftly across the sky, and beneath the sunlight and shadow the landscape was dazzlingly vivid.

The carter's wagon, loaded with her goods, had started on its way an hour before, and Jonas stood waiting at the foot of the veranda steps. At the top of the steps Teaui, shaking with sobs, was holding Marianna in her huge embrace, and as Marianna kissed her brown cheeks and finally drew away, he saw that her face was tight with her effort for composure.

She held her shoulders very straight as she came down the steps. Jonas helped her into her saddle. She turned back to Teaui as the horse started slowly to walk away, and there was a break in her voice. "Good-by, Teaui! Let me know always how you are."

He saw that she could not trust herself to speak for a few moments, and they rode silently along the shady lane, past the deserted church, past the schoolhouse, out onto the road at the foot of the bay. At last she spoke, leaning forward and patting the neck of her horse, her face momentarily hidden from Jonas by the wide brim of her hat. "I can never tell you how grateful I am for all you've done, Jonas. Sending the wagon—bringing the horse out."

Before he could reply, they heard horses' hoofs behind them and voices calling their names. They turned and saw a group of natives riding toward them.

"It's Teaui's son, Poriri," Marianna said, astonished. "And Tane, and his sister, and Manu and Taua's daughter—"

"Our old neighbors, down from the hills! I hope there hasn't been trouble with the French!" Jonas said.

In a moment the riders came up to them, five men, each with a musket slung across his back, and three girls, riding astride, with gay *pareus* twisted above their slender legs and their long wavy black hair streaming behind them in the wind. Their arms were laden with wreaths of flowers, and there were bundles hanging across the backs of their horses. They reined in beside Marianna and Jonas, laughing and calling out greetings. Poriri leaped from his horse.

"We heard you were leaving the district today, and we came to say farewell."

He held up his hand to

(Continued on page 59)

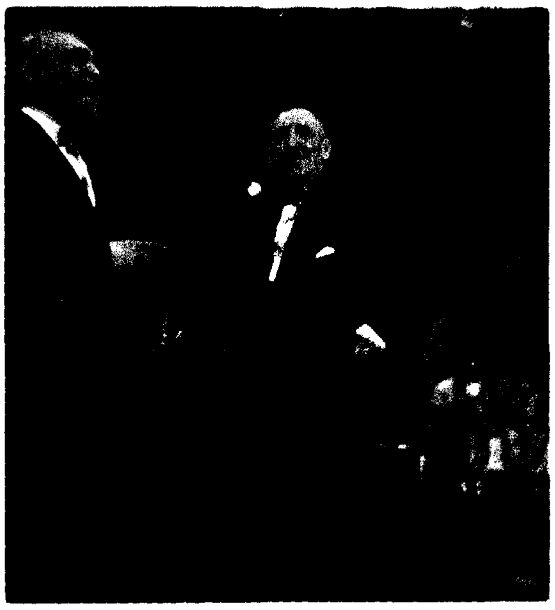
ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

"Good Night, Mrs. Calabash-

Concluding SCHNOZZOLA! Jimmy Durante's Life Story

For Jimmy Durante, tragedy was the forerunner of triumph. In 1943, just as he reached his "low pernt" professionally, his wife died, to be followed later by his partner and long-time pal, Lou Clayton. But then came television—and the supreme success of a brilliant career

Cyrano Durante, once again a hit in the night clubs that gave him a start 30-odd years ago



Singer Eddie Jackson rejoined Durante a few years back, has been a regular on TV program

Among the Schnozzola's video guests has been Sophie Tucker, "last of the Red Hot Mamas"

Vherever You Are”

Jimmy Durante's life has been a hard but exciting one. His early jobs as pianist in small cafés around New York led to bigger things, and he hit his stride after teaming up with singer Eddie Jackson and dancer Lou Clayton. Jimmy became the comedian of the trio, and all through the wild, tough prohibition days the partners prospered. After making a name in the speak-easies, vaudeville and musical-comedy appearances beckoned—and finally the movies. It was in Hollywood that the Schnozz, now appearing alone, had his roughest jolts. But although more hard days lay ahead, the future also held the key to undreamed-of triumphs

VI

JIMMY DURANTE, the most confiding of men, has one secret which he refuses to share with anyone, even his closest friends. He won't tell who Mrs. Calabash is, though she apparently is an important person—or symbol—in his life.

In recent months, Jimmy's most notable success has been in television. At the end of each program, after all the rowdy comedy is over and the rollicking songs have been sung, Jimmy puts on his coat and hat and walks away from the camera, a lone and somehow touching figure, chanting a good-night song to his audience. And then, just before the final fade-out, he speaks his closing line: "Good night, Mrs. Calabash—wherever you are."

As he says those words, his manner is one of great seriousness and even tenderness. But when anyone asks about Mrs. Calabash, Durante changes the subject. "That's my secret," he will say. "I want it to rest where it is."

The Calabash closing is sacrosanct, and Jimmy won't let anyone tamper with it. His writers at one time proposed doing a slapstick routine concerning the character, but Durante coldly rejected the idea. And once, when some error of timing caused the program to end before Jimmy could make his farewell, the Schnozzola let it be known that he was seriously offended. Without Mrs. Calabash, he said, there would be no more Durante appearances on the television screen.

His friends find the mystery especially piquant because in private life Durante hates saying good-by or good night and usually leaves a group without any farewells.

Members of his troupe offer various explanations of Mrs. Calabash, but none of them can vouch for their authenticity. Some of his associates see a connection with Jimmy's wife, Jeanne, who died in 1943. Others think the name was arrived at after hours of search, simply because Jimmy wanted an odd name to throw into his act. Still others believe the name is a real one and that it was signed to a letter Durante received a few years ago.

The letter, according to this version, was from the widowed mother of a small son; she had written to say she liked Jimmy's program and that her son always referred to him as Uncle Jimmy. Durante is supposed to have sent a letter in return, promising to mention the lady's name on his next program. He kept the promise with a "Good night, Mrs. Calabash." And later on he took to adding the wistful words, "wherever you are."

His friends feel that he is entitled to the wistfulness—not only because of the tradition that a clown is all the funnier for being a little sad, but also because of the events of his own life, which has had its share of disappointment and sorrow.

After appearing in the Cole Porter musical, Red, Hot and Blue, in 1936 and 1937, Durante played night-club engagements in various cities and then returned to Hollywood to discover that the movie capital had all but forgotten him. No offers came—at least, none that were worth taking—and for a long time Jimmy lived like an exile at his Los Angeles home, puttering about the house or in the garden while his bank balance grew slimmer and slimmer.

His wife Jeanne, meanwhile, had become a chronic invalid. Mainly to please her, Durante turned down such night-club engagements as his energetic business manager and former vaudeville partner, Lou Clayton, was able to scare up. Jeanne hated the night-club business anyway, and in her illness she wanted Jimmy with her all the time.

"What's the matter with you?" Clayton once asked Durante when the Schnozzola had refused a chance to work. "I need something for the pocket."

"Pardner," said Jimmy, "get the tailor to make your pockets smaller."

Clayton was, in fact, having a lean time of it; and things grew even worse when, in 1939, he was seriously injured in an automobile accident. He began a series of dreary, painful and expensive stays in various hospitals.

Too Cautious with Clayton's Money

The high spirits of both men, however, managed to assert themselves from time to time, even in these troubled days. During Clayton's first months in the hospital, Durante became part owner of a race horse named Westbrooke. The horse's trainer spoke highly of his ability, and Clayton—hoping to make a big killing to help pay some of his medical expenses—instructed Jimmy to place a bet when Westbrooke ran. Durante, suddenly skeptical about his horse's prowess, decided not to bet Lou's money. The horse came in first and paid off at 15 to one.

Clayton, an enthusiastic gambler even from a hospital bed, was furious. Three weeks later the horse ran again, and though the odds had dropped to eight to one, Clayton again told Durante to place a $100 bet. Once more Jimmy was overcome by caution: he put down two dollars for Lou and two for himself.

Again the horse won, and Clayton looked forward to collecting $800. "Did you place the bet?" he asked when Jimmy visited him in the hospital.

"Yes, I did."

"How much do I collect?"

"Sixteen dollars." Durante said in a small voice.

"You dope!" Clayton closed his eyes in pain.

"Lou! Lou!" Jimmy shouted. "Don't go into a comma on me. Gee!"

"I simply can't stand looking at you," Clayton said, his eyes still closed. "And I hope that pig with the elegant name drops dead!"

A few days afterward, Durante told Clayton, "Well, we're shipping Westbrooke to Suffolk Downs."

"I don't care where you send him. I only hope he gets a heart attack. I never want to hear his fancy name again."

At Suffolk Downs, Westbrooke broke a leg and was destroyed.

"Lou!" Jimmy cried out as he waved a telegram under Clayton's bandaged nose. "You put a curse on the poor horse!"

"I sure did!" Clayton agreed. "And let's change the subject."

Another horse also figured in the Schnozzola's life during the hard-luck years, and was quite as much a nuisance as Westbrooke. When a picture offer finally came, it was for a part in a Gene Autry horse opera. Jimmy could not ride a horse, but the part required him to *(Continued on page* 66)

C.B.S. PHOTO

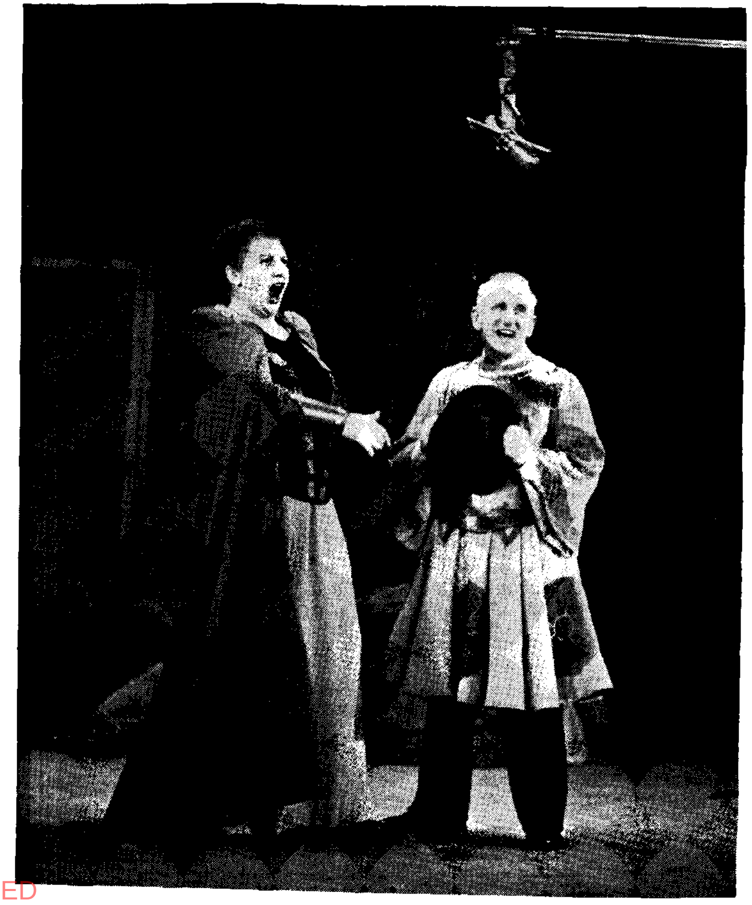
For several years, Durante's radio partner was the comic, Garry Moore, who now has own TV show

INTERNATIONAL

In recent months, Jimmy has enjoyed company of this pretty red-haired show girl, Margie Little

Soprano Helen Traubel sang hilarious duets with Jimmy on television, later made records with him

N.B.C. PHOTO



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

LAST DAY of CAMP

All summer Alan had tried to break through Marty's fantastic defenses. Then, when he found out what the boy was planning, he decided it was time to get tough

By CHARLES CARVER

ALAN paused in his story and lay watching the patch of stars which showed through the rolled tent flap. The seven boys in his tent were quiet. Perhaps, he thought hopefully, they had fallen asleep. Surely by now they ought to be asleep after a day of constructing hurdles for the obstacle race, repainting the war canoes, gathering wood for the bonfire, and generally preparing Onowaco for Field Day and the end-of-summer swarm of parents.

In a low, tentative voice he went on with the story. "And so Theseus kept unwinding the string until he came to this Minotaur deep inside the labyrinth and I wonder if any of you are still awake because it's been a long, hard—"

"I'm awake!" It was Jackie Miller, loud and clear.

"Me too," said Harold Moore.

Alan sighed, too tired to feel flattered. "All right, then," he said, "so this fellow Theseus pulls out his sharp snickersnee and feels his way toward the monster who has been eating fourteen Greeks every year . . ."

Drawing heavily on the mythology course he had taken at college last year, he repeated the story of Theseus and Ariadne, simplified for an audience aged ten to fourteen. After three summers of being a counselor, Alan had little trouble making the plots of even such formidable works as Paradise Lost conform to the narrative needs of Tent Six.

In a low voice Alan described the battle in the labyrinth and went on to tell of the hero's marriage to Ariadne. He ended with the assurance that they lived happily ever after, a statement that would have rated no more than a D-minus in last June's exam but was easily worth an A-plus in late August.

Alan stopped speaking and was relieved to hear the sound of regular breathing from the boys around him. It meant that from now on the evening was reasonably his own, and he looked forward to an hour or so of adult conversation in the counselors' room. He got up from his cot and shined his flashlight on the sleeping figures, one after the other. It would be chilly later and he wanted to make sure their blankets covered them.

Alan, tall and lean in white shorts and a T-shirt, stood by the center pole of the tent and watched the beam touch the faces of the boys. For a moment he had a feeling of regret that the summer was ending. They were good boys and he had tried to give them a good summer, making a game of the teeth brushing and the daily shower, a competition of the weekly letter writing. They respected and trusted him, in return, and he'd had the satisfaction of watching them develop.

The light touched Jackie Miller; the chronometer watch his foolish parents had given him gleamed on his wrist. Jimmy Farnsworth's lips were parted, and he was breathing noisily through his mouth. Harold Moore's Hopalong pistols dangled from the tent frame near his blond head. Alan turned the flashlight on Roger Wilson, the boy who had tried to run away the first day and who now proudly reported to him each evening the number and condition of the canoe paddles. Roger was Keeper of the Paddles, with the pride and privileges that went with it. He glanced next at Ernest Hammond, who had been a bully until they'd made him captain of the Blues' boxing team; and Phillip Troll, who had caused Tent Six to be known among the other counselors as the Hall of the Mountain King. And lastly Marty Fletcher, who had asked for the cot nearest the tent opening so he could sound the warning when the enemy approached.

Alan was surprised to see that Marty's eyes were wide open, dark and unblinking in the glare of the flashlight. He snapped off the light and walked over to Marty's cot. "I'm going to the counselors' office," he said. "Keep an eye on things for me, will you?"

Marty Fletcher was thirteen, large and awkward for his age, and he lived in an incredible world which Alan had not been able to enter. It was a world stealthy with spies, humming with passwords, and filled with assassinations and dripping dungeons. There was something vicious and at the same time pathetic about his fantasies, which went far beyond the normal make-believe of the others. His home was in Baltimore and his mother worked in a dry-cleaning plant—that much Alan knew from the application form.

But according to Marty there were other homes: a castle, a plane, and an armored motor launch. Away from camp he lived a life, according to his solemn accounts, more exciting than that of Little Caesar and the Scarlet Pimpernel combined. But Marty had no friends. Every man was suspect and every kind gesture a trap. He spent a good deal of his time in the camp workshop, which Alan supervised, making wooden swords and grimly accurate replicas of pistols.

Alan treated Marty like the others, but when it was possible he asked him to do small favors which entailed a moderate amount of responsibility. "If anyone has a nightmare or starts sleepwalking, you come let me know—right?" Waiting for an answer, he stood looking down at Marty's stolid face.

"I know why they have Field Day here," Marty said. "I've been thinking about it." His tone was smug.

"Why?"

"To show off the kids. That's why."

Alan was too surprised to answer.

"My mother can't come anyway." He hesitated a moment. "She has a reception that day. And my father's on a boat, so he can't come either." A note of pleading crept into his voice. "You drive me to town Friday and I'll take a train home. I've done it before—lots of times."

WHILE he listened to the words, Alan tried to figure out the motive for them. Perhaps Marty was afraid his mother would deny the tall stories he had told everyone about his life away from camp. Or perhaps he was ashamed to have her discover the truth about life at Onowaco. He was sure that Marty's letters home were as preposterously dramatic as his inventions about Baltimore.

"Field Day's not so bad," Alan answered quietly. "Often just mothers or just fathers can come. Business and things."

Marty was silent.

"And I should think your mother would enjoy a day in the country after a hot summer in the city," Alan added. "You could show her around, and everything. Besides, that was a nice invitation you did."

All the campers had designed invitations to their families for Field Day. Marty's had been clever, with the letters drawn to look like branches and the card itself cut in the shape of a tent.

"They made me do it," the boy said calmly. "But she won't come." He looked fixedly at Alan. "I think I'll leave Friday."

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," Alan said. "Then we'll work out something, if you still want to."

"Okay," said Marty. He turned over and buried his face in the pillow.

Alan walked toward the recreation hall. To his left was the wide river; he could hear the water lapping against the pilings under the swimming pier. To the right was his manual-training shop, and beyond it were the stables and the dirt road to town. He had the feeling that Marty had turned and was still watching him from the tent with those inscrutable dark eyes. Poor kid, Alan thought, he was steeling himself against a lonely Field Day. Marty seemed to be convinced that his mother would not be among the proud parents watching their tanned children compete on the last day of camp. As for his father being on a boat, that deception seemed the most pathetic to Alan, because he knew Mrs. Fletcher was a widow.

THE exasperation Alan had felt so often during the summer at Marty's unresponsiveness, at the shield of fantasy he held high as a guard for his belligerent aloneness, left him as he thought of this latest small agony. For days the boys had been talking of nothing but fathers and mothers. Jackie's parents were coming in a new car; Roger's father would be dressed in an officer's uniform. Phillip's mother would be there to see him win the cup for the hurdle races; and Ernest planned to delight his father by winning the boxing finals. And Marty lay silent among them, thinking of the bitter prospect of being orphaned among so many warm reunions.

Alan walked into the counselors' office, still depressed by Marty's problem. "Mountain King!" Johnny Brewster called. "We need a fourth for bridge. Drag yourself up a chair."

"Thanks," Alan said abstractedly, "but not tonight. Got some letters to write."

Johnny looked at him in surprise. "What's eating you, friend? The little nippers got you down?"

Alan grinned. It did seem absurd to let Marty upset him. "Just one of them," he said.

Johnny held up his hand. "Don't tell me. It's superspy!" He shook his head. "Yesterday I caught him trying to drown Petey Larkin because Petey wouldn't believe his mother owned a bulletproof Cadillac."

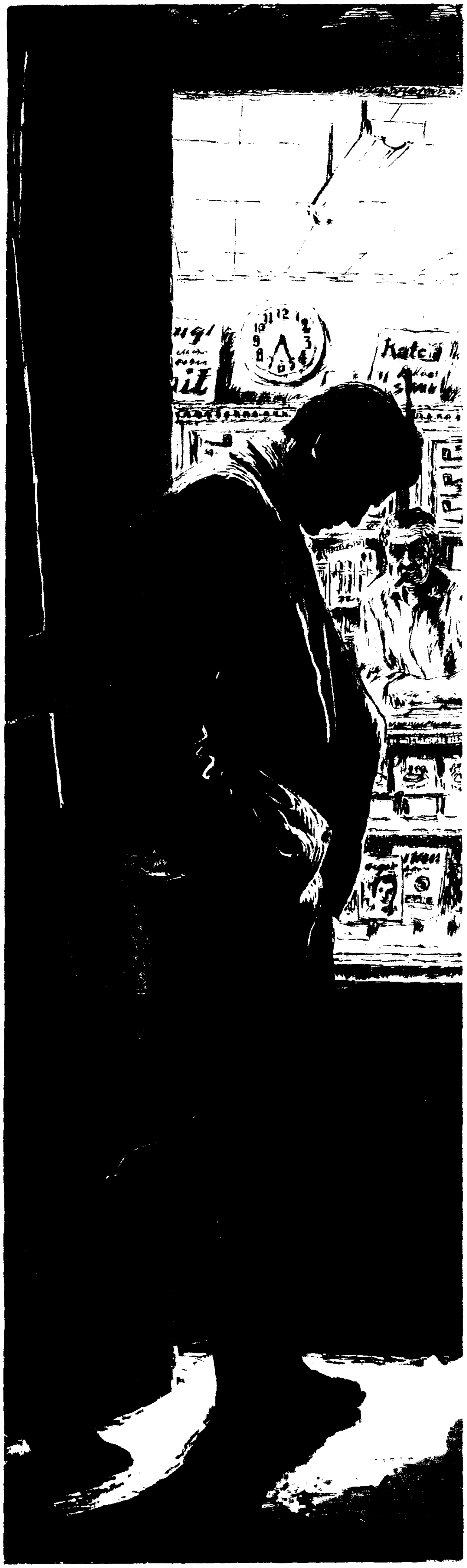
"He's upset because he doesn't think his mother's going to show on Field Day," Alan said. "He wants to leave Friday."

"A good idea," Bill March said with a sigh. "By the time the last sack race has been run and the last marshmallow toasted, we'll all be gibbering idiots. The boy's got a good point."

Alan strolled over to the mailbox. On top of the usual scrawled letters and post cards lay the large bundle of invitations to parents. He began to leaf through them idly, wondering whether there was some way he could impress on Marty's mother the importance of her coming. *(Continued on page 50)*

Marty lived in a world that was stealthy with spies, humming with passwords, and filled with assassinations and dungeons

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND



LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

The Bridge Jumper

By DON M. MANKIEWICZ

THE crowd at the edge of the roller-skating rink stood three deep, but Arthur managed to ease himself into the front row, where he could lean on the concrete wall and watch the lazy counterclockwise motion of the skaters. He considered whether our metropolitan customs might not someday develop a generation of skaters who could turn only to the left. Surely the Russians must believe this. Arthur resolved to ask Bernice, Mr. Rector's all-but-avowedly Communist secretary, whether she believed it.

The thought brought to his mind the pay check Mr. Rector signed every Friday. This was a Friday, and Anne would expect to see his check; she could not; it was cashed and spent.

A fat man wobbled by below with a friend at his elbow; the fat man was afraid. How strange a fear, Arthur thought, when the worst that could befall the fat man would be a slide to the concrete.

Arthur's own fear was big, like a balloon that had been eased into his stomach and then inflated.

He patted his jacket pocket and felt the outlines of his checkbook. The stubs showed a balance of $800, but the stubs were Arthur's work and the account was empty. He tried to remember when he had first withdrawn money from the account and entered a false figure on the stub.

It must have been early summer, he figured, remembering that it had been Anne's desire for a convertible that began it. "You should have married a guy who made more than eighty a week," he had said; but he spent the night wondering not whether they would manage the convertible, but how it would be done.

The next morning he had stopped at the bank and cashed a fifty-dollar check against the joint account. At noon he did not go to lunch with his fellow accountants, but sat in the little park behind the public library studying the Racing Form.

Even now he did not consider the idea of winning the two thousand he would need for the car fantastic. To most people, horse racing is a sort of game; to a few it is a sort of disease; but to Arthur it was a science, one of which he was master, as he was of accounting. Arthur knew he could beat the races because he had done it before.

The fifty had become a hundred and fifty in a week; and then—he could see it now—he had become careless, almost greedy. He increased his bets too rapidly, and the bookmaker behind the cigar store around the corner from the office had the hundred and fifty too.

Suddenly Arthur noticed that the people who had been beside him at the rink were gone. It was almost dark. Arthur turned and started along the sidewalk toward the bus stop.

Only once, after the first week, had he won enough to cover his shortage in the joint account. That was in June, after he had brought off a four-horse round robin. Arthur smiled with the remembered satisfaction of that Saturday. He had stayed in the back of the cigar store with Ralph, who was the bookmaker, hearing the results come over the scratchy radio.

The round robin had paid better than two hundred and fifty dollars, which left him a net profit of $56.40, or $1,943.60 less than the even two thousand he figured he needed.

I should have quit when I was ahead, he thought now, waiting for the traffic light to change. A woman turned to stare at him and Arthur realized that he had spoken the words aloud.

Halfway across the street he was painfully aware that he did not know where he would spend the night. He could not go to the apartment, because then he could neither explain to Anne what had happened nor postpone explanations. The account was empty; he couldn't write any more checks. Even if he were able to invent some reasonable cock-and-bull story to explain the missing pay check, Anne would want to cash a check; Friday night was when she did her marketing.

As though it still made sense, Arthur ran over in his mind the factors that had led him to bet on Guy Wire: the drop in class; the fact that Guy Wire had nearly enough foot to win a sprint, and nearly enough endurance to win at a route, and that he was in at seven furlongs; the good jockey; the light weight; the cuppy track; all the rest.

Guy Wire had been the figure horse, the hot favorite; there had never been any doubt that he would go off short of even money. But 4-5 would have been helpful, and if ever a horse looked an almighty certainty— Arthur stopped thinking about it and pushed on through the crowd.

The stub book had shown the eight-hundred-dollar balance that morning, but there had been actually less than half that. There was an insurance premium due; time was running out.

That was what had driven Arthur to hurry to the bank at noon, cash the check, clean out the account, and go to the back room of the cigar store. Only Ralph was there; the players would arrive in time for the afternoon's racing.

"You handle a big one?" Arthur had asked. Ralph nodded tolerantly. "Guy Wire, four hundred and forty to win," Arthur said, piling the money on the table, pleased at his own steady voice and the astonishment in Ralph's stare.

"Bridge jumping, huh?" Ralph had said. Arthur laughed. Bridge jumping is an attempt to get even by making a huge bet on a hot favorite; it is so called on the theory that such bettors must end in the river. The bridge jumper bets *because* the price is short, and Arthur's own bet was made in spite of the meager odds and because of the figures.

The other players had drifted in. Guy Wire was in the first race at Charles Town. Ralph went to the telephone booth in the cigar store to call Jersey for service on the race. In a moment came the three thumps on the wall signaling the off time and the end of betting on the race. Now Arthur remembered with pride that he had kept his eyes on his Form during the running, behaving as if this were just another horse race.

"Five, two, eleven," Ralph had said, coming through the door. Then he added, "I'm sorry, Arthur." As the overwhelming favorite, Guy Wire was, of course, number one on the sheet used as a shorthand code by the service.

"Good thing he was clear out of the money," Arthur had said. "I'd be kicking myself for not having him place and show." He could hear the others commiserating over his loss as he went out.

NOW it was quite dark. O Lord God, he thought, let me get clear of this, and there'll never be another. This, he realized with mild shock, was the nearest he had come to a prayer in twenty years.

A newsstand operator was shouting the names of his papers. Arthur tossed a nickel down and took a paper. He was entitled, he reasoned wryly, to see the result of the race in cold type.

Guy Wire's name was not among the first three finishers in the first race at Charles Town. Arthur started to throw the paper away. As he did so, the words "Guy Wire" flashed to his eye from somewhere else on the page. He looked again and began laughing, not happily, but with hysterical relief. To the right of the race results, a box headed *Late Scratches* began: Charles Town: First, Antigone, Guy Wire. Second, Roman Boy . . .

Arthur read no further. The rest didn't matter. What mattered was that Guy Wire had run away from the gate, or injured himself on the way to the post—any of a hundred things—but he had not run, and the four hundred and forty dollars was still Arthur's, not Ralph's.

He walked quickly, smiling now, toward the cigar store. If Ralph was still there, the refund could be made immediately. Otherwise, tomorrow.

As he walked, he turned the paper to an inside page, and began to study the column headed: *Tomorrow's Entries.* THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

Newhouse's brief case is the only office he has. He conducts most of his business on the run

Little Publisher, Big Empire

By COLLIE SMALL

Sam Newhouse, a publicity-shy bundle of energy, quietly started buying newspapers 30 years ago. Now he has a dozen of them, all money-makers

THE time, it should be noted carefully, is neither 7:44 A.M. nor 7:46 A.M. The time is exactly *7:45* A.M. when, on any given Monday, a meticulously punctual, round-faced little man carrying a battered brief case emerges at a half trot from his 12-room duplex apartment on New York's Park Avenue and begins his weekly rounds.

Aside from the fact that he is very short and in an obvious hurry, there is little about him to recommend a second look. He suggests a not-too-successful salesman, or perhaps a dealer in antiques. Certainly there is nothing about Samuel I. Newhouse to indicate that he is the owner and proprietor of a multimillion-dollar newspaper empire which already stretches from New York to Oregon, and, unlike other newspaper empires, is growing just as fast as he can write the million-dollar checks which are becoming his trade-mark.

At fifty-six, Sam Newhouse is one of the most remarkable men in the newspaper business. For a man who stands only five feet three, he casts an extraordinarily long shadow. At the moment he has a firm grip on no less than 12 morning and afternoon newspapers—in Long Island, Staten Island, and Syracuse, New York; Portland, Oregon; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; and Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey. Their total combined circulation comes to well over 1,000,000 daily and more on Sunday. In Harrisburg and Syracuse there are no papers except Newhouse papers, and in Syracuse he also owns a radio station and a television station. Not long ago, he acquired another radio station in Oregon.

The adjective "fabulous" has recently been applied to Newhouse by seasoned observers of the newspaper scene. So has the word "eccentric," for he has reached his present level of eminence by consistently violating almost all the principles ordinarily applied to the operation of empires. His papers have none of the trappings of the usual newspaper chain. Although his secretary has an office at his Staten Island paper, the Advance, Newhouse himself has no office except his brief case. He is indisputably boss of all he owns and surveys, yet he issues no orders and, in fact, takes special pains to stay out of the way of his various editors.

Despite the fact that he has at his finger tips an instrument of traditional power and influence, it apparently has never occurred to him to try to be a kingmaker, even in those communities which are completely dominated by his newspapers. Newhouse is constantly adding to his domain, but more out of an insatiable urge to keep moving than out of a desire to build monuments to himself. Moreover, he is a brave bull among timid bears, since he is almost the last active buyer of newspapers in the United States. Most other newspaper owners are currently concentrating on consolidation rather than on expansion.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all about Newhouse, however, has been his adroitness in avoiding the limelight while assuming such an important place in the American newspaper picture. Not long ago, he was lunching at a New York hotel when his name was brought up at the next table. The people in the adjoining party, unaware that the bantam publisher was perched at their elbows, discussed him at some length before paying their checks and leaving. As they got up and filed out, Newhouse turned to his companion and said, contentedly, "That's the advantage of being a shrimp. Nobody notices you."

Newhouse is so deliberately unobtrusive that he might have succeeded in going on indefinitely without being observed if he had not purchased the venerable Portland Oregonian several months ago for a cool $5,250,000. There was no longer any way for him to avoid the spotlight; it was the biggest cash-on-the-barrelhead newspaper deal ever announced, and even the knowledgeable trade paper, Editor and Publisher, was taken aback at its magnitude.

"Samuel I. Newhouse, who bought his first newspaper on a self-earned shoestring 30 years ago, laced up seven-league boots, strode across the continent and sealed up the biggest deal of his fabulous career this week," the paper noted, with something akin to astonishment.

The little publisher's sudden purchase of the Portland paper—a century-old pillar of Pacific Northwest journalism which was being sold only because of an awkward division of stock—was characteristic of the speed and precision with which he operates, once he is sure of his ground.

Newhouse carries in the back of his head a vast fund of information and statistics on various newspapers, and in addition he knows instinctively when and how far to jump. Shortly before the New York Sun merged with the New York World-Telegram, he was talking with a group of publishers when one of them asked him how much he thought the Sun was worth. Newhouse named a figure instantly and then added, "That's what it would be worth to me."

One of the other publishers was particularly impressed. "I was struck by the fact," he said later, "that Newhouse was the only one of us who could decide how much the paper was worth. He didn't hesitate a second. But the significant thing was that he said, 'That's what it would be worth to *me*.' The rest of us were talking air."

Newhouse knew exactly what he was doing when he bought the Oregonian without bothering to examine its books beforehand. Five minutes before he agreed to buy it, he had not even known it was for sale. He was sitting quietly in his apartment in New York last November when the telephone rang. It was Smith Davis, a prominent newspaper broker who has engineered most of the major newspaper deals of the past several years and who, on a retainer, spends much of his time looking for more papers for Newhouse. Davis was calling from Washington, where he had been conferring with E. B. MacNaughton, a Portland banker and president of the company which was publishing the Oregonian.

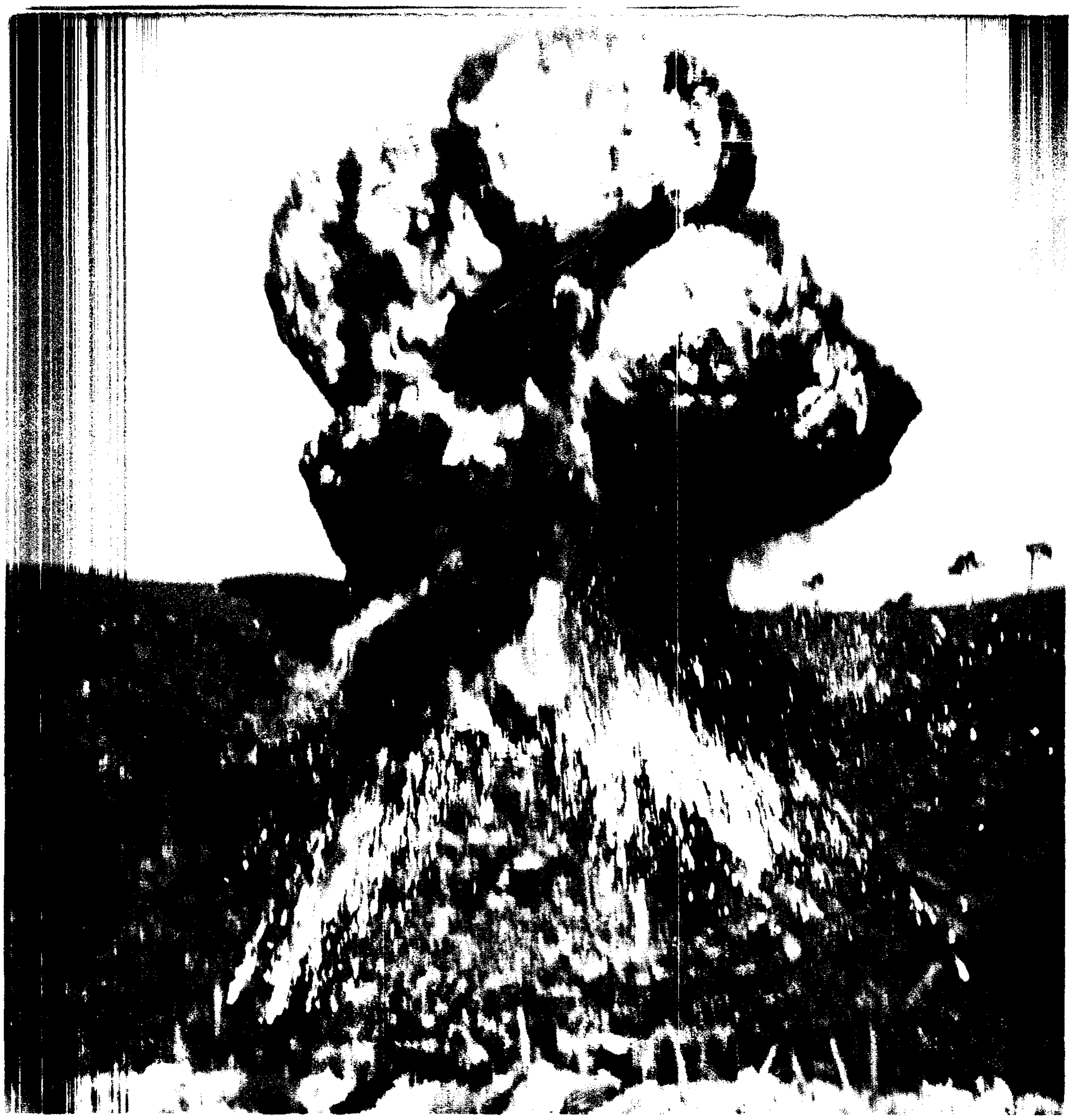
"Sam," Davis said, "I can get the Oregonian for you."

"How much?" Newhouse asked.

"I think I can get it for around five and a half million."

(Continued on page 40)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER



A flaming column of napalm erupts in a demonstration area near Tagu, Korea. The jellied fire burns at 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. This picture is fuzzy because photographer's hands shook

This innocent-looking white powder is napalm mixture before gasoline has been added to it

The final product is a gluey jelly that burns fiercely and sticks to everything it touches

NAPALM - CANNED HELL

It's a powder that turns into a clinging jelly that's one of our best and most fearsome weapons

Korea

THE swift American planes swept in low over Communist territory, where Red troops huddled in their foxholes. As the planes pulled up, sleek yellow cans dropped away from their wings and plunged earthward. In a moment, the ground below was a mass of flame.

But it wasn't just fire. It was a vicious, clinging, furious blaze that immediately killed those it struck and created panic among the troops nearby. Screaming men rolled on the ground to smother the flame; it wouldn't smother. Others brushed frantically at flickering spots on their arms and legs; it did no good. Farther away, men untouched by fire gasped, choked—and died.

Miles away, other UN fighter craft peeled off over a river and sped upstream toward a bridge of vital importance to the Communist armies. Again, the yellow cans dropped. This time, they missed. Nevertheless, in an instant the river was blazing briskly; the fire floated downstream and enveloped the bridge; the structure toppled into the water.

In a more active part of the front, a GI sat in a ditch and watched hundreds of Chinese soldiers pour toward him. Suddenly, he yanked at a wire, and a rolling, raging inferno erupted around the enemy troops. Once again, men writhed on the ground, brushed desperately at their sleeves, smothered where they stood.

A little later, a scorched, bewildered, English-speaking prisoner was taken. His comment was brief and pointed. "Pure hell," he gasped.

In the first six months of this year, almost 5,000,000 gallons of this devil's mixture were splashed over the forces of Communism in Korea by the heavily outnumbered United Nations forces. Officials of the Far East Air Force estimated that Allied planes were dropping it on Red troops and strategic targets at a rate of about 77,000 gallons a day.

The jellied fire is called napalm (a coined name derived from its ingredients), and it swiftly proved to be one of our most effective—and most fearsome—weapons in Korea, at a time when our hard-pressed troops sorely needed its help.

In a small gully at an advanced air base, Lieutenant Colonel Edwin F. Baker, of Hampton, Virginia, Chief of Armaments for the Fifth Air Force, staged a napalm demonstration for me. He piled up some stones in a hollow, lighted a small fire near them to set off the napalm, then tossed a bottle of the stuff on the stones. Suddenly a miniature furnace roared in the gully. The strawberry-colored jelly stuck to the rocks and to the ground around them. It continued to burn until finally the stones turned white from the heat.

"It sticks just like that to clothing," Baker said. "It's a terrible weapon. Its psychological effect alone is tremendous; intelligence tells us that troops who normally will attack again and again over their own dead panic immediately under napalm. And if anything, it's worse against dug-in troops. The fire is so fierce it uses up the oxygen in the strike zone. Men in foxholes don't have to be burned by it; they suffocate."

Napalm can be used by planes, by tanks and by infantrymen carrying flame throwers. But it's the aircraft that do the most damage with it.

A number of factors are cited to explain the failure of the Reds in Korea to turn this fiery weapon full force against us. Among these factors, U.S. officials list a shortage of the essential ingredients, a lack of transport and their obvious desire not to send their good fighter planes (the only ones that could effectively pack a napalm punch) too far from the Yalu River.

Napalm was first used in the summer of 1944 against Germany, and later in the Pacific in the island warfare against Japan. Some of the older pilots to whom I spoke in Korea remembered those first efforts, and were a little aghast at the murderous bomb that has resulted. Several jet pilots were discussing the modern version as they sat around their ready room between missions.

"It's a hell of a weapon," one of them said soberly. "The Chinese start running the minute they see us. They don't even fire back in most cases. A hell of a weapon." BILL STAPLETON

Lt. Col. Edwin F. Baker (r.) and Capt. A. I. Fisher with fuse which arms bomb as it drops

GIs first mix gasoline with dry ingredients in funnel, then hose napalm into wing tanks

Sometimes mixture is prepared beforehand, then poured into tanks already on planes. Napalm, though used by armored and infantry units, is most effective dropped from low-flying aircraft

Soldiers drive their trucks over napalm hoses to squeeze out the jellied stuff stuck inside

Because napalm floats on water, it can be dropped past a target into current that will sweep it toward objective. The same technique is often used on land; jelly spreads over wide area

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

He Did It for the LITTLE

Every summer, my father gets a hot new idea about where we ought to go. He means well, but he is no good at picking places. This time he picked a place he couldn't stand, himself

MY FATHER is a man who would like to go on trips but the only trips he takes is every day the Lackawanna Railroad to Hoboken and the Hoboken ferry to New York where he makes the money which he hands over to the government, retaining a small pittance to sustain life in himself and his wife, which is my mother, and his four children.

Every spring my father commences getting out the road maps and he says, "Well, Edith, where would you like to go this summer on our vacation? How about I take an extra week and we drive out to Yosemite?"

My mother turns pale. "Have you forgotten last summer?" she asks. "You are not sitting between these heathens in the back seat trying to keep them from killing each other all day long. You are not the one who has to change diapers with your mouth full of safety pins when we are supposed to be looking at the Lincoln Memorial."

My father starts putting away his road maps. He says he is doomed to live and die without ever knowing what life is like beyond the boundaries of New Jersey. He says a man which works under the terrific pressure under which he works needs a change of scene. "I will crack up," he explains.

My mother says, "We might go to Mother's for a while. Of course, four children tearing around make her nervous after a few days—"

"Your mother makes *me* nervous after a few days," says my father. "What we should do is go away ourselves, maybe on a boat. We would get a nurse to stay with the children—"

At this point my sister Janice, which is the youngest and the only girl and the apple of my father's eye, bursts into tears.

"Well, the curseword with it," says my father, throwing away his road maps. "We will stay home and rot."

My mother says timidly, "Other people take a cottage at the shore for two weeks—"

"I am not leaving my comfortable home for a water-front slum," says my father.

However, he is determined to go someplace, and a week later on a Sunday we drive down to the shore and look up a real-estate agent.

"I do not wish to rent a seaside tenement," says my father in fierce tones to the agent. "I wish to go to sleep at night without listening to the bedside conversation of people next door."

The agent explains he knows exactly what we have in mind. So we drive around and my mother likes one place but my father don't, and the next place when my father finds out the cost he explains to the agent he is not a member of the idle rich but a man who has to work for a living, and finally the agent says he has one more place he will show us but he don't think the owner will rent for only two weeks.

It is a one-story cottage in a pine grove. It is a good fifty feet to the next cottage, and if I stand on the porch on my tippy toes I can see the ocean. It is furnished inside with maple furniture and there is three bedrooms.

"The owner wants to rent for the season," says the agent. "He has priced it at a thousand, but if you signed up this early I might get it for you for eight hundred. He is planning to go to Italy this summer."

"He is, providing he can find a sucker with eight hundred dollars," says my father.

"Well, we are wasting time," says my mother, looking bedraggled after the long trip in the car. "It's an adorable cottage but we are looking for a two-week rental and this is silly."

"Wait," says my father. "Is there a decent morning train out of this place that goes to New York?"

"The seven three will get you in the city by nine," says the agent.

My mother laughs. "George," she says, "I have to fight now to get you ready to make the eight-o'clock train at home."

"Edith," my father says dramatically, "we can go to Yosemite when the children are older. It is time I did something for you and the children. This is a one-floor house. No stairs to climb. The children can spend the summer in shorts. No washing and ironing. We will take the cottage and I will commute."

"This is preposterous," says my mother. "You'd have to ride the train four hours a day."

"Take a whiff of that pine-laden sea breeze," says my father. "Down here I'll be able to get up with the sun. I will take a dip before breakfast. I will feel like a million dollars. We will take the cottage for the season."

THAT was early in May. We move into the cottage on a Sunday the end of June. We unpack and have a swim and go to bed early because we are all tired from moving in.

The next morning I wake up and see my mother in the hall.

"Stay in bed, William," she says. "It is only six o'clock. I am trying to rout out your father."

"I will get his swimming trunks for him to take a dip," I say.

I go outside and get them off the clothesline. When I go back in, my mother is pulling the covers off my father. "George, you'll miss your train," she says.

My father groans and puts one foot on the floor, testing it. He puts the other foot on the floor and sits up slowly. My mother goes back to the kitchen and very slowly my father takes off his pajamas.

"I brought your swimming trunks, Father," I say, and toss them in his lap.

He gives a howl and flies off the bed. "They're kind of wet," I say. "Hurry up, Father, we're all going to watch you take a dip."

My father looks pale, then reaches for the trunks. "Well, come on," he says. "Get the other kids up."

"We got all day to swim," I say.

"In my day," says my father, with his teeth chattering, "we led a rugged existence. What kind of a man will you be if you are scared of a pair of wet trunks early in the morning?"

He goes running out into the hall, almost knocking my mother down.

"George," she says, "you didn't mean it."

"Open the front door before I freeze," says my father. He goes tearing off the porch and racing down the path to the beach.

"Don't let him go down there alone," says my mother. "Run down to the beach and see he doesn't drown."

But by the time I get down there my father is on the way back, racing up the path past me and into the house.

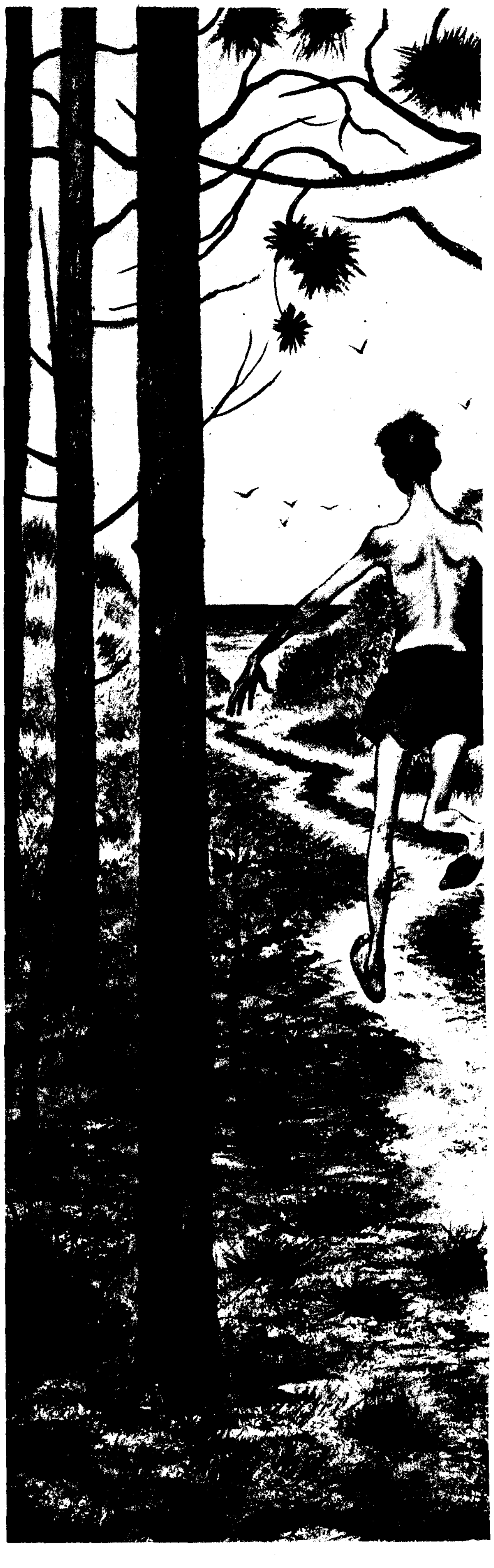
"Nice going, Tarzan," says my mother handing him a towel.

"It is too early in the morning for cheap humor," says my father, disappearing into the bedroom.

Ten minutes later he joins us at breakfast. "I feel like a million dollars," he says. "What is this mess on my plate?"

"It's a fried egg," says my mother tenderly. "I threw the first two away. Maybe by tomorrow I will have learned how to use the kerosene stove. Would you rather have some cereal?"

"I don't have time," says *(Continued on page 53)*

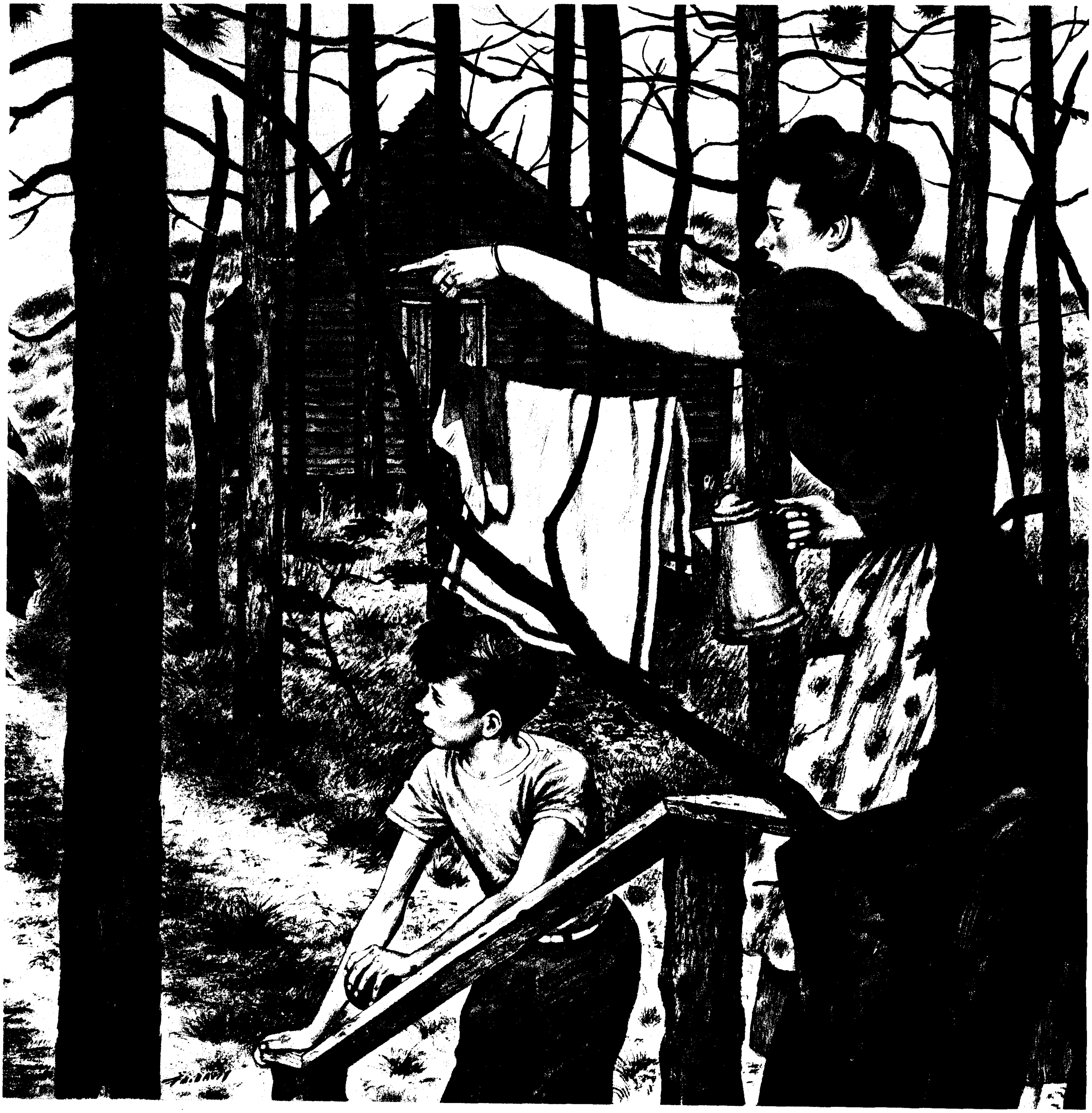


My father goes tearing off the porch and racing down

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

WOMAN

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE



e path to the beach. "Don't let him go down there alone," says my mother. "Run down to the beach and see he doesn't drown"

STINGIEST MAN

Boss of the Norfolk fuel depot, Jam

During Battle of the Bulge, Navy was asked to speed urgently needed fuel to Europe. Mac took charge. When sparkproof hammers were required to close gasoline cans, he made them, cheap

One of MacKechnie's boosters is Rear Adm. T. Earle Hipp, who heads Norfolk (Va.) Naval Supply Center

Mac's junk pile at Craney Island Fuel Facility has saved buying new equipment

JAMES C. MacKECHNIE, the superintendent of the huge U.S. Navy fuel depot at Norfolk, Virginia—the biggest oil storage base of its kind in the United States—has a very peculiar allergy. It pains him to spend the taxpayers' money.

There are virtually no lengths to which this dogged old Scotsman won't go to avoid expending government funds. Just recently, for example, the Navy Department proposed to buy some new apparatus which was badly needed for pumping oil at the depot. Most government men would have greeted the advent of new equipment with cheers. MacKechnie refused to take it.

"No, no, laddie," he told a high-ranking admiral in the Scottish burr which is as thick today as it was when he left Glasgow 39 years ago. "I'll not have you paying oot the Navy's hard-earned dollars for such nonsense."

Instead, he salvaged parts from the engine room of an abandoned destroyer, had them rebuilt and put them to work pumping oil on dry land.

Not long ago, the Navy decided that a mammoth water tank had to be shifted from one site on Craney Island, the 870-acre strip of land in Norfolk Bay on which the depot is located, to another some 750 feet away. It called in a private contractor and asked him how much he wanted for making the move.

"This is a tough job," the contractor said. "We'll have to construct an enormous flatcar, hoist the tank onto it with cranes and bring in several tractors to tow it. It'll take at least a week's work. I'd say that $6,000 is the lowest we can do it for."

MacKechnie's ruddy, weather-beaten visage turned almost white when he heard the estimate. Luckily for him, he is a civilian employee of the Navy, not a serviceman, and is free to speak his penurious mind.

"Six thoosand dollars!" he snorted. "Why, it'd be sheer sinful to lay oot that much money. I'll do it myself."

He rented a bulldozer and dug a shallow channel between the old and the new sites for the 600-ton tank. Next, he pumped some water into this impromptu canal. Then he inundated the area around the tank with water, too. The water lifted the tank off its foundations and he just floated it down the canal to its new location. He didn't employ a single tractor. He and two other men pulled the tank along by hand. The whole operation took only eight and a half hours and the sole cost to the government was for rental of the bulldozer—$75.

"I'm a Scotsman through and through," MacKechnie states, "and it makes me plain sick to my stomach to see money being spent when there's no need for spending it. I watch my oon pennies, and there's no reason why I shouldn't watch the government's pennies, too."

MacKechnie won't even spend money for oil to operate the depot power plant. He gets his fuel by salvaging it from ships' ballast water and sludge. And he sells the leftover oil to commercial freighters at two cents a gallon.

The economies this sixty-one-year-old mechanical wizard has achieved at Craney Island—and the fantastic way in which he has achieved them—have made his name a byword in the Navy. At Navy headquarters in Washington, D.C., Rear Admiral Malcolm G. Slarrow, the inspector general of the Navy Supply Corps, declares:

"Old MacKechnie has saved only Heaven knows how much money for the Navy, certainly hundreds of thousands of dollars."

Mac's immediate boss, Rear Admiral T. Earle Hipp, the commanding officer of the Norfolk Naval Supply Center, agrees with this view, adding: "In the 34 years I have spent in the naval service, I do not recall ever having met a man who was more conscientiously interested in saving money for the government than J. C. MacKechnie.

n the Navy

By DONALD ROBINSON

acKechnie saves thousands of dollars yearly for Uncle Sam. "It's my job," he says, "and my pleasure, too"

To Mr. MacKechnie, economy is truly a religion, and he observes it with the utmost devotion."

A gnarled little fellow with gray hair, MacKechnie has been superintendent of the Fuel Facility (that's the official designation of it) on Craney Island since the Navy took it over 13 years ago.

This Craney Island Fuel Facility is a really vital cog in our national defense system. Located on the western side of Norfolk Bay, across from the vast Norfolk Naval Base, it is the principal oil depot for our entire Atlantic fleet, the chief filling station for all the great battleships, aircraft carriers, tankers and other naval craft based on the East Coast.

From the bay, Craney doesn't look like much—just a long, dingy dune with a grotesque sky line of scattered, gray oil tanks and a few white frame buildings. It's not even an island any more; the Navy has built a fill linking it to the mainland. But despite its unprepossessing appearance, Craney is a fabulous spot, a $50,000,000 installation boasting 48 fuel oil tanks with a combined capacity of 114,950,000 gallons, eight Diesel oil tanks with a capacity of 22,500,000 gallons and 11 gasoline storage tanks holding 2,465,000 gallons. It has 92 miles of underground electric cable, 12 miles of highway, seven miles of railroad track and uncounted miles of subterranean pipes. Its five piers—each of them studded with pulsing oil lines—are big enough to accommodate any ship in the Navy.

MacKechnie has full charge of this establishment and, for all that his salary is only $6,905 a year, he rules it like a czar. He is said to be a fine man to work with if you do things right. Then he's twinkly-eyed, friendly, and quick with a cheery wisecrack. However, woe betide the Navy skipper, no matter how many his stripes, who doesn't obey Mac's instructions as to the most efficient methods for pumping oil, and Heaven help any one of Mac's 265 civil service employees who loiters on the job or doesn't take proper care of government property. MacKechnie's temper is as short as his economy-mindedness is long, and his years with the Navy have taught him some salty language.

Recently, one of his workers let a few drops of oil out of a 20,000-gallon consignment spill over on the ground.

"Don't you know oil costs money?" Mac asked him, enraged.

"For Pete's sake," the man protested. "I only lost a pint."

"Only a pint, you say," MacKechnie sputtered. He then gave vent to a long string of expletives, winding up breathlessly: "Isn't a pint worth money, too?"

He is equally tough on people who seek to tie him up in government red tape. A while back, a local bureaucrat tried to prevent him from firing a slovenly worker. "It's against regulations," he said.

(Continued on page 43)

A handy man, he economizes at home, too, by doing repair work for equally thrifty wife

By bringing goats to island, Mac saved price of cutting grass. They cost nothing to keep

Navy fuel depot at Craney Island, Va., is crammed with machinery like this pumping station, made by frugal superintendent from salvage materials. He chases scrap for 100 miles around

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Hollywood Circus

Movieland parents pop with pride at the Buckley schools' annual pageant

BUCKLEY
CIRCUS
PEANUTS

Buckley schools' bantam circus side show featured strong man A. J. Uniack, fat lady Mary Sharp and sharpshooting Deadeye Dick Raskin, son of David Raskin, the composer of Laura

ALICE FAYE and Phil Harris, Betty Grable and Harry James, Susan Hayward, Maureen O'Sullivan and Ginny Simms are not the kind of people movie fans usually associate with toys, tots and report cards. Yet, when Mrs. Isabelle Buckley invites them and some dozen or so other Hollywood celebrities to her annual school-circus at Van Nuys, a few miles from the California film center, they go scurrying over, with hearts pounding in anticipation to see their kids perform. Living behind a glamorous façade, they may seem isolated from the cares and delights of normal parenthood, but they get as much of a kick out of seeing their kids in action as any parents in the nation.

Though Buckley's bantam circus provides buckets of joy for many a movie mother and dad, the schools are less interested in who's who than what's what. There are two Buckley schools in Van Nuys and one in Los Angeles, which guide the educational destinies of some 300 boys and girls from two to twelve years old. Big-name children, though their parents can easily afford the $400 to $600 yearly tuition, aren't even admitted to a Buckley school unless they can mix well with other kids.

Basing its educational methods on a middle road between conservative and progressive principles, the Buckley system has for 17 years been combining good manners and good conversation with the three traditional "R's," striving to inculcate "self-expression through self-discipline." Annually, to prove the point, the three schools top off year-round classes in art, music, dancing, handicrafts and composition with a big circus, almost completely put together by their famous and nonfamous students alike.

This year's show, for the benefit of the St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, featured 11 acts, a gen-u-wine side show and a water carnival. All 300 pupils participated. And a half-dozen times during the afternoon, highly polished feminine voices were heard to squeal in delight: "That's my kid!" Even movie stars twinkle when their kids shine. ROBERT CAHN

Judy Garland's four-year-old daughter Liza had a leading role in ballet. Here nursery teacher, Kathryn Ryan, fixes Liza's hairdo

Phil Harris' and Alice Faye's youngster, Alice, was a wandering flower girl. She gave prizes to winners of carnival games

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Sullivan's four-year-old, Jenny, was in Buckley nursery school ballet. Beaming Daddy couldn't take his eyes off her

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

TEXACO
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REGISTERED
REST ROOM
A TEXACO DEALER SERVICE

Something
a lady
appreciates!

Another
TEXACO DEALER *service*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Little Publisher, Big Empire

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"Go ahead," Newhouse said.

"Wait a minute," Davis protested. "Don't you want me to tell you about it?"

"No," Newhouse said, and hung up.

For this multimillion-dollar deal, Newhouse allotted himself one day. With Davis, he flew overnight to Portland. The next morning, in a hotel suite swarming with bankers, lawyers and representatives of the various people holding stock in the paper, the deal was made. The price was $5,250,000 for the Oregonian—700 shares at $7,500 per share plus another $350,000 for KGW, an affiliated radio station.

Newhouse shook hands all around and hurried into his bedroom; he was preparing for the return flight to New York when Smith Davis reminded him that he hadn't yet seen the Oregonian in operation.

Newhouse glanced up sharply. "Do I have to see it?" he asked, impatiently.

"You'll offend a lot of people if you don't," Davis warned.

Reluctantly, Newhouse compromised. "I'll do it if it won't take more than ten minutes," he said. Shortly thereafter, Newhouse entered the Oregonian plant, a spanking new $3,500,000 building leased from an insurance company. In exactly ten minutes he was back on the street.

"What do you think of it?" Davis asked.

"It's three times too big," Newhouse said. "Come on. Let's get going."

It was inevitable, of course, that there would be a great deal of speculation as to why Sam Newhouse was given the first chance to buy the Portland Oregonian. He was not widely known, despite his holdings; but in looking for the right buyer the Oregonian stockholders had turned up some fascinating things about him. Bankers were impressed by his credit rating. Others, who feared that he might change the conservative tone of the paper, were reassured by the discovery that he has never demonstrated any inclination to tamper with the editorial policies of the papers he bought. Investigation showed that while Newhouse insisted that his papers make money, he did so partially because he felt that a floundering newspaper could not hold its head up in the community.

As for his integrity, an executive of one of the nation's largest syndicates had said, "We do more business with Newhouse than with any other newspaper organization in the country, and all of it has been done with a simple shake of the hand."

The Old Staff Wasn't Fired

All that was credible enough, but there was genuine skepticism later when Newhouse proposed that the entire staff stay on to run the Oregonian exactly as it had been run under its previous owners. More often than not, a change in the ownership of a paper is accompanied by a carnival of head-rolling. Yet there was no catch to it; the Oregonian is still being run by the same people who ran it before, from the general manager on down. Occasionally, when he moves into a new paper and finds an editor he considers inept, Newhouse will artfully kick him upstairs, but he says he cannot recall ever firing one outright. Certainly he has not fired many. His papers are filled with veterans of previous regimes.

Newhouse has always operated that way. He does not worry himself greatly over the day-to-day editorial functions of his papers, although he reads every one of them, column by column, every day. His interest is in seeing that their various viewpoints are properly documented, rather than in dictating policy. His editors assume that responsibility while Newhouse concentrates on the balance sheet, which he feels most often holds the key to whatever is ailing a newspaper or is apt to ail it. One of his associates has said that "a weakness likely to produce red ink strikes him before it hits most business managers on his papers."

Newhouse is naturally anxious for his papers to inspire the confidence of readers in fulfillment of the public trust, but being an eminently practical man, he is also aware that the confidence of readers is the shortest way to a profit. To Newhouse, the formula is simple and irreducible: more reader confidence means more circulation, which in turn means more advertising revenue, which in turn means more profit, which, after all, is the objective.

There must be something to his formula. When he bought the Newark Star-Ledger in 1935, for example, he inherited the hulk of a sinking paper with a circulation of only 35,000 daily and 40,000 Sunday. The Star-Ledger now boasts a circulation of 180,000 daily and 260,000 Sunday. The Staten Island Advance—keystone of the Newhouse group, since it was his first acquisition and enabled him to buy the rest—has climbed over the years from 8,000 daily to 40,000 daily and virtually blankets the community. The Long Island Star-Journal has gone from 26,000 to 80,000 since 1937. In a series of steady leaps, the Long Island Press, which he bought some 20 years ago, has jumped from 40,000 to 175,000 and is now among the dozen largest daily papers in New York State.

Operating an empire on the fly leaves a man very little time for lingering anywhere. Newhouse is a pint-sized whirlwind who works on such a carefully calibrated schedule that he would not have bought the Oregonian if his brother, Theodore, who is the general manager of the Newhouse papers in Long Island, had not agreed to fly to Portland once a month to look things over. Newhouse simply could not work the new paper into his schedule, although there were indications that he was going to try until his wife, Mitzi, vetoed the idea. Reluctantly, he agreed he might burn himself out by overextending.

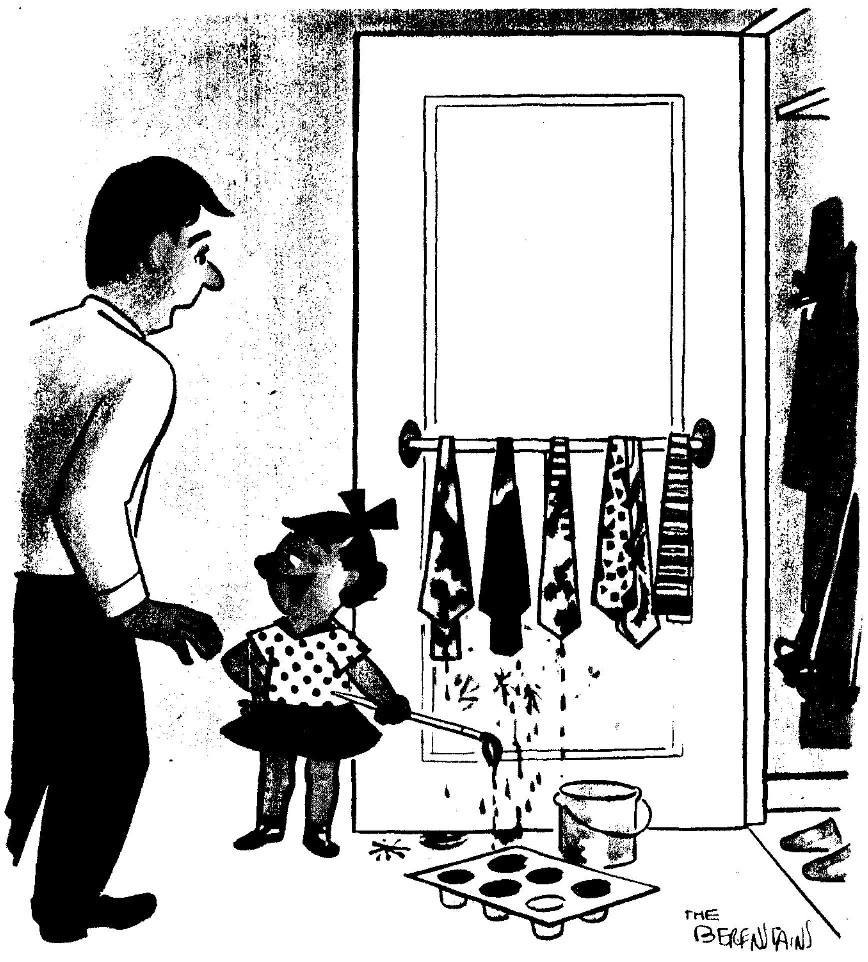
As it is, his family catches only fleeting glimpses of the fast-moving Newhouse. He has two sons, Samuel I. Newhouse, Jr., twenty-three and married, and Donald, who is two years younger and still lives with his parents. Young Sam, a private first class at Sampson Air Force Base in Geneva, New York, formerly worked in the production department of the Long Island Press, and Donald works there now. Both sons are enthusiastic about newspaper work, and their father says "they're wonderful newspapermen."

If they follow in the elder Newhouse's footsteps, the boys can count on a busy life.

On any Tuesday, to cite a typical day, the little publisher leaves the Park Avenue apartment at precisely 7:45 A.M. and is driven in his limousine to the Long Island Press, where he arrives at eight fifteen. For the first 15 minutes of the journey, he listens to a news broadcast on the car radio. Then he rips open his ancient brief case and spreads the day's work out on the seat beside him. A look of fierce concentration comes over his face, which, being round and benign in repose, gradually takes on the aspect of a rain squall on the moon. In case he needs it, there is a telephone in the car. For jotting down odd notions that occur to him as he rides along, he keeps a supply of stubby pencils in his pocket, along with scraps of paper held together by a paper clip.

Newhouse is a blur as he whizzes into the Long Island Press. He walks straight to an office which has been vacated temporarily for him by its usual occupant, and attacks the accumulated mail with the help of a borrowed secretary. He seldom sits down; instead, he paces up and down behind the desk, glancing briefly at each letter and spinning its envelope expertly into a wastebasket. Occasionally he pauses long enough to make a telephone call or to riffle quickly through that day's newspaper, but by and large he is never still. The total impression is that of a tiny general walking up and down in a trench before the attack, only the top of his head showing above the parapets.

SISTER



COLLIER'S "You won't think they're so horrible when I tell you how expensive they are" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

After a quick conference with his brother, Theodore, he picks up his brief case and is off for the Staten Island Advance via the ten-o'clock ferry. Newhouse gives 45 minutes to his stop at the Advance. When he emerges again, at eleven fifteen, he walks two blocks to a barbershop for his regular Tuesday haircut, arriving at eleven seventeen. Wordlessly, he hurls himself into a chair, arriving at the same moment the lather arrives in the hand of the barber. Six minutes later, he is out of the chair and is back in his limousine on his way to Newark. He has lunch at the Essex House, a Newark hotel, where, to save time, the headwaiter automatically serves him with whatever nonfattening item is featured on the menu. Newhouse has a tendency to gain weight and sometimes, if he is not careful, he balloons up to as much as 135 pounds.

At Manhattan "Headquarters"

Since he has a horror of long lunches, he is out of the hotel again in approximately 30 minutes and is on his way to the Newark Star-Ledger, a few blocks away. Using a borrowed secretary, he dictates whatever letters are pressing and winds up any other business that is unfinished. Between three and three ten, he leaves the Star-Ledger for the return trip to New York, where, lacking an office of any kind, he frequently ends his working day by having a late-afternoon conference in the men's bar at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, one of his preferred meeting places.

The Newhouse week is simply a mathematically aggravated extension of the Newhouse day, with the necessary variations. On Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, he is in the New York and New Jersey areas. On Wednesdays, he is in Syracuse. Harrisburg comes on Fridays. On week ends, he tries to relax—usually unsuccessfully—at his 350-acre farm, Greenlands, in Harbourton, New Jersey, or at his apartment in New York City.

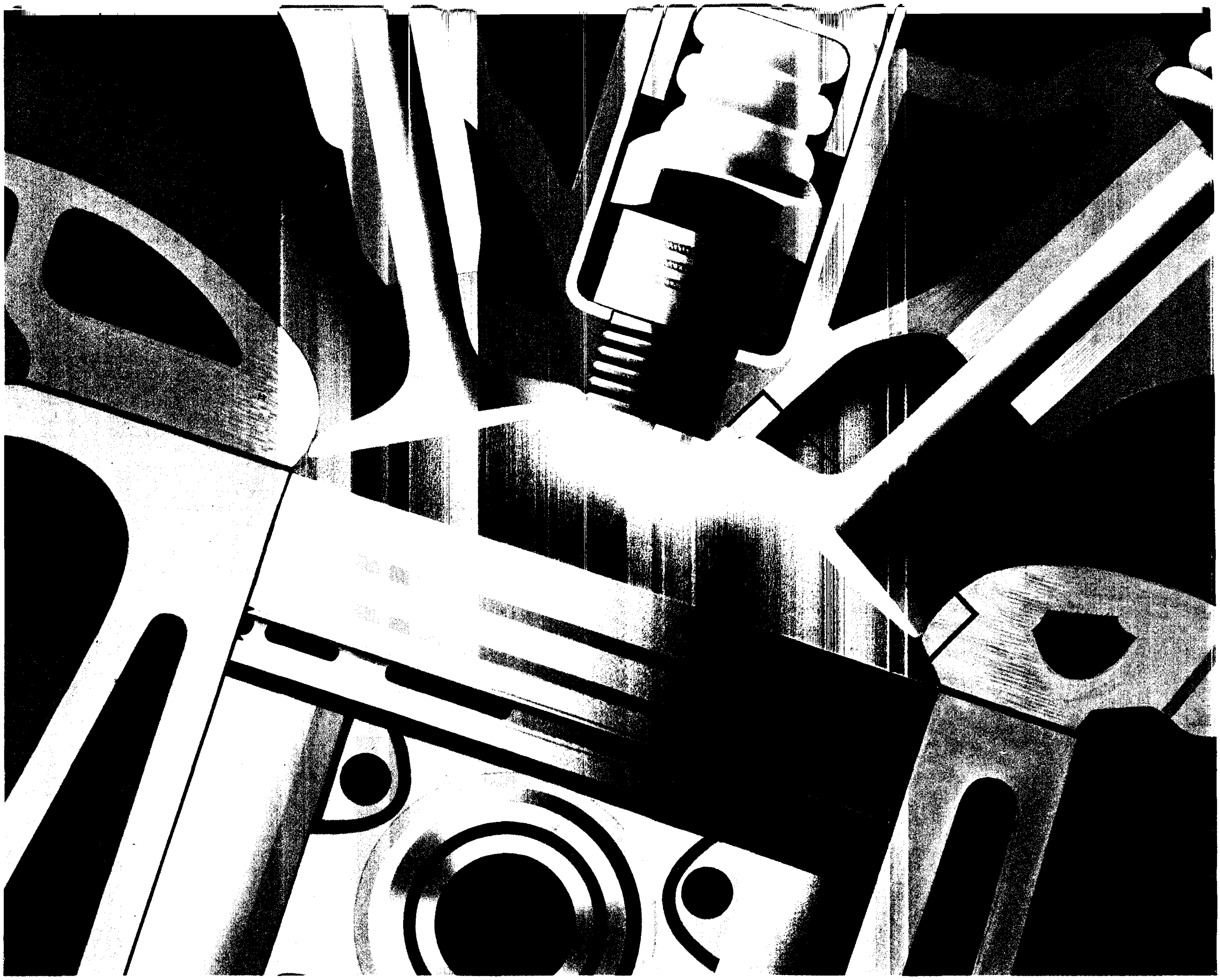
Through all this Newhouse suffers from insomnia. He has tried a number of systems to cure it, but to no avail. On the Tuesday-night train to Syracuse, the porter always gives him three pillows in deference to a Newhouse theory that keeping the head high is the best way to induce sleep. This seldom works, however, and he is gradually coming to the conclusion that his insomnia may be a blessing in disguise, since he irons out a good many problems while tossing in bed. Not long ago, one of his editors complained that he had spent a sleepless night wrestling with a difficult office situation.

"Good," Newhouse commented. "I recommend it."

Despite the fact that he is now fifty-six and during his lifetime has burned up tremendous amounts of energy, Newhouse looks at least 10 years younger. Only recently have the first few streaks of gray started to appear in his hair. That he has maintained his effervescence for so long is surprising, considering that his attainment of the stature of little giant has been arduous.

Newhouse was born in New York City on May 24, 1895, the first of eight children, and his struggle began almost immediately. The Newhouse family was anything but affluent. Newhouse's father suffered constantly from asthma attacks and could work for only short stretches at a time. With his father ill, and the number of mouths to feed growing rapidly, young Sam quickly saw that he was not going to have much time to spend in school.

Accordingly, at the age of thirteen, when he had finished grammar school, he enrolled in a night-school course in typing and bookkeeping. The cost of the 30-day



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In the cutaway picture above you see the heart of its design and the source of its greatness. It is the only Hemispherical Combustion Chamber in any passenger car engine made in America today.

Engineering-wise, this is the one and only *ideal* way to build a combustion chamber. What it does s to get *more energy* from every drop of gasoline than any other engine design can possibly get.

FirePower is no bigger than the next most powerful engine. But its greater basic efficiency gives it the 180 horsepower which far exceeds any other engine.

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But power as such is only part of FirePower's new contribution to your motoring life. Its design is *basically the strongest and the simplest* among all modern engines. It will last longer, run more smoothly and more quietly, than any engine made till now. Its gasoline economy is excellent, and its oil economy almost amazing. It will serve you more dependably . . . with less need for upkeep attention and expense . . . than any engine you have ever owned.

Some of the reasons for all this, you can see in the cutaway FirePower combustion chamber illustrated above. Note especially the smooth and simple dome-shaped top. That is the very heart of FirePower.

This design permits full and even combustion of the power charge. It makes possible bigger valves . . . better cooling . . . spark plugs centered in the cylinder head. It avoids uneven combustion temperatures . . . and so reduces formation of carbon and varnish literally almost to nothing.

But words and pictures at their best can only hint at what this sensational new engine does in *action*. If you haven't yet felt the thrill of this new power, your nearby Chrysler Dealer will be more than happy for you to take the wheel of the most exciting car the American automobile business has ever yet produced.

FirePower Specifications: 180 hp at 4000 rpm; Bore and Stroke, $3\frac{13}{16}$ *x* $3\frac{5}{8}$*; Piston Displacement, 331.1 cu. in.; Compression Ratio, 7.5 to 1.*

CHRYSLER

finest engineered cars in the world

course was only $22.50 and, in addition, the school positively guaranteed to place him in a job. Unfortunately, when he had finished the course and arrived at the office of his prospective employer, the man took one look at his size and refused to accept him.

"You couldn't reach the top of a desk," he snorted.

It was only a momentary defeat. Although he was still not five feet tall and weighed in the neighborhood of 90 pounds, Sam had the energy to move mountains and he was soon established as an office boy at $2 a week in the law office of Judge Herman Lazarus, a New York political figure of the day. On the side, Sam was persevering in night school again. By the time he was sixteen, he had passed the Regents' examinations and had made up for his lack of a high-school diploma. At eighteen, he began studying law, also at night. Seven days after his twenty-first birthday, he passed the bar examination.

His First Case in Court

The Newhouse flag was flying proudly when he took his first case. Opposed by a classmate, who was the defense lawyer, Newhouse was suing for $80 on behalf of a gentleman who was trying to collect on a promissory note. The case was open and shut; the man was definitely owed the money. Nevertheless, Newhouse prepared his arguments meticulously and presented them with all the eloquence he could muster. The jury retired to the jury room. When it emerged, Newhouse got the shock of his life. The foreman announced that the jury had been unable to reach a verdict. In effect, he had lost the case.

In complete disgust, Newhouse reached into his pocket, drew out what money was in it, and handed it to his client. After this experience he quit the practice of law and never returned to it, although he received a second staggering blow a few years later when he encountered his old legal opponent at a gathering in New Jersey. Newhouse mentioned his historic flop.

"I wouldn't worry about it," the defense lawyer said, grinning. "You never had a chance. The jury was fixed."

The news gave Newhouse quite a jolt, but he is now inclined, in retrospect, to think it was just as well that he lost the case, by whatever skulduggery. "Otherwise," he said not long ago, "I would have probably stayed in law, and with luck, I might have become an Assemblyman."

Actually, fate and circumstance had already conspired to lead him into the newspaper business, although there was nothing to indicate at first that he would stay in it. Some five years before the courtroom incident, while Newhouse was still only sixteen and was working in Judge Lazarus' law office, Lazarus, by endorsing a note for $7,500, had come into possession of 51 per cent of the stock of the small Bayonne (New Jersey) Times. The Times was not much of a property, particularly since there was already another paper in the town of perhaps 50,000 people, with a third about to start. In view of this, it is not surprising that none of the papers made money. Bayonne was seething with local politics, and the Times, like its competitors, was considered useful only as a political instrument.

Under the circumstances, Lazarus was something less than enchanted with his new property. He was, in fact, trying rather urgently to unload it. Meanwhile, so that nobody would run it any deeper into debt than it already was, he sent his young employee to Bayonne to keep an eye on things.

Newhouse followed instructions, but he was not content merely to sit around. Although he was a teen-ager and might reasonably have been charged with presumption, he began tinkering with the various departments of the paper. He went out, and, as a present associate says, "began educating the businessmen to advertising." He mapped merchandising campaigns, helped store owners plan sales—and, of course, advertised them in the Times. In addition, he boosted circulation by emphasizing home delivery, a point he still stresses. Before long, the Times's circulation started creeping up and advertising revenue began trickling in. Then, suddenly, the miracle came to pass: the Bayonne Times started to show a profit.

Lazarus quickly changed his mind about selling. Five years later, as the twenty-one-year-old operator of the Times, Newhouse was receiving 25 per cent of the profits from Lazarus. Ultimately, when Lazarus died in 1924, Newhouse was receiving 50 per cent.

COLLIER'S "My senator keeps writing *me* letters" KATE OSANN

The newspaper business fascinated Newhouse. With the temptation to practice law safely removed, the way ahead had suddenly become lined with brightly waving pennants. By 1922 he had saved some money and was anxious to expand. Taking his savings and borrowing as much more as he could, he quietly bought 51 per cent of the Staten Island Advance. The paper, which had been losing money, began showing a profit within eight weeks. Two years later, Newhouse owned all the stock in the paper and was on his way.

Since then, he has not allowed his pace to slacken for an instant. Whenever he sees a property he wants and which is available at what he considers a reasonable price, his fountain pen comes out. For example he paid $900,000 for 85 per cent of the stock in the Syracuse Herald without a moment's hesitation, and he bought the other 15 per cent as soon as it was offered. When WSYR, a radio station in Syracuse, became available, he produced a check immediately in the amount of $1,200,000.

In attempting to analyze his own success, Newhouse feels that he has been blessed with the right combination of luck and common sense, plus an ability to work hard. He thinks his size has been an asset rather than a disadvantage, since in striving constantly to compensate for it he developed his extraordinary drive.

For a man who obviously works hard, the luck factor rates surprisingly high with Newhouse, and he is consequently inclined to view the Horatio Alger theory with deep suspicion because of what he considers its unsophisticated premise that diligence automatically guarantees success. When it is suggested that he himself appears to be the living embodiment of a Horatio Alger story, he stiffens noticeably, withdrawing into a bristling silence which leaves no doubt that he no longer wishes to discuss the matter.

Nevertheless, Newhouse's emphasis on luck appears to be exaggerated. His success in building an empire has bordered on the phenomenal, and he has not done it either by sleeping late or by carrying four-leaf clovers. Actually, Newhouse is an expert at appraising newspapers and at probing for their weaknesses. He has, moreover, a rare gift for anticipating danger spots before he comes to them.

One of his editors remarked not long ago that Newhouse seemed to have a unique ability to put himself in the other man's place. "Newhouse knows, for example, that advertisers can often do without him," the editor said, "so instead of worrying about that he works around from the other direction and asks himself, 'Now, if I were that advertiser, how would I want to use a Newhouse paper?' "

This system usually provides him with an answer, if advertising revenue is the problem, as it frequently is. When, in Syracuse, he merged the Herald and the Journal, many merchants feared they were about to be held up for higher advertising rates in view of the expected slight increase in circulation. Whatever resistance they were mustering melted immediately when Newhouse surprisingly offered them two completely different ads in the combination paper for what one ad would have cost in the two separate papers. In addition, he guaranteed with one paper the old two-paper circulation, on pain of rebates if he failed to meet it. Newhouse produced handsomely.

Among the owners of newspaper chains, Newhouse is probably unique, since he feels that one of the major keys to his success has been the complete absence of editorial controls. Orders traditionally come down from the top in such chains, but in the case of the Newhouse papers each editor is autonomous, and Newhouse himself goes to great lengths not to interfere.

In viewpoint, Newhouse's papers range from the stubbornly local Staten Island Advance, which frequently devotes more space to bowling scores than global affairs, to the sleek Oregonian, which is largely cosmic in its attitude. His two papers in Syracuse, the Post-Standard and the Herald-Journal, are normally Republican. The Long Island Press is nominally Democratic. The Staten Island Advance strives to be independent. And so it goes. The papers in the chain don't even look alike. About all they have in common are a few comic strips and a strong aversion to sensationalism.

Newhouse is not entirely indifferent to editorial policies, despite his preoccupation with the balance sheet. But when he buys a paper and is convinced that its policy is consistent and that it rings true against the background of the community, he simply sees no reason to change it.

One of the happier results of this system is that canned editorials are automatically precluded from appearing in Newhouse papers. Should the editor of one Newhouse paper want for any reason to reprint an editorial which has appeared in another Newhouse paper, he must first get the permission of that paper's editor. There have been occasions when permission has been summarily refused, on grounds that the editorial in question was designed specifically for local impact and would present a distorted picture if applied to broader areas.

Not long ago, Philip Hochstein, the editor of the Newark Star-Ledger, was asked what Newhouse's policy is. "Policy?" Hochstein said, puzzled. "I didn't know he had one."

Similarly, the editor of the Oregonian, Philip Parrish, was asked recently what Newhouse thought about his new paper's sharp criticism of the actions of several state agencies. "The staff does not know whether Mr. Newhouse approves or disapproves," Parrish replied. "He hasn't said."

A striking example of Newhouse's hands-off attitude occurred in Syracuse in 1945 when the Onondaga County Democratic Committee submitted an ad to the Herald-Journal the day before an election. Because the ad contained a blistering attack on Newhouse personally, in addition to assailing by implication the Republican policy of his newspaper, Newhouse himself was consulted, for once.

Branded as "Sinister Figure"

By that time it was too late to set the material as an ad; unhesitatingly, Newhouse told the editor to print it on the front page as news, without comment, even though it called him a "key figure in a powerful ring of Republican bosses" and described him as a sinister figure issuing sinister orders from an office in New York City. There could hardly have been more misstatements of fact. Newhouse has no office, issues no orders and, as the Democratic Committee discovered later to its acute embarrassment, is a registered Democrat.

Newhouse is so stubbornly opposed to interfering in editorial matters that it took the monumental case of MacArthur versus Truman to get him to speak up at long last. For several days, Newhouse kept his own counsel while scooting around his empire, although the Staten Island and Long Island papers were definitely pro-Truman, for example, and the Harrisburg and Syracuse papers were definitely pro-MacArthur. Unfortunately, it suddenly seemed to Newhouse that the Newark Star-Ledger was attempting to steer a middle course in an editorial written by Hochstein, which voiced firm disapproval of both sides. When Newhouse arrived at the paper on his regular flying visit, he pointed to the editorial.

"Make up your mind," he said.

Hochstein bridled, claiming that the editorial was not straddling the issue but represented a very positive point of view. Newhouse readily conceded in the face of Hochstein's argument, but several days later Hochstein still showed the effects of shock.

"I couldn't believe it," he said, shaking his head. "It was the first time in 30 years that Newhouse had made an editorial suggestion."

THE END

Stingiest Man in the Navy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"Regulations be damned," Mac snapped. "I'll no have slackers here. Get that man off my island fast and you go with him!"

Both men left in a hurry.

Mac is on the job every day from eight in the morning until nine at night, and often later. He seldom sits still. A bursting bundle of energy, he supervises every activity personally, bustling around the docks, hiking around the depot, climbing right up the sides of the big tanks, making sure that the oil which arrives by pipe line, tanker and railroad tank car is well stored and speedily issued. Although he has a Navy station wagon assigned to him, he generally makes his way about Craney on foot; the station wagon uses too much gasoline for Mac's conscience. Because he feels private offices are too wasteful, he shares a cluttered little office with three others. There is only one telephone in it for all four. "And that's enough," he declares.

Wasted Steam Worried Him

In his quest for economy, MacKechnie has literally covered Craney with strange, Rube Goldberg-like contraptions devised to save money. One day, for instance, he saw some steam coming up out of his power plant. That worried him. It was money being wasted. So he rigged up an assortment of old pipes, ran the steam back into them and used it again for driving his oil pumps, thereby saving the government $12,000 a year, according to official Navy estimates.

Another time, dirt was found in the Craney water mains, a serious matter since the water was chiefly for shipboard use. "The only thing to do," Navy engineers declared, "is to purchase a filtering machine."

"Nothing doing," exclaimed Mac.

He got hold of an abandoned vat, poured some gravel and sand into it to act as filtering agents, and hooked it up with the water mains. It served perfectly as a filtering machine and still does. The price to the government was not one dime.

One of MacKechnie's contrivances not only saved money but actually helped stop the Nazis during the Battle of the Bulge. General Eisenhower was in desperate need of gasoline then and the Navy agreed to send him 1,725,000 gallons out of its own stores. Craney was directed to load the fuel into five-gallon cans and get it onto a freighter immediately. Every hour counted. Mac rounded up his entire labor force, augmented it with Italian prisoners of war, and started them filling the cans.

But trouble developed. The lids of the cans had to be hammered firmly in place, and ordinary hammers would have made sparks and exploded the gasoline.

"I need 200 hammers with sparkproof brass heads, and I need 'em fast," Mac told James M. McFarland, the Marine Terminal superintendent of piers at Norfolk.

"I'd give them to you, Mac, but I don't have a one," McFarland said. "Do you want me to put through a purchase order?"

"A purchase order? That'll cost money. And what's worse, there'll be days and days of red tape. Forget it."

Mac thereupon got some old brass rods, cut them up, and made his own hammer heads. With these improvised tools, his men filled, sealed and shipped 360,000 of the cans in 30 days. The Army was so grateful that Brigadier General John R. Kilpatrick made a special trip to Craney Island to thank MacKechnie.

The average government installation has difficulty in staying within its annual budget. This is not the case at Craney. As a result of MacKechnie's economies, it usually ends the year with a goodly portion of its funds intact. Last year, it ran well under its $1,500,000 appropriation.

Once a Norfolk naval official made the mistake of urging Mac to use up the unexpended portion of his budget before the fiscal year closed. "Why don't you lay in some supplies now that you can use next year?" he asked. "Otherwise, you'll have to return the money to the government."

"It's obvious, young mon," Mac coldly remarked, "that you don't know me vurry well. There's nothin' I like better than returning money to the government."

Being frugal, Mac says, "is something that's in the blood of every Scotsman, and what's more we're proud of it."

Just as there's no question about Mac's being 100 per cent Scottish—he wears Scotch tweed suits and Scotch plaid ties, dotes on Scotch dumplings, drinks only Scotch whisky, and at parties sings Scotch songs like My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean—there is complete unanimity about his being 100 per cent thrifty.

He still uses the same battered wallet he carried when he arrived in the United States in 1912. The pipe he smokes is almost as old as he is. He wears his suits until they're ready to fall apart, and has the collars on his shirts turned. When his summer cottage at nearby Virginia Beach was being built last spring, he made the workmen straighten out every bent nail.

"The vurry first thing I can remember my mother telling me," MacKechnie declares, "is that a penny saved is a penny got."

Mac was born in Cambuslang, a small suburb of Glasgow. At fourteen, he was apprenticed to a marine engineer at one of the famous shipyards on the Clyde. This apprenticeship lasted five years; although his wages were the equivalent of only $2 a week, he saved enough money to attend the West of Scotland Technical College at night. By the time he was nineteen, he had qualified as a marine engineer himself. He didn't stay in the trade long, however. His father had been a sailor and he'd inherited some of the old man's wanderlust. He decided to visit America and see if he liked it. If he didn't, he planned to try Australia.

In 1912, he and his lifelong pal, William Macrae Wallace, set sail for the United States. They landed in New York and promptly boarded a train for Wooster, Ohio, where they had jobs waiting for them. As good Scotsmen, they didn't take the railroad that went directly to Wooster, though. They took one that gave them a look at Washington, D.C., for the same fare. "It would have been shameful to pass up an opportunity to see Washington at no extra cost," Mac felt—and still feels.

Two Brides from Scotland

He liked America so much that within a year he'd sent back to Scotland for his girl, Margaret Merry. She took the next ship, along with Wallace's girl friend, "and we four had a real Scotch wedding," Mac recalls: "one ceremony for the four of us."

The Ohio winters were too rugged even for a Scotsman and in 1918 the MacKechnies moved to Norfolk. Here Mac got a shipyard job which he held for seven years. Twice during that period he was called out on strikes and, finally, in desperation, he resolved to get a civil service post with the government. (He had become an American citizen in 1919.)

At the time, the old U. S. Shipping Board was operating a tiny oil depot on Craney Island for commercial freighters, and a friend tipped MacKechnie off that the board was looking for a new superintending engineer. He applied for the berth and was hired immediately.

It was not much of a job, for there was very little shipping operating out of Norfolk. Mac stayed on, though, and when the island was transferred to the Navy on May 1, 1938, he at last came into his own. On the basis of his experience, the Navy made him superintendent and gave him pretty much of a free hand in the vast expansion program it soon started at the depot.

Today, Mac and his pert little white-

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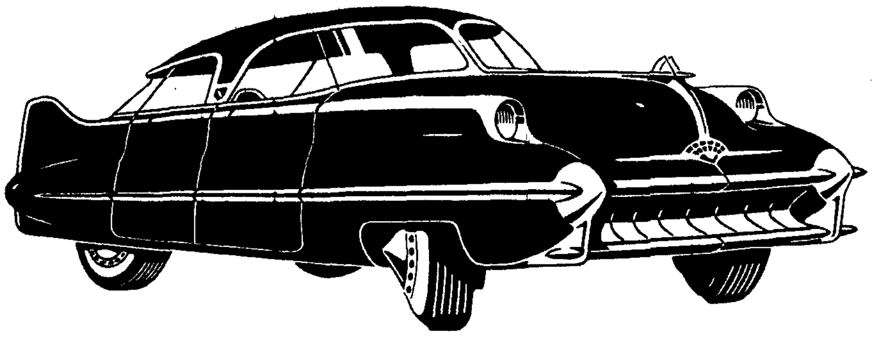

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haired wife live right on the island in a small frame house. Although they are just a few feet away from the oil tanks, they and the 11 other civilian families who dwell on Craney are quite comfortable. At no cost to the government, Mac has fitted out these quarters with all sorts of homemade conveniences. He even has planted scores of trees around them. Not that he—or the government—paid for the trees.

"I did a couple of favors for the city of Norfolk, showing them how to save a penny here and a penny there, so they gave me the trees free."

According to Mac, Mrs. MacKechnie is quite as thrifty as he is—"A vurry frugal woman, I'm happy to say."

Mrs. MacKechnie claims that this actually is an understatement. "Jamie is vurry careful with money and I'm glad of it," she states. "But I can tell you that I'm far more careful with money than my husband is. Scottish wives always are."

The MacKechnies think nothing of walking miles to save a few cents on their weekly shopping trips to Norfolk. They save old string, pins, rags and paper bags, and for years refused to take a vacation, saying that was "just for old people."

A few summers ago, the MacKechnies finally did give in, and drove to Warrenton, Virginia, for a holiday. There Mac spent a happy week working on a farm. Now, of course, MacKechnie has his Virginia Beach cottage—but not primarily for vacationing. He plans to live there upon his retirement from government service in 1955.

The MacKechnies have two married daughters whom they raised, they say, to be as "Scotch" as they. They have five grandchildren who visit them at Craney frequently and whom they are also endeavoring to indoctrinate with the proper Scotch viewpoint.

Next to inventing cost-cutting devices, MacKechnie's greatest delight is in salvaging abandoned government equipment and putting it to use again on Craney. He haunts Navy junk yards the way a bibliophile frequents old bookstores.

The minute he hears of a piece of equipment that's being condemned on any Navy post within 100 miles of Norfolk, he races over to see what it is.

Putting an Old Pump to Work

A few weeks ago, for example, he heard that the Navy had closed down a school for machinists' mates. Inside of 15 minutes, he was in his old station wagon en route to the deserted school.

"What have you got here that's any good?" he asked the custodian.

"Nothing," the custodian stated. "They carted everything away except one 30-year-old pump that they just used in an exhibit."

"And what's wrong with a 30-year-old pump?" Mac demanded. He took the pump back to Craney and rehabilitated it. It is now hard at work along with his more modern apparatus.

One of Craney's biggest pumps was found by him all rusty, lying in a pasture where it had been dumped to get it out of the way. It wasn't even an oil pump; it had formerly been used for molasses. He picked it up, refurbished it and put it to pumping again.

Naval officers still talk of the time MacKechnie boarded a sinking tanker to see if it had something he could use.

This tanker was torpedoed off Cape Hatteras during the war and had broken in two. Tugs managed to tow one half of it into Norfolk Harbor, but it was in such bad shape that the Navy salvage experts expected it to founder momentarily. That didn't discourage MacKechnie, though. He got in his launch and went out to it.

"You can't come aboard," the salvage crew told him. "It's not safe."

"Save your breath," Mac said. He clambered up the ship's ladder and went right down to her engine room to find out if any of her oil pumps were still usable.

Unfortunately, all of them had been ruined. However, MacKechnie didn't go off empty-handed. He made a deal for the steel doors aboard the tanker. These he later converted into doors for the Craney Island power plant.

In MacKechnie's workshop alone now are machine tools worth $50,000 which he salvaged from surplus material. His word for such activity is to "accumulate," and he gathers scrap the way some collectors amass stamps or first editions. In his scrap yard can be found engines, parts of machines, bricks, oil drums, fence posts, railroad ties, concrete slabs, wire, even worn-out barges.

Whenever anything must be built at Craney, Mac goes out to this yard, picks over the debris and nine times out of ten comes up with a usable item which saves buying new equipment.

A School for Fuel Problems

It was that way last fall when the Navy decided to start a school on Craney Island to teach Navy, Army and Air Force petroleum officers how to handle fuel problems. As part of this school, it was determined to build a model oil base, consisting of 10 miniature oil tanks (each holding 1,500 barrels instead of the usual 3,000,000 or so), a miniature power plant, and even a miniature oil tanker. MacKechnie was asked to tackle the job.

He set to work immediately. First, he took some 30-foot-long water tanks, sawed them in thirds, and made his miniature oil tanks of them. He put another one of these tanks on a platform, attached some old railroad car wheels he had been saving for years and made a tank car of it. He built a 20-foot spur of railroad track out of abandoned rails he had been hoarding. Then he calked the seams of a wrecked barge, installed a tank inside it, and with some condemned lumber rebuilt it to look like a small version of a big tanker.

When he got through, every piece of miniature equipment worked exactly like the big apparatus: from one central control station, oil could be pumped out of the tanks into the underground pipes Mac had scrounged from a nearby junk yard and on into the baby tanker.

"How much did this setup cost?" Mac was asked by an admiring headquarters officer.

"Don't be foolish, mon," he said. "The model base didn't cost the government one red penny."

MacKechnie has done so much of this sort of thing that Admiral Slarrow claims: "Mac has practically built Craney out of scrap."

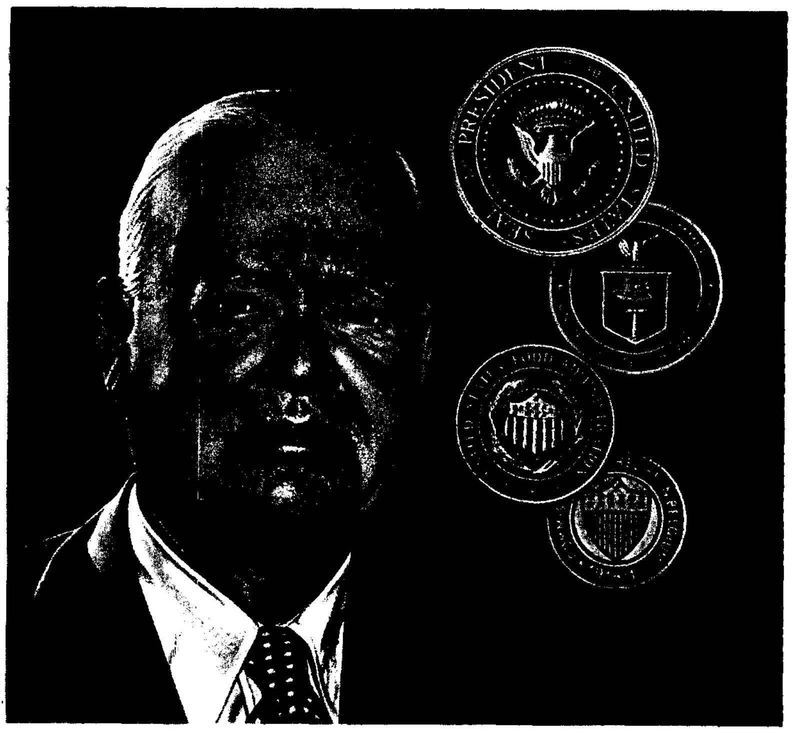
Although MacKechnie has saved the Navy hundreds of thousands of dollars, he has only once received a special reward for his economies. That was a prize of $250 for moving the 600-ton water tank. It's not that the Navy hasn't wanted to give him other awards; it's that he refuses to take them. "Saving money is my job," he declares, "and it's my pleasure, too."

It must be admitted, however, that in at least one respect Mac has been guilty of a certain wastefulness. Some years ago, the grass on Craney Island got out of hand and the Navy recommended that MacKechnie hire some men to mow his lawns. That meant spending money; naturally, Mac looked around for an alternative. He telephoned a friend of his at nearby Camp Perry and persuaded him to let him have—free, of course—11 goats. He set these goats loose on the island and ever since they have kept the grass under control. Besides costing nothing to feed, they have multiplied and now number 200.

"My mechanical grasscutters," he lovingly calls them. "They're a joy to a Scotsman's heart. They work all the time and cost me nothin'."

Yet, Mac has to confess that he is not putting the goats to full use. He never milks them.

"I know it's vurry, vurry wasteful of me," he says, "but I hate goat's milk. I won't drink the stuff—even if it is free." THE END



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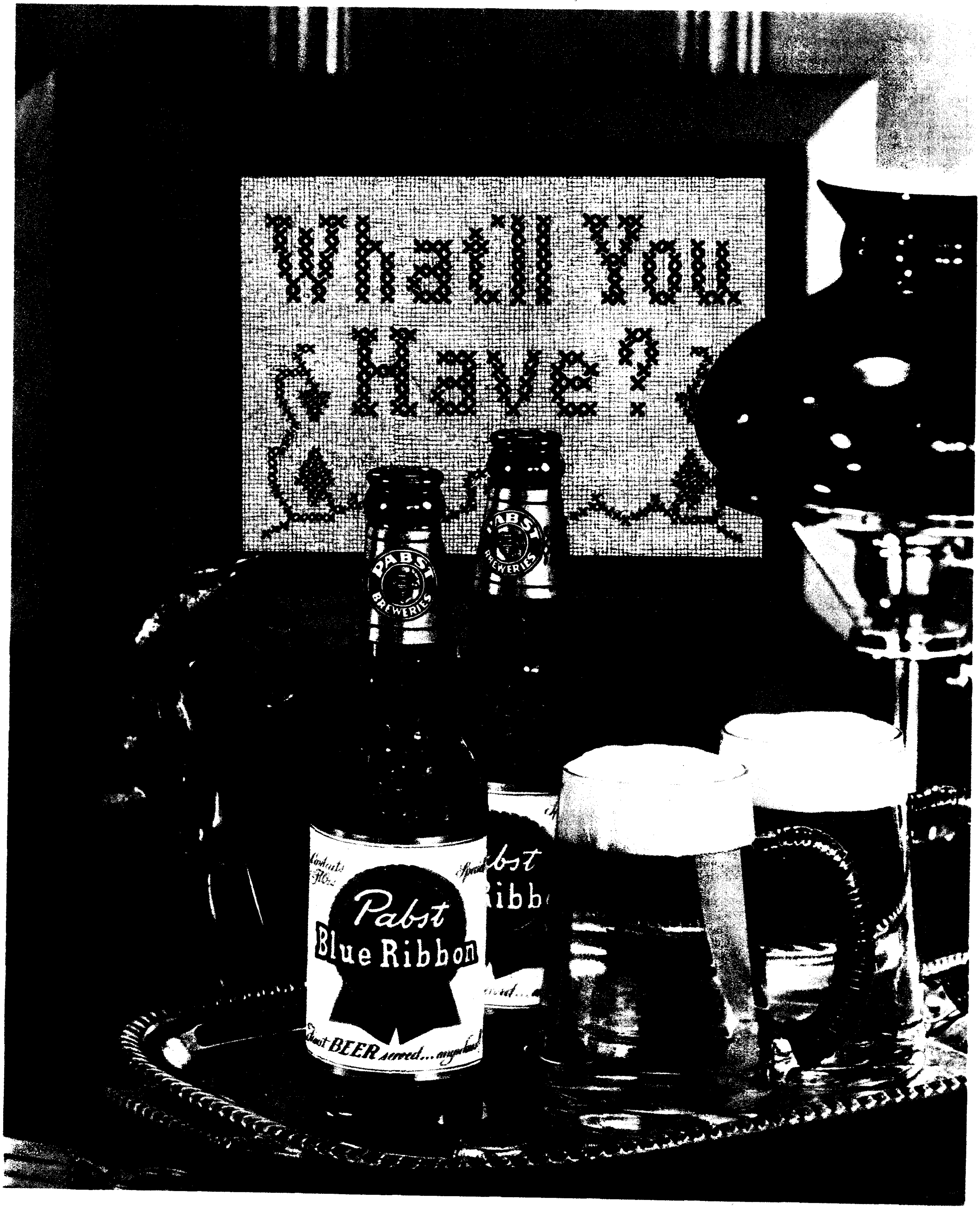
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Quit Zoomin' Those Hands Through the Air

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

The one to the right looked just like the Smithsonian to me, and I knew it must be a part of it; another building I'd never seen before. The Major was all excited now, and kept whispering. "Some new kind of weapon that will destroy the whole Rebel Army is what we're looking for. Let me know if you see any such thing, boy."

"Yessir," I said, and I almost bumped into something sitting out there in the open in front of the building at the left. It was big and made entirely out of heavy metal, and instead of wheels it rested on two movable belts made of metal; big flat plates linked together.

"Looks like a tank," said the Major, "though I don't know what they keep in it. Keep moving, boy; this thing is obviously no use on a battlefield."

We walked on just a step, and there on the pavement in front of us was a tremendous cannon, three times bigger than any I'd ever seen before in my life. It had an immense long barrel, wheels high as my chest, and it was painted kind of funny, in wavy stripes and splotches, so that you could hardly see it at first in the moonlight that got down between the buildings. "*Look* at that thing!" the Major said softly. "It would pulverize Lee in an hour, but I don't know how we'd carry it. No," he said, shaking his head, "this isn't it. I wonder what they've got inside, though." He stepped up to the doors and peered in through the glass, shading his eyes with his hand. Then he gasped and turned to me.

I WENT up beside him and looked through the glass. It was a long, big building, the moonlight slanting in through the windows all along one side; and all over the floor, and even hanging from the ceiling, were the weirdest-looking things I ever saw. They were each big as a wagon, some bigger, and they had wheels, but only two wheels, near the front; and I was trying to figure that out when the Major got his voice back.

"Aircraft, by God!" he said. "They've got aircraft! Win the war!"

"Air what, sir?"

"*Aircraft.* Flying machines. They fly through the air. Don't you see the wings, boy?"

Each of the machines I could see inside had two things sticking out at each side like oversize ironing boards, but they looked stiff to me, and I didn't see how they could flap like wings. I didn't know what else the Major could be talking about, though. "Yessir," I said.

But the Major was shaking his head again. "Much too advanced," he said. "We could never master them. What we need is an earlier type, and I don't see any in here. Come on, boy; don't straggle."

We walked on, leading the horses, toward the front of the other building. At the doors we peeked in, and there on the floor, with tools and empty crates lying around as though they'd just unpacked it, was another of the things, a flying machine. Only this was far smaller, and was nothing but a framework of wood like a big box kite, with little canvas wings, as the Major called them. It didn't have wheels, either, just a couple of runners like a sled. Lying propped against a wall, as though they just were ready to put it up, was a sign. The moonlight didn't quite reach it, and I couldn't read all the words, but I could make out a few. *World's first,* it said in one place, and farther down it said, *Kitty Hawk.*

The Major just stood there for maybe a minute, staring like a man in a trance. Then he murmured to himself, "Very like sketches of Da Vinci's model; only apparently this one worked." He grinned suddenly, all excited. "This is it, boy," he said. "This is why we came."

I knew what he had in mind, and I didn't like it. "You'll never break in there, sir," I said. "Those doors look mighty solid, and I'll bet this place is guarded like the mint."

The Major just smiled, mysterious again. "Of course it is, son; it's the treasure house of a nation. No one could possibly get in with any hope of removing anything, let alone this aircraft—under ordinary circumstances. But don't worry about that, boy; just leave it to me. Right now we need fuel." Turning on his heel, he walked back to his horse, took the reins, and led him off; and I followed with mine.

Off some distance, under some trees, near a big open space like a park, the Major set the lever inside his black box, and pressed the button. "Back in 1864, now," he said then, and sniffed. "Air smells fresher. Now, I want you to take your horse, go to garrison headquarters, and bring back all the petrol you can carry. They've got some for cleaning uniforms. Tell them I'll take full responsibility. Understand?"

"Yessir."

"Then off with you. When you come back, this is where I want you to meet me." The Major turned and began walking away with his horse.

At headquarters the guard woke a private, who woke a corporal, who woke a sergeant, who woke a lieutenant, who woke a captain, who swore a little and then woke up the private again and told him to give me what I wanted. The private went away, murmuring softly to himself, and came back pretty soon with six five-gallon jugs; and I tied them to my saddle, signed six sets of receipts in triplicate, and led my horse back through the moonlit streets of Washington, taking a nip of applejack now and then.

I went by the White House again, on purpose; and this time someone was standing silhouetted against the lighted east window—a big man, tall and thin, his shoulders bowed, his head down on his chest—and I couldn't help but get the impression of a weary strength and purpose and a tremendous dignity. I felt sure it was him, but I can't rightly claim I saw the President, because I've always been one to stick to the facts and never stretch the truth even a little bit.

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STUNTS!
RACES!
COUNTY FA
MANIAC BILL WATSON
DAREDEVIL DAVE TYLER
'MANIAC' WATSON'S HELL DRIVERS
JEFF KEATE

"Dammit, Tyler, stop looking at the dames in the stands and watch where you're going! You almost missed me!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The Major was waiting under the trees, and my jaw nearly dropped off, because the flying machine was sitting beside him. "Sir," I said, "how did you—"

The Major interrupted, smiling and stroking his little beard: "Very simple. I merely stood at the front door"—he patted the black box at the saddle near his shoulder—"and moved back in time to a moment when even the Smithsonian didn't exist. Then I stepped a few paces ahead with the box under my arm, adjusted the lever again, moved forward to the proper moment, and there I was, standing beside the flying machine. I took myself and the machine out by the same method, and my mount pulled it here on its skids."

"Yessir," I said. I figured I could keep up this foolishness as long as he could, though I did wonder how he had got the flying machine out.

The Major pointed ahead: "I've been exploring the ground, and it's pretty rocky and rough." He turned to the black box, adjusted the dial, and pressed the button. "Now, it's a park," he said, "sometime in the nineteen forties."

"Yessir," I said.

The Major nodded at a little spout in the flying machine. "Fill her up," he said, and I untied one of the jugs, uncorked it, and began to pour. The tank sounded dry when the petrol hit it, and a cloud of dust puffed up from the spout. It didn't hold very much, only a few quarts, and the Major began untying the other jugs. "Lash these down in the machine," he said, and while I was doing that, the Major began pacing up and down, muttering to himself. "To start the engine, I should imagine you simply turn the propellers. But the machine will need help in getting into the air." He kept walking up and down, pulling his beard; then he nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "that should do it, I think." He stopped and looked at me. "Nerves in good shape, boy? Hands steady and reliable?"

"Yessir."

"All right, son, this thing should be easy to fly—mostly a matter of balance, I imagine." He pointed to a sort of saddle at the front of the machine. "I believe you simply lie on your stomach with your hips in this saddle; it connects with the rudder and wings by cables. By merely moving from side to side, you control the machine's balance and direction." The Major pointed to a lever. "Work this with your hand," he said, "to go up or down. That's all there is to it, so far as I can see, and if I'm wrong in any details, you can correct them in the air with a little experimenting. Think you can fly it, boy?"

"Yessir."

"Good," he said, and grabbed one of the propellers at the back and began turning it. I worked on the other propeller, but nothing happened: they just creaked, stiff and rusty-like. But we kept turning, yanking harder and harder, and pretty soon the little engine coughed.

"Now, *heave,* boy!" the Major said, and we laid into it hard, and every time, now, the engine would cough a little. Finally, we yanked so hard, both together, our feet nearly came off the ground, and the motor coughed and kept on coughing and like to choked to death. Then it sort of cleared its throat and started to stutter but didn't stop, and then it was running smooth, the propellers just whirling, flashing and shining in the moonlight till you could hardly see them, and the flying machine shaking like a wet dog, with little clouds of dust pouring up out of every part of it.

"Excellent," said the Major, and he sneezed from the dust. Then he began unfastening the horses' bridles, strapping them together again to make a single long rein. He posted the horses in front of the machine and said, "Get in, boy. We've got a busy night ahead." I lay down in the saddle, and he climbed up on the top wing and lay down on his stomach. "You take the lever, and I'll take the rein. Ready, boy?"

"Yessir."

"*Gee up!*" said the Major, snapping the rein hard, and the horses started off, heads down, hoofs digging in.

THE flying machine sort of bumped along over the grass on its skids, but it soon smoothed out and began sliding along, level as a sled on packed snow, and the horses' heads came up and they began to trot, the motor just chugging away.

"Sound *forward!*" said the Major, and I unslung my trumpet and blew forward; the horses buckled into it, and we were skimming along, must have been fifteen, maybe twenty miles an hour or even faster.

"Now, *charge!*" yelled the Major, and I blew charge, and the hoofs began drumming the turf, the horses whinnying and snorting, the engine chugging faster and faster, the propellers whining in back of us, and all of a sudden the grass was a good five feet below, and the reins were hanging straight down. Then—for a second it scared me—we were passing the horses. We were right over their backs; then they began slipping away under the machine, and the Major dropped the reins and yelled, "Pull back the lever!" I yanked back hard, and we shot up into the air like a rocket.

I remembered what the Major had said about experimenting and tried easing back on the lever, and the flying machine sort of leveled out, and there we were, chugging along faster than I'd ever gone in my life. It was wonderful fun, and I glanced down and there was Washington spread out below, a lot bigger than I'd thought it was and with more lights than I'd known there were in the world. They were *bright,* too; didn't look like candles and kerosene lamps at all. Way off, toward the center of town, some of the lights were red and green, and so bright they lighted up the sky.

"Watch out!" yelled the Major, and just ahead, rushing straight at us, was a tremendous monument or something, a tall big stone needle.

I don't know why, but I twisted hard to the left in the little saddle and yanked back on the lever, and a wing heaved up and the flying machine shot off to one side, the wing tip nearly grazing the monument. Then I lay straight again, holding the lever steady. The machine leveled off, and it was like the first time I drove a team. I could feel in my bones that I was a natural-born flying-machine driver.

"Back to headquarters," said the Major. "Can you find the way?"

"Yessir," I said, and headed south.

The Major fiddled with the dial in his black box and pressed the button, and down below now, in the moonlight, I could see the dirt road leading out of Washington back to headquarters. I turned for a last look at the city, but there were only a few lights now, not looking nearly as bright as before; the red and green lights were gone.

But the road was bright in the moonlight, and we tore along over it when it went straight, cut across bends when it curved, flying it must have been close to forty miles an hour. The wind streamed back cold, and I pulled out the white knit muffler my grandma gave me and looped it around my throat. One end streamed back, flapping and waving in the wind. I thought my forage cap might blow off, so I reversed it on my head, the peak at the back, and I felt that now I looked the way a flying-machine driver ought to, and wished the girls back home could have seen me.

For a while I practiced with the lever and hip saddle, soaring up till the engine started coughing, and turning and dipping down, seeing how close I could shave the road. But finally the Major yelled and made me quit. Every now and then we'd see a light flare up in a farmhouse, and when we'd look back we'd see the light wobbling across the yard and know some farmer was out there with his lamp, staring up at the noise in the sky.

Several times, on the way, we had to fill the tank again, and pretty soon, maybe less than two hours, campfires began sliding under our wings, and the Major was leaning from side to side, looking down at the ground. Then he pointed ahead. "That field down there, boy; can you land this thing with the engine off?"

"Yessir," I said, and I stopped the engine, and the machine began sliding down like a toboggan, and I kept easing the lever back and forth, watching the field come up to meet us, growing bigger and bigger every second. We didn't make a sound now, except for the wind sighing through the wires, and we came in like a ghost, the moonlight white on our wings. Our downward path and the edge of the field met exactly, and the instant before we hit, my arm eased the lever back, and the skids touched the grass like a whisper. Then we bumped a little, stopped, and sat there a moment not saying a word. Off in the weeds the crickets began chirping again.

The Major said there was a cliff at the side of the field and we found it, and slid the machine over to the edge of it and then we started walking around the field, in opposite directions looking for a path or sentry. I found the sentry right away, guarding the path lying down with his eyes closed. My applejack was gone, so I shook him awake and explained my problem.

"How much you got?" he said; I told him a dollar, and he went off into the woods and came back with a jug. "Good whisky," he said, "the best. And exactly a dollar's worth; the jug's nearly full." So I tasted the whisky—it *was* good—paid him, took the jug back and tied it down in the machine. Then I went back to the path and called the Major, and he came over, cutting across the field. Then the sentry led us down the path toward the General's tent.

IT WAS a square tent with a gabled roof, a lantern burning inside, and the front flap open. The sentry saluted. "Major of Cavalry here, sir"—he pronounced the word like an ignorant infantryman. "Says it's secret and urgent."

"Send the *calvary* in," said a voice, pronouncing it just that way, and I knew the General was a horse soldier at heart.

We stepped forward, saluting. The General was sitting on a kitchen chair, his feet, in old Army shoes with the laces untied, propped on a big wooden keg with a spigot. He wore a black slouch hat, his vest and uniform blouse were unbuttoned, and I saw three silver stars embroidered on a shoulder strap. The General's eyes were blue, hard and tough, and he wore a full beard. "At ease," he said. "Well?"

"Sir," said the Major, "we have a flying machine and propose, with your permission, to use it against the rebs."

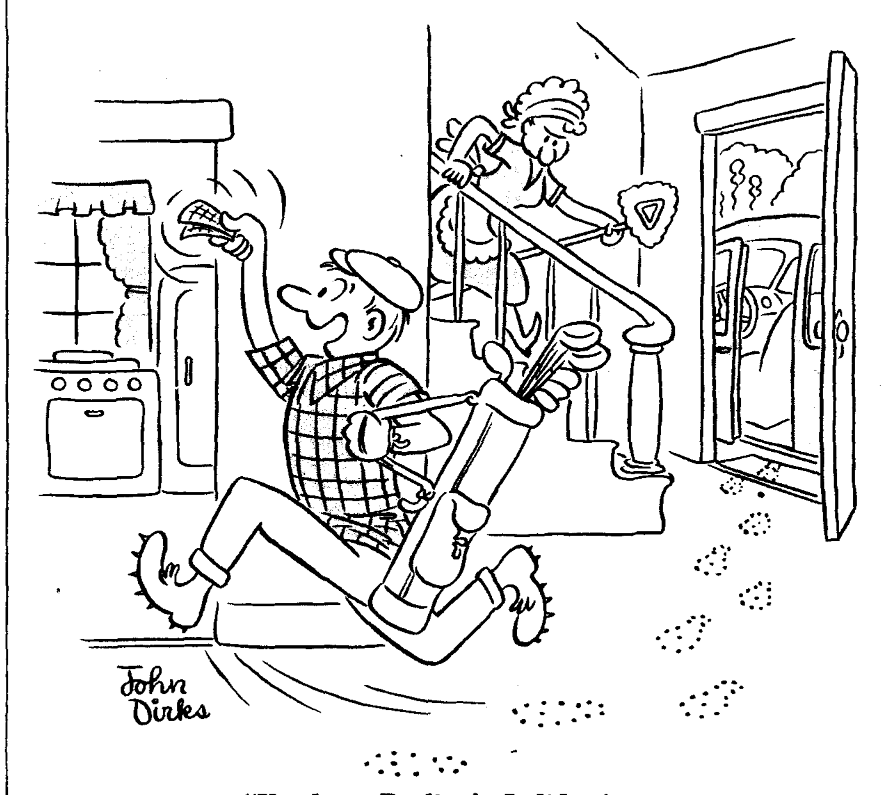
"Well," said the General, leaning back on the hind legs of his chair, "you've come in the nick of time. Lee's men are massed at Cold Harbor, and I've been sitting here all night dri— thinking. They've got to be crushed before— A *flying* machine, did you say?"

"Yessir," said the Major.

"H'mm," said the General. "Where'd you get it?"

"Well, sir, that's a long story."

"I'll bet it is," said the General. He



COLLIER'S "Yoo-hoo, Darling! I did it! Broke 100! Yoo-hoo, Honey!" JOHN DIRKS

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picked up a stub of cigar from the table beside him and chewed it thoughtfully. "If I hadn't been thinking hard and steadily all night, I wouldn't believe a word of this. What do you propose to do with your flying machine?"

"Load it with grenades!" The Major's eyes began to sparkle. "Drop them spang on rebel headquarters! Force immediate surrend—"

The General shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't think so. Air power isn't enough, son, and will never replace the foot soldier, mark my words. Has its place, though, and you've done good work." He glanced at me. "You the driver, son?"

"Yessir."

He turned to the Major again. "I want you to go up with a map. Locate Lee's positions. Mark them on the map and return. Do that, Major, and tomorrow, June 3d, after the Battle of Cold Harbor, I'll personally pin silver leaves on your straps. Because I'm going to take Richmond like—well, I don't know what. As for you, son"—he glanced at my stripe—"you'll make corporal. Might even design new badges for you; pair of wings on the chest or something like that."

"Yessir," I said.

"Where's the machine?" said the General. "Believe I'll walk down and look at it. Lead the way." The Major and me saluted, turned and walked out, and the General said, "Go ahead; I'll catch up."

AT THE field the General caught up, shoving something into his hip pocket—a handkerchief, maybe. "Here's your map," he said, and he handed a folded paper to the Major.

The Major took it, saluted and said, "For the Union, sir! For the cause of—"

"Save the speeches," said the General, "till you're running for office."

"Yessir," said the Major, and he turned to me. "Fill her up!"

I filled the tank, we spun the propellers, and this time the engine started right up. We climbed in, and I reversed my forage cap and tied on my scarf.

"Good," said the General approvingly. "Style; real calvary style."

We shoved off and dropped over the cliff like a dead weight, the ground rushing up fast. Then the wings bit into the air, I pulled back my lever, and we shot up, the engine snorting, fighting for altitude, and I swung out wide and circled the field, once at fifty feet, then at a hundred. The first time, the General just stood there, head back, mouth open, staring up at us, and I could see his brass buttons gleam in the moonlight. The second time around he still had his head back, but I don't think he was looking at us. He had a hand to his mouth, and he was drinking a glass of water—I could tell because just as we straightened and headed south, he threw it off into the bushes hard as he could, and I could see the glass flash in the moonlight. Then he started back to headquarters at a dead run, in a hurry, I guess, to get back to his thinking.

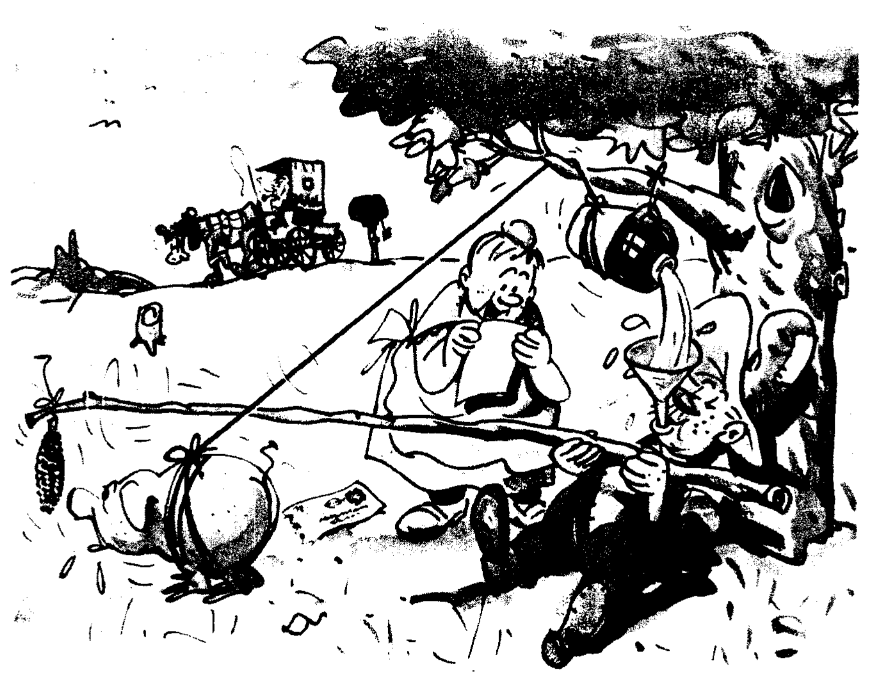
The machine was snorting at the front end, kicking up at the hindquarters, high-spirited, and I had all I could do to keep her from shying, and I wished she'd had reins. Down below, cold and sparkly in the moonlight, I could see the James River, stretching east and west, and the lights of Richmond, but it was no time for sightseeing. The machine was frisky, trembling in the flanks, and before I knew it she took the bit in her mouth and headed straight down, the wind screaming through her wires, the ripples on the water rushing up at us.

But I'd handled runaways before, and I heaved back on the lever, forcing her head up, and she curved back into the air fast as a calvary mount at a barrier. But this time she didn't cough at the top of the curve. She snorted through her nostrils, wild with power, and I barely had time to yell, "Hang on!" to the Major before she went clear over on her back and shot down toward the river again. The Major yelled, but the applejack was bubbling inside me and I'd never had such a thrill, and I yelled, too, laughing and screaming. Then I pulled back hard, yelling, "Whoa!" but up and over we went again, the wings creaking like saddle leather on a galloping horse. At the top of the climb, I leaned hard to the left, and we shot off in a wide, beautiful curve, and I never had such fun in my life.

Then she quieted down a little. She wasn't broken, I knew, but she could feel a real rider in the saddle, so she waited, figuring out what to try next. The Major got his breath and used it for cursing. He didn't call me anything I'd ever heard before, and I'd been in the calvary since I joined the Army. It was a beautiful job and I admired it. "Yessir," I said when his breath ran out again.

He still had plenty to say, I think, but campfires were sliding under our wings, and he had to get out his map and go to work. We flew back and forth, parallel with the river, the Major busy with his pencil and map. It was dull and monotonous for both me and the machine, and I kept wondering if the rebs could see or hear us.

KENNESAW



"Cousin Rufe must be mighty important to the Army, Kennesaw. He's livin' in a house with guards"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

So I kept sneaking closer and closer to the ground, and pretty soon, directly ahead in a clearing, I saw a campfire with men around it. I don't rightly know if it was me or the machine had the idea, but I barely touched the lever and she dipped her nose and shot right down, aiming smack at the fire.

THEY saw us then, all right, and heard us, too. They scattered, yelling and cursing, with me leaning over screaming at them and laughing like mad. I hauled back on the lever maybe five feet from the ground, and the fire singed our tail as we curved back up. But this time, at the top of the climb, the engine got the hiccups, and I had to turn and come down in a slow glide to ease the strain off the engine till she got her breath, and now the men below had muskets out, and they were mad. They fired kneeling, following up with their sights the way you lead ducks, the musket balls whistling past us.

"Come on!" I yelled. I slapped the flying machine on her side, unslung my trumpet, and blew charge. Down we went, the engine neighing and whinnying like crazy, and the men tossed their muskets aside and dived in all directions, and we fanned the flames with our wings and went up like a bullet, the engine screaming in triumph. At the top of the curve I turned, and we shot off over the treetops, the wing tip pointing straight at the moon. "Sorry, sir," I said, before the Major could get his breath. "She's wild—feeling her oats. But I think I've got her under control."

"Then get back to headquarters before you kill us," he said coldly. "We'll discuss this later."

"Yessir," I said. I spotted the river off to one side and flew over it, and when the Major got us oriented he navigated us back to the field.

"Wait here," he said when we landed, and he trotted down the path toward the General's tent. I was just as glad; I felt like a drink, and besides I loved that machine now and wanted to take care of her. I wiped her down with my muffler, and wished I could feed her something.

Then I felt around inside the machine, and then I was cussing that sentry, beating the Major's record, I think, because my whisky was gone, and I knew what that sentry had done: sneaked back to my machine and got it soon as he had me and the Major in the General's tent, and now he was back at the guardhouse, probably, lapping it up and laughing at me.

The Major came down the path fast. "Back to Washington, and hurry," he said. "Got to get this where it belongs before daylight or the space-time continuum will be broken and no telling what might happen then."

So we filled the tank and flew on back to Washington. I was tired and so was the flying machine, I guess, because now she just chugged along, heading for home and the stable.

We landed near the trees again, and climbed out, stiff and tired. And after creaking and sighing a little, the flying machine just sat there on the ground, dead tired, too. There were a couple of musket-ball holes in her wings and some soot on her tail, but otherwise she looked just the same.

"Look alive, boy!" the Major said. "You go hunt for the horses, and I'll get the machine back," and he got behind the flying machine and began pushing it along over the grass.

I found the horses grazing not far off, brought them back, and tethered them to the trees. When the Major returned we started back, just as dawn was breaking.

Well, I never did get my promotion. Or my wings either. It got hot, and pretty soon I fell asleep.

After a while I heard the Major call, "Boy! Boy!" and I woke up saying, "Yessir!" but he didn't mean me. A paper boy was running over with a newspaper, and when the Major paid for it, I drew alongside and we both looked at it, sitting there in our saddles near the outskirts of Washington. *BATTLE AT COLD HARBOR,* it said, and underneath were a lot of smaller headlines one after the other. *Disaster for Union Forces! Surprise Attack at Daybreak Fails! Repulsed in Eight Minutes! Knowledge of Rebel Positions Faulty! Confederate Losses Small, Ours Large! Grant Offers No Explanation; Inquiry Urged!* There was a news story, too, but we didn't read it. The Major flung the paper to the gutter and touched his spurs to his horse, and I followed.

By noon the next day we were back in our lines, but we didn't look for the General. We didn't feel any need to, because we felt sure he was looking for us. He never found us, though; possibly because I grew a beard, and the Major shaved his off. And we never had told him our names.

Well, Grant finally took Richmond—he was a great general—but he had to take it by siege.

I ONLY saw him one more time, and that was years later when he wasn't a general any more. It was a New Year's Day, and I was in Washington and saw a long line of people waiting to get into the White House, and knew it must be the public reception the Presidents used to hold every New Year's. So I stood in line, and an hour later I reached the President. "Remember me, General?" I said.

He stared at me, narrowing his eyes; then his face got red and his eyes flashed. But he took a deep breath, remembering I was a voter, forced a smile, and nodded at a door behind him. "Wait in there," he said.

Soon afterward the reception ended, and the General sat facing me, behind his big desk, biting the end off a short cigar. "Well," he said, without any preliminaries, "what went wrong?"

So I told him; I'd figured it out long since, of course. I told him how the flying machine went crazy, looping till we could hardly see straight, so that we flew north again and mapped our own lines.

"I found that out," said the General, "immediately after ordering the attack."

Then I told him about the sentry who'd sold me the whisky, and how I thought he'd stolen it back again, when he hadn't.

The General nodded. "Poured that whisky into the machine, didn't you? Mistook it for a jug of gasoline."

"Yessir," I said.

He nodded again. "Naturally the flying machine went crazy. That was my own private brand of whisky, the same whisky Lincoln spoke of so highly. That damned sentry of mine was stealing it all through the war." He leaned back in his chair, puffing his cigar. "Well," he said, "I guess it's just as well you didn't succeed; Lee thought so, too. We discussed it at Appomattox before the formal surrender, just the two of us chatting in the farmhouse. Never have told anyone what we talked about there, and everybody's been wondering and guessing ever since. Well, we talked about air power, son, and Lee was opposed to it, and so was I. Wars are meant for the ground, boy, and if they ever take to the air they'll start dropping bombshells, mark my words, and if they ever do that, there'll be hell to pay. So Lee and I decided to keep our mouths shut about air power, and we have—you won't find a word about it in my memoirs or his. Anyway, son, as Billy Sherman said, war is hell, and there's no sense starting people thinking up ways to make it worse. So I want you to keep quiet about Cold Harbor. Don't say a word if you live to be a hundred."

"Yessir," I said, and I never have. But I'm past a hundred now, son, and if the General wanted me to keep quiet after that he'd have said so. Now, take those hands out of the air, boy! Wait'll the world's *first* pilot gets through talking! THE END

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Last Day of Camp

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Baltimore was close to camp; the train fare was reasonable. There was no reason he could think of why she shouldn't come, but Marty had seemed so sure and, after all, he knew her best.

He recognized Marty's invitation when he came to it, and he read the address: *Mrs. Sarah F. Fletcher, 1033 North Main Street, Baltimore, Nd.* Something odd about it caught his eye; then he noticed the unusual abbreviation for Maryland. Alan looked around the desk for a pencil and carefully altered the N to an M and then replaced the invitation on the stack.

BUT even as he laid it down he began wondering whether the error was entirely unintentional. Maybe Marty was trying to make sure, in his own roundabout way, that his mother wouldn't even hear of Field Day. Alan's mind quickly abandoned the feeling of pity he had been developing for the poor little orphan-child in Tent Six and swung back to the theory that Marty was simply insulating his two worlds, that he wanted no spies from Baltimore to visit the camp any more than he would welcome a camper to the drab reality of his life in the city.

Alan took down the envelope again and reached for the book of home addresses that was kept on the desk. Marty had changed 3301 to 1033 and had made South Main into North. Alan's lips tightened. The little sneak! His resentment over a long summer of tolerating Marty, of trying to encourage him to mix with the others, a summer of accepting sullen rebuffs with patience and of trying to be understanding, crystallized into a determination to thwart this latest scheme. It would do Marty good to learn that you couldn't beat anything by running away or altering addresses.

Alan found a large envelope, addressed it properly, and put Marty's invitation in it. He also enclosed a note to Mrs. Fletcher: *Hope very much you can attend Field Day,* and he signed it, *Alan Saunders, Marty's counselor. . . .*

The last week of camp was one of labor for everyone. The nature displays of leaf and rock specimens had to be set up; the ash trays and tie racks in the workshop had to be labeled and arranged on the tables. Each boy's clothes and equipment must be found and checked against a list, so that he would return home with almost as many items as he had brought. Lists of contestants were drawn up for the events: swimming, canoe tilting, horse show, tug of war, archery and sack races, and there were long debates at the counselors' meetings about who should win the all-around-camper cup, and the most-improvement medal.

Alan assumed that Marty had forgotten all about wanting to leave early, for he had not mentioned it again. Then, the afternoon before Field Day, Marty appeared at the workshop as Alan was cleaning up after the day's work. He stood silent at the door and watched Alan sweep the wood shavings from under the workbenches into a little heap.

"Hello, Marty," Alan said with forced cordiality. "All set for the big day tomorrow?"

The boy's solemn expression did not change. "I'm packed," he said evenly. "I guess you thought I'd forgotten."

Alan stopped sweeping. "Come on in, Marty. We'll talk about it."

The boy didn't move. "There's no use talking. You promised."

Alan leaned the broom in a corner and carefully lighted a cigarette. Over the flame he looked at Marty, and the boy's stubborn, sullen expression decided him. "Look, my friend," he said, "you're old enough to begin learning a few things. One of them is that you can't lick anything by running away from it. That's what leaving camp tonight would be—running away."

He might as well have been talking to the broom.

"I don't know," he continued more harshly, "what kind of stuff you've been writing home to your mother about Onowaco, but I've got a pretty good idea it isn't the truth, any more than your stories about airplanes and yachts back in Baltimore are the truth. You're a big boy now, Marty, and you've got to stop making things up to impress people. If your mother comes down to camp tomorrow, you're going to be here to face her, see?"

"She can't come," said Marty loudly. "She's going to go away on a trip."

Alan looked at him steadily. "I noticed you addressed the invitation wrong," he said. "But I fixed it for you."

For the first time Marty's expression changed. His black eyes grew large with surprise, then began glistening with tears. His lip trembled and his whole body, erect with stubbornness a moment before, seemed to droop in defeat.

Alan put a hand on his shoulder. "I'll help you explain," he said gently. "We'll pretend it was a game. How will that be?"

The boy's fists clenched, and when he looked up at Alan the tears had disappeared. "I'll kill you!" he shouted. "You think you know everything!"

For an instant they faced each other; then Marty turned and stumbled back up the path toward the tents. Alan sighed as he picked up the broom. He could have been more gentle, he supposed, but he knew that gentleness often appeared simply as weakness to boys like Marty. Marty was too far gone for soft talk and reasonableness; he needed a shock or two to penetrate that shell he had built. . . .

Late that afternoon several of the parents arrived. Self-conscious in their city clothes, they acted with unnatural restraint, as though they were afraid of embarrassing their strangely dignified children before their tentmates. In the evening they drove their swarthy sons to town for supper or sat uncomfortably at the long tables in the dining hall and restricted their conversation to hesitant comments on the weather. By the next day, Alan knew, the uneasiness the parents and children felt after a summer's separation would disappear and the boys would be shouting and boasting and enjoying the luxury—for a few days, at least—of being able to do no wrong.

That night after taps, for the last time, he told his tent a story. He told them about Icarus' flight from the labyrinth at Crete and how the wax melted from his artificial wings and he plunged into the sea. Alan enjoyed telling it and when he had finished, he was pleased to see that Marty, like the other boys, was asleep. At least Marty wasn't staying awake and brooding. Perhaps Alan's talk had done some good after all. They could all be reached; the trick was in finding out how. He undressed quietly and climbed into the narrow cot. He was glad he had had the talk with Marty. Maybe back in Baltimore this winter the kid would give the advice a whirl, and maybe he wouldn't. At any rate, thought Alan, he had done what he could.

REVEILLE sounded almost immediately, it seemed to Alan. He stretched and yawned. "All right, fellows," he said, "let's go, let's go. Big Field Day. Everybody up." He sat up and looked sleepily around him. Some of the boys had already rushed to the river for the morning dip. On the way to the pier Alan passed them as they ran back to the tent, wet and laughing and hungry.

He didn't miss Marty Fletcher till breakfast. At first he assumed that Marty was late; then he began asking the others. None of them had seen Marty since the night before. Suddenly Alan was certain of what had happened, as certain as if there had been a note on Marty's pillow.

"No, I've never sold any—but a lovely couple down the road let me give them one"

COLLIER'S HARRY MACE

He hurried back to the tent and checked Marty's cot. He found nothing. Everything in Marty's foot locker was neatly in place. His pajamas were hanging on a hook nearby. Marty had simply dressed and walked away.

Alan went to Appy Mitchell, the camp director, and told him the news. "He wanted me to put him on a train yesterday, and naturally I said no." Then he described the scene in the workshop and told Mitchell of the incorrectly addressed invitation.

Appy Mitchell was a man of great patience and enduring optimism. "Take the station wagon," he said calmly, "and drive toward town. Ask around, especially at the station. There's no train out till noon, so he can't have gone far."

"What'll we do if his mother shows up?"

"Tell her the facts, I guess."

"Appy, I'm sorry as the devil—"

The director stopped him with a wave of the hand. "I would have done exactly what you did," he said. "Now get along to town and bring him back. It's not your fault."

Angry, worried and frightened, Alan drove slowly along the dirt road. He looked carefully from side to side, hoping to see a tired runaway resting on the bank. Once his hopes rose at the sight of a small figure sitting on a fence, but it was a stranger.

The town was only four miles away, but it took Alan almost fifteen minutes to reach it. He drove to the station and found Mr. Todd, the stationmaster, reading the morning paper in the sun.

"A kid?" Mr. Todd repeated. "Ain't seen one of your kids since last Wednesday, when three of 'em came in with Mr Mitchell for some express packages."

"None last night or today?"

"Nope. Thought they was all out there having races and things today. Sam Baker says the hotel's about full up."

Alan told Mr. Todd what had happened; and the stationmaster promised to telephone the camp if Marty showed up. From the station Alan went to the drugstore and alerted Mr. Bennett. Then, on a hunch, he drove to the filling station at the north end of town. Perhaps Marty had tried to hitchhike. But Harry Fallas had noticed no one who fitted Marty's description. "Let you know if I do, Alan," he said. "Ran off once myself. Glad when they caught me, too."

Alan began the melancholy drive back to camp. Cars passed him on the narrow road, and he looked at each one nervously. Mrs. Fletcher might be in any one of them, eager to see her son, blissfully ignorant of the shocking news she would find waiting for her.

WHEN he reached camp again there were almost fifty cars parked in the wide field behind the tents. The parents were lined up along the riverbank watching the swimming races. Alan walked toward them, looking for Appy, to report his failure. He saw the director leave a group of parents and walk toward him. "No luck, Alan?"

"No luck." He looked at the spectators. "Did Mrs. Fletcher come while I was gone?"

"Not yet. But they're still arriving." He glanced toward the road over Alan's shoulder. "There's another car now. Pretty fancy, too."

Alan turned and saw a long gray convertible moving slowly toward the parked cars. It was driven by a stout gray-haired man in a tweed jacket. Beside him sat a young woman with a silk scarf holding her blonde hair in place. The couple made no move to get out of the car. They were laughing, their heads together, and as Alan came closer he saw them pour something from a flask into two cups and drain them quickly.

The blonde saw Alan and Appy first and

FELLOWS! GALS! Ted Williams invites you to name his new car and

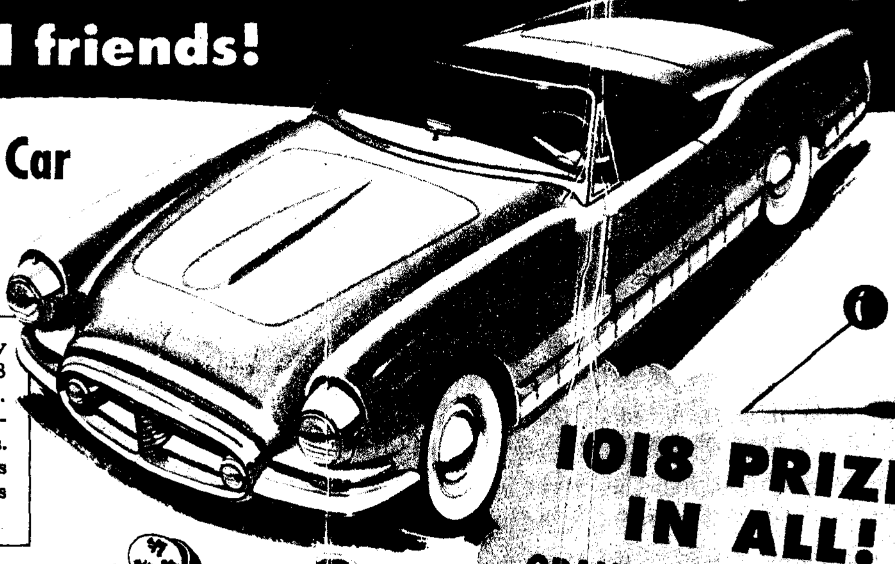
WIN ALL-EXPENSE TRIPS TO WORLD SERIES

for you, your family and friends!

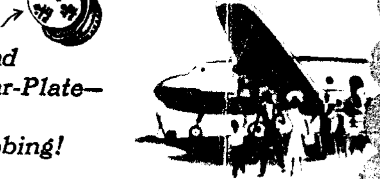
Easy to win! Just name the new Sports Car

powered by Nash "Dual Jetfire" engine

custom-built for Ted Williams!



Two-passenger European-type sports car designed for Ted Williams by internationally famous William Flajole & Associates. Low-slung—only 38 inches from road to hood top! Over-all length 170 inches, width 66 inches. Powered by new "Dual Jetfire" Nash Ambassador 6-cylinder high-compression engine. Adjustable steering wheel. Scoop cooling over head lamps. Bumper and grille combined in one unit. Folding fabric top. Body panels and many structural parts are aluminum. Engine and major mechanical parts by Nash Motors. Custom-building by Flajole-Kehrig.



With each entry include paper disc you find under the cap of a can of Johnson's Car-Plate—the sensational new discovery that waxes any car in 20 minutes without rubbing!

Imagine sitting in a reserved seat at the first two World Series games this fall as a guest of Ted Williams! Not only you, but five of your family and friends!

All your expenses will be paid—round-trip plane or train fare from wherever you live to the city where the first two games will be played! Three nights' accommodations in a luxury hotel! Meals in famous restaurants! Spending money for sight-seeing and incidentals!

Just imagine! That's the Grand Prize in Car-Plate's sensational "Name Ted Williams' Car" contest!

Second prize winner gets the same glorious trip for a party of four!

There are four third prizes—each one a World Series all-expense trip for a party of three!

Fourth and fifth prize winners get 12 big cash awards—and there are also 1000 other valuable prizes!

It's so easy to enter this contest you'll hardly believe it. Just think of a name for the stunning new sports car, custom-built for Ted Williams! A name like Speed King or Ted's Jetliner might win. These are just suggestions. You'll have better ideas. Think hard! Originality counts!

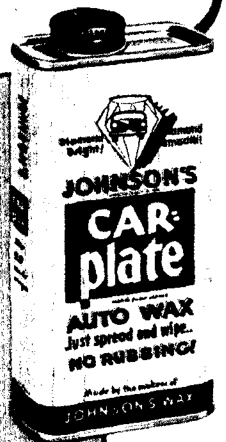
All you have to do to enter is to send in the paper disc you find under the cap of a can of Johnson's Car-Plate—the great new waxing discovery for cars!

Dad will be glad to buy the Car-Plate so kids can enter the contest. Waxing a car with Car-Plate is so easy it's fun! It takes only 20 minutes and you don't have to rub at all. Just spread Car-Plate on the clean finish—let it dry—then wipe lightly. That's all you do to get the brightest, smoothest, longest-lasting wax job you've ever seen!

Let's go! Get your can of Johnson's Car-Plate today at any service station or wax dealer's— and mail in your suggested name for Ted Williams' car!

TED WILLIAMS SAYS:

Car-Plate scores a homer in my league. I wish you could see the long-lasting sparkle this easy-does-it wax put on my Sports Car that I want you to name!



How to win $200 cash bonus prize in addition to all-expense World Series trip!

Wouldn't you like to win $200 spending money in addition to your all-expense trip to the World Series? You can qualify for this special cash bonus prize if you send in with your entry the paper disc from under the cap of a can of Johnson's Carnu† in addition to the disc from a Car-Plate can. Then if you are one of the 6 winners of World Series prize trips, you also win a $200 cash prize—to spend on new clothes or for anything else you want!

† Johnson's Carnu is the quick, efficient cleaner that is recommended to condition your car for waxing with Car-Plate. Just rub it on and wipe it off—the finish is super-clean—a perfect surface for applying Car-Plate. For exceptionally dirty cars, ask your dealer for Johnson's Heavy-Duty Cleaner.

1018 PRIZES IN ALL!

GRAND FIRST PRIZE—All-expense trip to World Series for party of 6!*

SECOND PRIZE—All-expense trip to World Series for party of 4!*

4 THIRD PRIZES—All-expense trips to World Series for parties of 3!*

*Includes all travel expenses no matter where you live, hotels, meals, incidentals and reserved seats for the first two World Series games!

4 FOURTH PRIZES—each $400 cash!

8 FIFTH PRIZES—each $100 cash!

1000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

FOR BOYS sending in the 500 next best names, prizes will be: 100 Ted Williams Pro Model fielder's gloves; 200 Ted Williams baseball bats; 200 Official League baseballs personally autographed by Ted Williams.

FOR GIRLS sending in the 500 next best names, prizes will be: 100 Arvin radios, Rainbow model with exclusive "Velvet Voice" which sell at $18.95; 400 World Series sterling silver charm bracelets with 4 delicately fashioned charms—a bat, baseball, fielder's glove and catcher's mask, beautifully polished and valued at $10.00.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES TO WIN!

1. Print or write clearly your suggested name for Ted Williams' custom-built sports car. Use coupon in this advertisement, plain piece of paper or entry blank from your service station or dealer.
2. Print your own name and address on each entry. Include also name and address of the dealer from whom you bought Car-Plate.
3. Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name suggested on separate entry blank.
4. With each entry enclose the paper disc from inside the cap of a Car-Plate can. To be eligible for the $200 cash bonus awarded to World Series all-expense trip winners, also enclose paper disc from inside cap of can of Carnu.
5. Mail entries to Car-Plate World Series Contest, Box 6970, Chicago 77, Ill.
6. Entries for the contest must be postmarked before midnight Sept. 1, 1951, and must be received by Sept. 8, 1951. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., assumes no responsibility for entries lost or delayed in the mail. Entries with inadequate postage will not be considered. You accept conditions of all rules when you enter.
7. All prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than one prize. Complete list of winners sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope at close of contest.
8. Prizes as listed elsewhere in this advertisement** will be awarded to the contestants whose name suggestions are considered most original, most unique and most apt by the judges. Judges' decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become property of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
9. Any person living in the continental limits of the United States** may enter this contest—except employees of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

**10. There is a separate Car-Plate Contest in Canada. See Canadian newspapers for details and prizes.

CLIP THIS ENTRY BLANK

Mail to Car-Plate World Series Contest, Box 6970, Chicago 77, Illinois. Enclose the paper disc from inside cap of Johnson's Car-Plate. To be eligible for special $200 cash bonus prize, also enclose paper disc from inside cap of Johnson's Carnu. C-8

My suggested name for Ted Williams' car________

____

*My name is*________

*My address is*________

*City*________*Zone*____*State*____

*I bought Car-Plate at*________

*Dealer's address*________
(Address) (City) (State)

Send in as many entries as you can!

Get additional entry blanks from your dealer or use plain sheet of paper.

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stepped out of the car. She was not so young as she had seemed at first, and her costume accentuated the fact. She wore open-toed sandals, bobby sox, culottes, an embarrassingly snug strapless bodice, and a bolero jacket.

Holding out a pink-nailed hand to Appy, she said huskily, "I'm Felice Fletcher, and you're Appy Mitchell, aren't you? *It's so* nice to be here."

Appy did not falter. "We're pleased you came," he said. "This is Alan Saunders, Marty's counselor."

She turned to Alan with a glowing smile. "Of *course!*" *she exclaimed.* "You were so thoughtful to send me that message." She made it sound embarrassingly intimate, and while she spoke she was giving him a long, appraising look.

The man in the car cleared his throat. "Oh," said Mrs. Fletcher, taking her eyes reluctantly from Alan, "this is Mr. Edmund. He drove me down."

Mr. Edmund made no move to shake hands. He stared out toward the river. "How long," he asked wearily, "does this thing last?"

"All day," said Alan. He turned to Mrs. Fletcher. It was time she knew. "Mrs. Fletcher—"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Edmund. "We can't spend all day here, Felice. You promised—"

"Now, Phil," she said playfully, but there was a hard warning in her eye, "you buck up and be a good boy, now. I didn't say we were going to spend the whole day here." She turned back to Alan with a coquettish smile. "Just long enough to see Martin—and to get acquainted with his counselor."

Alan took a deep breath. "I'm afraid we have bad news for you about Marty, Mrs Fletcher."

Her expression changed to concern as automatically and as quickly as one of those rubber faces you squeeze from agony to laughter at the flick of a thumb. "What is it?" she said. She kept staring at Alan's hair.

"He's run away," Appy said. "Alan has just been in town looking for him." He glanced at Mrs. Fletcher and hurried on: "But you mustn't worry. We're doing everything we can think of."

Alan watched her Cupid-bow lips compress into an exasperated, ugly line. "Oh, that boy!" she said. "Really, he's the limit!" She seemed about to cry. "Phil, I'm feeling a little faint."

EDMUND reached automatically into the car for the flask. "Why don't you watch these kids?" he suggested unpleasantly. He handed Felice the cup.

"We do everything we can," said Appy. "This came as a complete surprise to everybody."

Edmund screwed the top on the flask. "Well," he said cheerfully, "there isn't much we can do, I guess, is there?"

"I don't suppose there is, really." Appy was perspiring. "I don't know just what to say. If there'd been more time I would have telephoned you."

Edmund opened the car door and turned to Mrs. Fletcher. "Let's go, Felice. Martin may not turn up till ten tonight."

She looked at him in astonishment, then at Appy and Alan. "You mean," she said dramatically, "that I must leave my child, my lost baby—after driving all this way to see him?"

"He sure doesn't seem to want to see you," Edmund said dryly.

Mrs. Fletcher glanced down at her costume. Alan could almost see her thinking that it was all going to waste. She looked unhappily at Edmund. "Well, Phil, if you really think—"

"I do."

Marty's mother suddenly made up her mind. She shook hands with Appy. "I'll telephone you tonight," she said. "*I'm sorry* it happened. It—it isn't the first time he's done it."

Then she turned to Alan. "Alan," she said huskily, "if you're ever in Baltimore, please phone me." She seemed fascinated by the sunlight on his hair. "I feel you could *give me such good advice on poor Martin.* I've had such a time with him. Incidents like this . . ." She seemed about to cry again.

"Oh, come on, Felice," said Edmund roughly. "It's getting late." He slammed the car door shut and stepped on the starter. The convertible moved backward without a sound, then forward to the entrance.

Alan noticed that Felice Fletcher was unscrewing the top of the flask as they pulled away.

The two men looked at each other dumfounded. "Well," Appy said finally, "I've seen all kinds in this business, but that one takes the cake. If I hadn't seen it I wouldn't believe it." He shook his head quickly, as though he were trying to erase the memory from his mind. "Now let's get back to finding that boy."

Alan spent the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon in two more fruitless trips to town, interspersed with inquiries at every farmhouse along the way. At four he turned the task over to Johnny Brewster, since his presence was required at the workshop during the hour scheduled for the display.

By five the last parent had expressed polite interest and the last boy had claimed his own special paper knife or ash tray from all the others. Only a wooden pistol Marty had made was left on the long table. Alan sat wearily in the empty shop and decided to have a peaceful cigarette before he packed the molds, mallets, files and gouges for winter storage.

Suddenly he felt a presence at the door behind him, and even before he turned he guessed who it would be. So when he looked around at the doorway he was not at all surprised to see Marty. *The boy's* camp uniform was mussed and dirty, and he looked as though he might break and run at any second.

Alan did not let his relief show. "Come on in," he said casually. "You look a little torn up."

Marty inched into the room.

"Don't be afraid. I'm not going to eat you. Sit down and tell me where you've been. *You've had us all a little worried, you* know."

With a curiously adult gesture, Marty rubbed his hand wearily across his forehead. He sat down. "I've been hiding," he said, "in the woods." His truculence was gone.

"You missed all the races," Alan said, trying to delay the question he knew would come. "You made it in time for the bonfire, though."

Marty looked at the floor. "Did she come?" His voice was bleak.

"Yes, Marty, she came." Alan found himself wishing fervently that he had left the address on the invitation alone. Marty had known best. He was sullen sometimes and belligerent, but he was no fool. How stupid it is, Alan thought, to measure age in years.

"Was—was anybody with her?"

"Yes. A Mr. Edmund."

Marty kept his eyes fixed on the rough floor. "I don't like him," he said suddenly. "My mother hates him, but—but he has a car and he drives her places."

"They hardly got out of the car," Alan said quickly. "As a matter of fact, I wanted to introduce them to some of the others, but there wasn't time."

Marty looked up with a trace of interest. "Didn't anybody see them?" he asked suspiciously.

"Just Appy and me. That's all."

AS ALAN spoke, he saw that Marty's ordeal was over. The long day's suspense was gone, the embarrassment and torment Marty had fought so hard to escape had been avoided, and the boy was completely exhausted. Tears were running down his cheeks.

Alan stood up and put his hand on Marty's shoulder. "Hey now, hey now," he whispered. "It's not that bad. It's not worth crying about."

Gradually Marty's tears subsided. "Come on," Alan suggested, "let's go back to the tent and get you some clean clothes. We won't say a word about where you've been. Come on, kiddo."

Marty let himself be led to the door. He paused on the threshold and looked up at Alan. "Are you mad at me?"

"Of course not, Marty. Nobody's mad at you."

"Not Appy either?"

"No, not Appy either." He looked down at the surprised, tear-stained face. "People want to be friends if you'll let them, Marty. Just remember that. People want to be friends." He could not tell from Marty's expression whether his words were having any effect.

As he stood there by the table, Alan noticed Marty's wooden pistol and handed it to him. "Here," he said, "you mustn't forget your gun. You should have heard all the people who were admiring it this afternoon."

"It's not very good," said Marty, but Alan could tell he was pleased.

"Why, it's a fine gun," he said. "You hang it on your wall at home during the winter and it'll remind you of camp."

"Next year," Marty said suddenly, "I want to build a sailboat. Will you help me with it?"

Alan smiled. It was the first time Marty had mentioned coming back. Hundreds of times he had sworn he would not. "Of course I will," he said. "But we'd better hurry. They're having supper early tonight, before the bus leaves."

Marty started out, then hesitated. "Here," he said suddenly, "you take this gun—if you like it."

Alan began to protest, but something stopped him in time. "Why, thanks, Marty. I'll keep it for you till next year."

Almost without thinking he reached into his pocket and drew out his penknife. He handed it to Marty. "Fair exchange," he said. "You keep this for me."

The boy took the knife, and his face was radiant. "Gosh," he said. "Thanks, Alan!"

It was the first time he had ever called Alan by name, and suddenly he seemed embarrassed at having done it, and he turned and began walking quickly up the path.

THE END

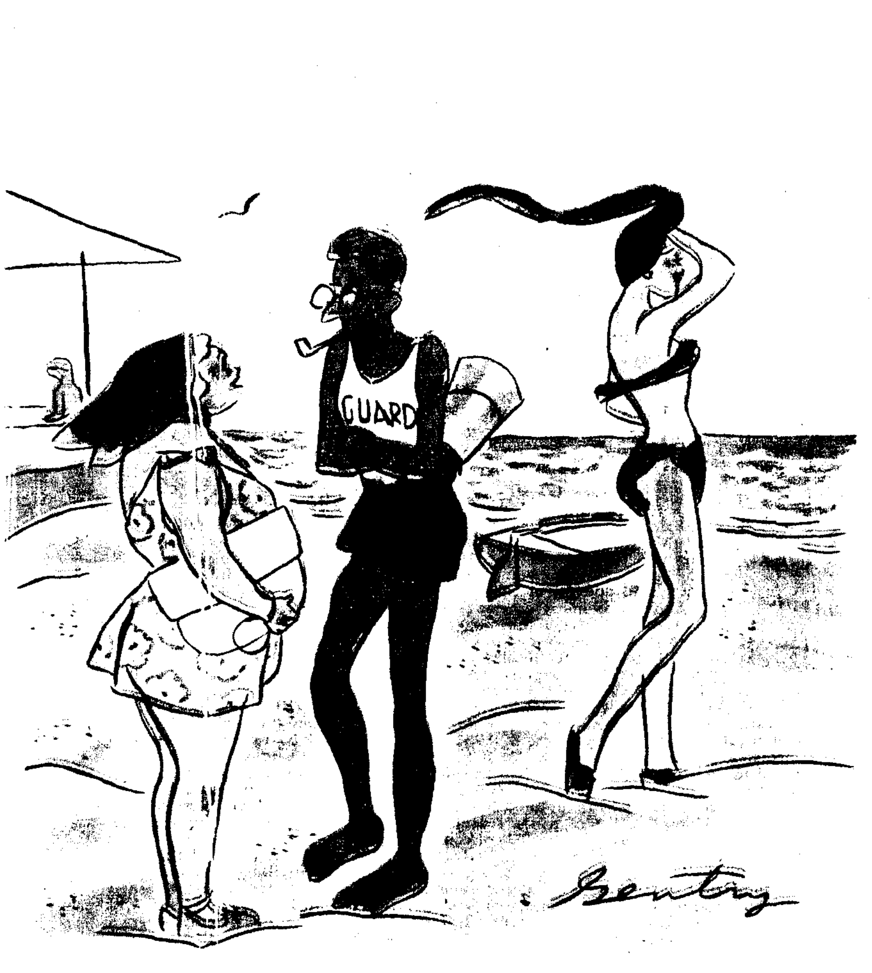
ZIUQ

Here's another quiz in reverse. If you can't guess the questions, see page 53

Answers

1. **Davy Jones's locker.**
2. **White Sox, Red Sox, Lavender Sox.**
3. **Bear market. Bull market.**
4. **Wisconsin, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island.**
5. **1,000 calories; 3,000 calories.**
6. **"Ah."**
7. **Romeo and Juliet, Caesar and Cleopatra, Abbott and Costello.**
8. **Ribbons and notions.**

—CARL H. WINSTON



COLLIER'S "Are you sure this is part of your Civilian Defense work?" THURSTON GENTRY

He Did It for the Little Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

my father, looking at his watch. "Everybody get in the car."

We run into the yard and get in the car and my father is behind the wheel.

"Take off," I say, and my father steps on the starter. Nothing happens.

"Oh, curseword," says my father. "What the curseword have I done to deserve this?"

"The children," says my mother.

"I have a conference at ten with the boss," says my father, jerking open the hood and peering inside. "It's the damp—"

"Your language, George," says my mother.

"I said dampness," says my father, "if you will kindly let me get a word in edgewise. It is the damp sea air which has fouled up the blasted car. There is some stuff you can buy and paint the wires with. I will bring some home tonight."

"What about today?" says my mother. "There is nothing in the house to eat."

"Leave the hood up," shouts my father, "and it will dry out in an hour or so. Maybe I can catch a ride out on the highway."

He runs down the path with his brief case swinging against his leg and my sister Janice starts crying. "Daddy didn't kiss me good-by," she screams.

"You must all remember," says my mother, "that your father is making this sacrifice for us. Harold, come out of there this instant. If that's poison ivy I'll die."

So begins the first day of our glorious vacation.

WE ARE waiting at the station at seven o'clock that night when the train comes in. My father is the last one off and he staggers toward our car. We are all dressed up and my mother especially with lipstick on and her hair curled in front.

"Your father has probably had a hard day," she says, "and we want to be cheerful and make him very welcome."

"Hello, Daddy," we all sing out cheerfully, but my father gets in the front seat without answering. My mother offers him her cheek to kiss but he don't notice it.

My mother gives us a sign to be cheerful and starts back for the cottage.

"Well, Father," I say, "you will have a swim and feel like a million dollars."

"I already had a swim today," says my father. "What do you think I am, a flounder. What day is this?"

"It is Monday, Father," I say cheerfully, "it is the first day of our glorious vacation."

"Only sixty more days to go," says my father. "I got a ride to the station this morning in a truck. I read the spots off the paper and I had an hour's ride yet. I felt like I'd been on that train for three days. I kept expecting a porter to come tell me my berth was made up."

"Oh, George," says my mother, "I warned you."

"Who is complaining?" says my father as she stops the car. We go inside the cottage and eat supper of cold ham and coleslaw as the kerosene stove don't work.

"It is probably out of kerosene," says my father. "Did you think they piped the stuff in from downtown?"

"I never used anything but an electric stove in my life," says my mother nervously. "I know you'd rather have a hot meal. I'm sorry. How was the city?"

"You could of fried an egg on Wall Street," says my father. "I had a bad day."

LATER, when my mother is clearing the table, my father takes us out on the porch. "We are having this cottage for your mother," he says, "and we must not say or do anything to make her unhappy. I am determined to see she gets a vacation. I don't want any beefing about the food."

My mother comes to the door. "I found a jug of kerosene," she says. "Do you want me to heat water on the kerosene stove, or do you want to start the pot stove?"

"What in thunder is a pot stove?" asks my father.

"Never mind," says my mother. "I will use the kerosene stove."

"I am not helpless," says my father. "Come with me, William, and I will teach you how to start a fire in a pot stove so you can help your mother. I do not want her stoking coal on her vacation."

The way to start a pot stove is to put paper in and pile coal on the paper and light the paper and then kick the stove several times and use strong language.

"George," says my mother, when we go back to the kitchen, "there is something peculiar about the refrigerator. I didn't put anything in it yesterday except the eggs we bought, but the stuff I put in it this afternoon is not a bit cold."

"I will have a look at the motor," says my father, and he takes off the top and looks stunned. "There is no motor in the curseword box," says my father dismally. "We have been stuck for fair. This would never have happened in Yosemite."

"You had better speak to the agent," says my mother.

"You bet your life I will speak to him," says my father, dashing out to the car.

He comes back in an hour smelling of beer. "The agent forgot about the motor," says my father. "It seems they took it out last year to repair it and forgot about it. He is writing the owner in Italy and in the meantime we figured out a solution."

My father goes out to the car and brings in a tub full of ice. He takes the shelves out of the refrigerator and puts the tub inside. Then he puts the food back inside the refrigerator around the tub and puts the bottles in the tub with the ice.

"You could not get enough food in there now for a family of hummingbirds," says my mother. "Well, I suppose we will manage somehow."

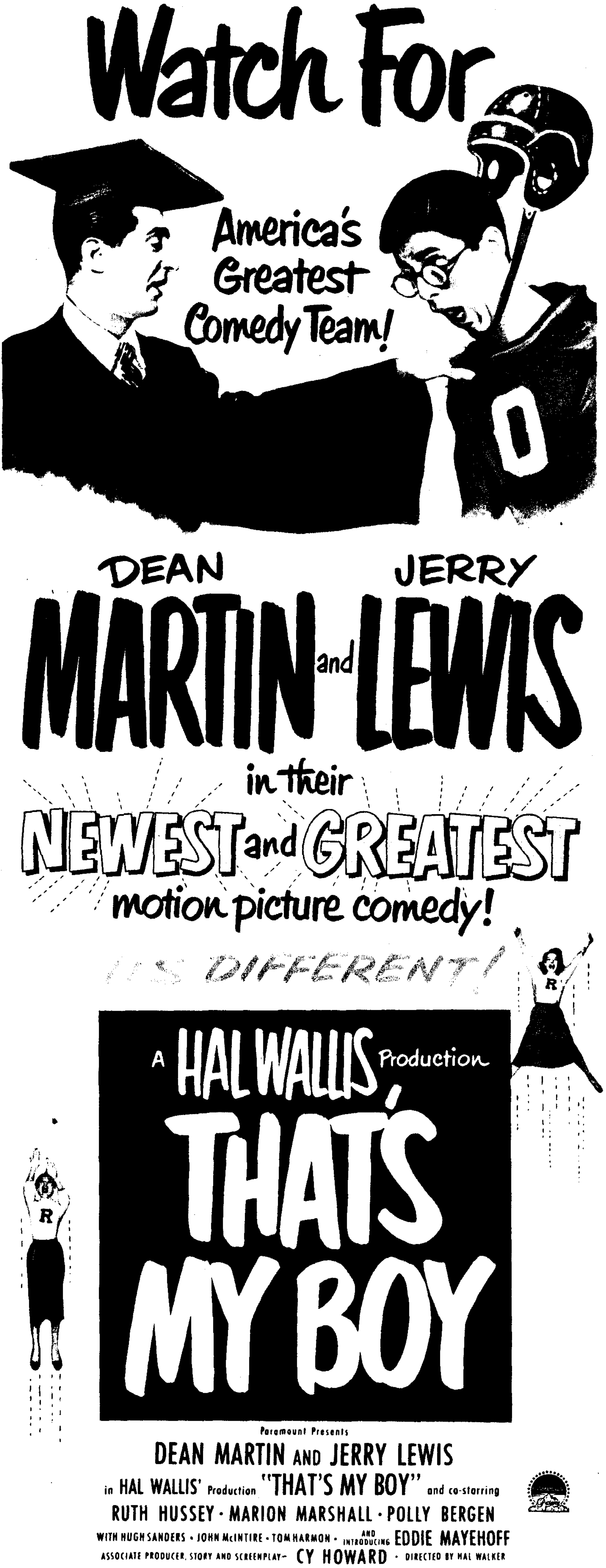
We go into the living room to play canasta and later on my father is thirsty and goes out to the kitchen. We hear him yell and go running and when my father opens the refrigerator door it seems a wave comes out and like to

ZIUQ

See page 52

Questions

1. Where does David Jones keep his clothes?
2. Name two baseball teams and a sartorial atrocity.
3. Where would you go to buy a bear? To sell a bull?
4. Name three New York telephone exchanges and the smallest state.
5. How many calories per day is a woman on a reducing diet allowed? How many does she get?
6. Say "Ah."
7. Give the names of three Italians, an Egyptian and two Americans.
8. What does a puppy tear a sock into, and what does a young man get in the spring?



Watch For

America's Greatest Comedy Team!

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS

in their NEWEST and GREATEST motion picture comedy!

IT'S DIFFERENT!

A HAL WALLIS Production

THAT'S MY BOY

Paramount Presents

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS

in HAL WALLIS' Production "THAT'S MY BOY" and co-starring

RUTH HUSSEY · MARION MARSHALL · POLLY BERGEN

WITH HUGH SANDERS · JOHN McINTIRE · TOM HARMON · AND INTRODUCING EDDIE MAYEHOFF

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER, STORY AND SCREENPLAY · CY HOWARD · DIRECTED BY HAL WALKER

drowns him. We get cloths and mop the floor.

"This is a scientific principle," says my father after he takes off his wet pants. "As the ice melts, the water level rises in the tub. We will have to bail it out every so often."

"I wonder whose job that will be," says my mother coyly.

"Go to bed, children," says my father, and so ends the first day of our glorious vacation.

The next morning we watch my father stagger up the steps of the train and he waves a feeble good-by as it departs.

"This *is* a terrible strain on your father," my mother says. "It is only July and I hate to think about August."

Later in the morning we come back from our swim to find an old car parked in the drive and a man hands my mother a telegram which she read to us.

LATE CONFERENCE UNABLE JOIN YOU TONIGHT LOVE GEORGE.

"Your poor father," says my mother. "I think it's a shame."

We have a good day and that night we eat at six instead of having to wait until Father comes home.

"Of course, I miss him," my mother says, "but it is certainly peaceful. Go and bail out the refrigerator, William. I wonder if I could manage a steak on that kerosene stove for your father tomorrow."

We all sleep late the next morning and have breakfast at nine o'clock. We have our swim and loaf on the beach and when we go back to the cottage the man from Western Union pulls in the drive again and hands Mother another telegram.

MUST ENTERTAIN IMPORTANT CLIENT IN TOWN UNEXPECTEDLY UNABLE JOIN YOU UNTIL FRIDAY LOVE GEORGE.

"For Heaven's sake," says my mother, "I would think they would give your poor father a little rest in the summer. And I went and bought a steak." She smiles suddenly. "We could have it down at the beach," she says. "Would you like a picnic?"

We have a wonderful beach picnic with steak, and so ends the third day of our glorious vacation.

ON FRIDAY night we met my father at the train. He has a five-pound box of candy for my mother and plastic toys for us to play with in the water.

"You poor dear," says my mother, "did you have a bad week?"

"You wouldn't believe how hot it is in the city," says my father. "People are dropping like flies."

"I'll bet you didn't sleep a wink at home," says my mother.

"Tossed and turned all night," he says.

We have a fine time swimming and playing ball on the beach with my father on Saturday. On Sunday he does not go to the beach because he has a lame arm from playing ball and a terrible sunburn.

On Monday my mother cannot get my father out of bed until six thirty and we go to the train with my father driving recklessly with one hand and eating a doughnut with the other.

"Well, I will see you when I get off the old rattler tonight," says my father with a weak laugh, and he staggers aboard.

When we get back to the cottage we find a woman there my mother has got acquainted with and she brings her children. We all have a fine time and are eating our lunch down on the beach when we see the Western Union man coming down the path.

The telegram reads as follows: IMPORTANT CONVENTION IN CITY DISCOVER MUST ATTEND MAKE SPEECH UNABLE JOIN YOU UNTIL FRIDAY LOVE GEORGE.

My mother gets acquainted with more people that week and goes to a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon. She says that everything would be fine if she wasn't worried sick about my father. She says she cannot enjoy herself with him suffering in the city.

On Friday night we meet him at the train and he has another box of candy for my mother.

"How was it in the city?" she says.

"It is the worst ever," says my father. "The humidity is terrific. Last night I mowed the lawn and was soaking wet."

"You poor dear," says my mother. "And having to make a speech!"

We have a fine week end again and it passes without incident except for my father, who cuts his foot on a clamshell. But fortunately we get him to the doctor before he bleeds to death and he is fine except on Sunday he stays in bed until noon.

AFTER Sunday dinner I am eating a piece of candy from the box which my father gives my mother when I break off a piece of my tooth.

"I do not know any dentist down here," my mother says. "George, do you suppose you could take William with you tomorrow? He could go to a movie in the afternoon and come back with you at night."

CLANCY
STAMP ALBUM
COLLIER'S
JOHN RUGE

"I will take him to my dentist in the city," my father says. "With people on vacation everything winds up on my desk. I was not sure I could get back tomorrow but we will see."

The next morning I have to get dressed up and my father and I ride in to the city on the train. I stay in his office watching him work furiously until eleven o'clock, when he sends me in a cab to his dentist.

"I will pick you up at twelve, William," he says. "I have a very important client to take to lunch. I will be delighted to have you join us only do not interrupt the client when he is talking."

Because it is so hot my father takes the client to an air-conditioned restaurant and because he is a very important client my father buys him a drink before they eat.

The client clinks the ice in his glass. He says it is certainly hot all right. It is a tough time to work, he says. He says it is not so much the heat as the humidity. His wife suffers from it terribly, he says.

"Well," says my father, "I have taken care of my family this summer. They are down at the shore for the entire summer and I am commuting."

"That must be tough commuting," the client says.

"Well, it is," says my father, "but gradually I am getting used to it. I get up with the sun and run down and take a dip and—" My father looks at me suddenly and says, "Well, William, what do you see on the bill of fare that appeals to you?"

We eat lunch until one thirty, when my father says good-by to the client and we go out onto the hot street.

"I would not want you to get a wrong impression," says my father. "Ordinarily I grab a sandwich and go right back to work. Come on."

He takes me down to the subway and it seems we ride for hours. I feel sorry for my father having to go all over town in the heat while we are loafing on the beach.

"Here we are," says my father finally, and we leave the subway and go outside and get in line with people and go through a turnstile where somebody is yelling, "Get yah scorecard here. Yah can't tell the players without a scorecard."

"Father," I say excitedly, "is this the Polo Grounds? Are we going to see the Giants?"

"I shouldn't do it," my father says, "but I thought I would give you a treat."

We sit down in a box seat back of the dugout. The man next to my father says, "Well, George, I didn't think you'd make it today. Usually you are right on time. You missed an inning and a half today."

"Little pitchers got big ears," says my father in a mysterious voice. I do not understand him as the pitcher is at least six feet tall and his ears is nothing special.

After the ball game we go downtown again on the subway and up to my father's office. "Look at this work," says my father. "William, would you like to stay with me tonight and then I will put you on a train in the morning. We will send your mother a telegram."

We have dinner in the city and then take the train out to our home town and walk home but it is still very hot. It has been a big day but I will be glad to get back to the seashore.

WE GO in the stifling house and upstairs. There is something in the window and my father pushes a button. A big window fan starts churning the air and in a few minutes there is a nice breeze right through the room. My father puts his brief case on a card table and starts to work.

"Your mother will appreciate this when she comes home from the shore," my father says. "It is often very hot here in September. It is a surprise for her, William, so do not say anything. I find I work much better with the fan going up here."

"I see you also moved the television set, Father," I say.

"William," he says, "you had a big day. You better go to bed."

I go to bed in the next room but it is hard to sleep. I can hear the fan going and my father keeps going up and down the stairs. One time I see him walking past my room with a bottle of beer in one hand and he is singing a song about in the good old summertime. What with the fan going and the television set and my father singing it is not easy for me to go to sleep, especially since I am used to the quiet of the seashore.

Finally I hear the doorbell ring and then my father says, "Now who the curseword could that be at this time of night?" and he goes past my door in his pajama bottoms with a beer bottle in his hand.

I hear him go downstairs and open the door. "Why, Edith, what's wrong?" he says.

I run downstairs and my father looks very pale. "Is someone drowned?" my father asks. He starts counting the children and he looks relieved to discover everyone is present.

"I'm invited to a bridge luncheon tomorrow," my mother says, "and when I got your wire I decided to drive up and get some more clothes. I did not realize I would have a social life down there. I can take William back with me in the morning. What is that peculiar noise?"

"Well," says my father weakly, "it is kind of a fan."

"Why," says my mother, very surprised, "it is actually cool in here."

My father opens his mouth but don't say anything. He follows us all up the stairs.

MY MOTHER looks at the fan in the window and at the easy chair and the television set and the card table with the breeze ruffling the papers on it.

"Why," says my mother, "I have been worrying myself sick about you and you have been living the life of Riley."

"Edith," my father says desperately, "I may as well make a clean breast of it. There was no convention in New York last week. Don't speak," says my father, "let me finish. Don't think I haven't been upbraiding myself. What it comes down to is desertion," says my father, striding up and down the room in his pajama bottoms. "I deserted my wife and family, that is the gist of it. Well, maybe we can sublet the cottage to someone else."

"Sublet?" my mother shrieks. "You mean we have to come home?"

My sister Janice bursts out crying and likewise my brothers, and I would too if I wasn't too old.

"You mean you like it?" my father says. "With a kerosene stove? With a refrigerator full of ice?"

"I baked a cake in that stove yesterday," my mother says. "I met the real-estate agent's wife at a bridge party last week. She cabled the owner about the refrigerator and we're getting a new box delivered tomorrow."

"All right," my father says. He looks pale but noble. "All right," he says huskily. "I will make a resolution. I promise you faithfully I will be with you every night from now on. I will catch the curseword train every day without fail. You can bank on it."

"Oh, dear!" says my mother.

"What's the matter?" says my father. "Don't you want me?"

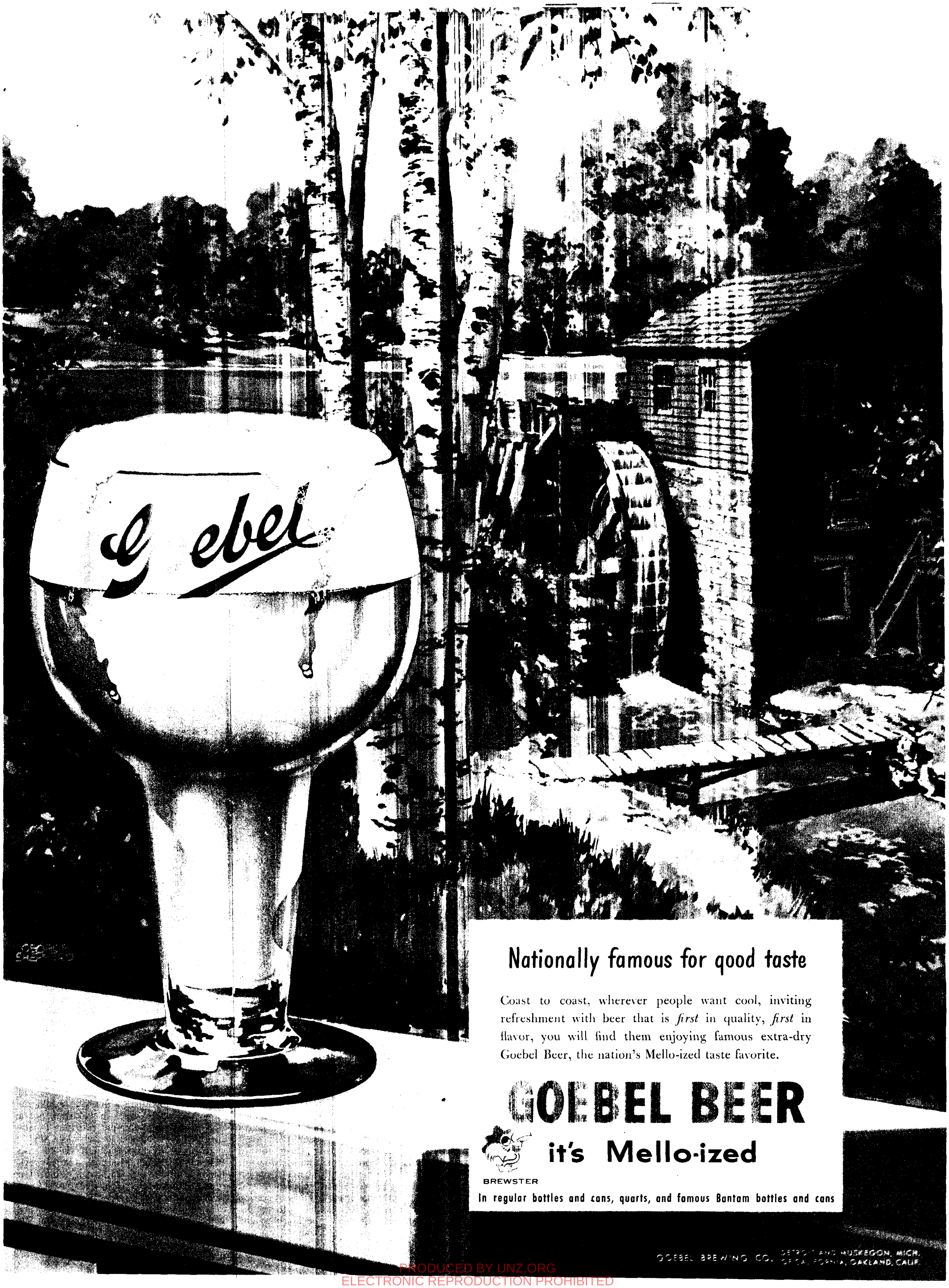
I know my mother is thinking of the terrible struggle to get him up in the morning. She is thinking of the confusion of meeting the seven-o'clock train.

"Of course we do, darling," she says. "We miss you dreadfully. But if you should be tied up and can't make it, at least now I won't worry about you, knowing you aren't suffering too much from the heat."

"I see," says my father, very thoughtful. "Of course I have my week ends. I have my two weeks in August. To be absolutely frank with you," says my father, "there is a pretty good chance of my being tied up this week. The boss is going away and you know what that means. But I will see you Friday night for sure."

My mother kisses him. "George," she says, "I want you to know we all appreciate your giving us such a happy summer."

My father sits down in the easy chair and tunes in the television set. "No sacrifice," he says nobly, "is too great for you and the kids." THE END



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Another "Korea" in the Making?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

railroads, the civil service, all were cut to pieces to carry out this partition settlement. This constituted a job of surgery on the living tissue of a country along religious lines, i.e., dividing areas between Pakistan and India depending on the preponderance of Moslems or Hindus.

These are people who had been living together, trading, worshiping, even intermarrying to an extent, resisting together the British "overlord," together going to school, into the army and civil service, suffering together in famines, floods, epidemics over hundreds of years. "Communal" rioting (i.e., violence over religious differences) did erupt now and then, but never too seriously.

With partition, the dam of religious fanaticism broke. Millions of Moslems and Hindus were at one another's throats, 2,000,000 were killed. Ten million people picked up and migrated overnight, Moslems fleeing India, Hindus fleeing Pakistan. Businessmen fled their banks and stores, professional men their ancestral homes, farmers their land. This went on all over the vast subcontinent, but chiefly in the Punjab—in the western part of India—and Bengal, the extreme eastern part.

* * *

At the time of partition, Kashmir and Jammu was an independent "princely state" under British rule. The maharaja, Sir Hari Singh, the legally constituted ruler, elected to go with India; the Prime Minister, Sheik Abdullah, a Moslem, confirmed this allegiance to India. This adherence was challenged bitterly by Pakistan. Moslem tribesmen of the Frontier Provinces of Pakistan raided Kashmir, allegedly at Pakistan's instigation and approval, and Kashmir asked India for help. Since there is no all-weather land route to Srinagar, the mountain-locked capital of Kashmir, except through Pakistan, Nehru flew in Indian soldiers.

Pakistan regular army troops poured in, and fighting became widespread. India called on the Security Council, which arranged a truce. Fighting was suspended, and a "cease fire" line drawn between the opposing armies. It was later agreed all around that a vote of the people of Kashmir should determine where that country belonged—with India or Pakistan. Admiral Chester Nimitz was appointed Plebiscite Administrator for the United Nations.

But no plebiscite has ever been held, for another and even more bitter controversy has arisen over the *conditions* under which order is to be maintained while the plebiscite is held.

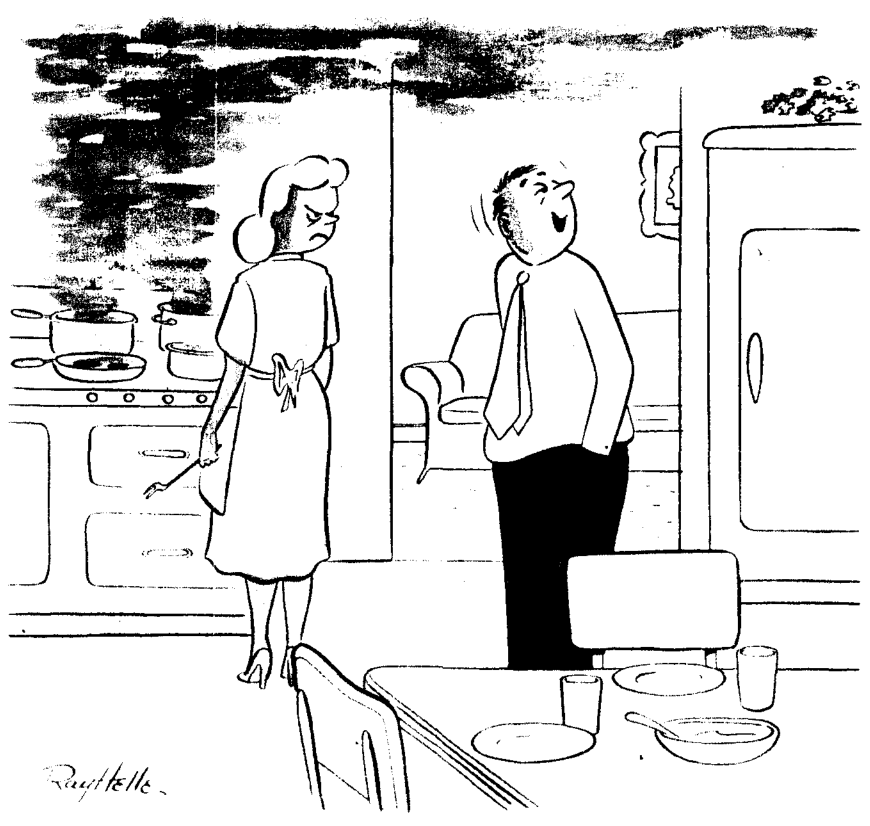
The Pakistanis insist that so long as an Indian army is in Kashmir, the voting would be under coercion. Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, told me in his earnest dignified manner: "In that valley live 2,000,000 simple and timid people, used to the hills. The presence of Indian troops could only be meant to impress upon their minds this thought: 'All this voting (remember voting is a new thing in this new country) is a farce.' Whatever the result of our voting, things will be the same. Why should we make the Indian troops our enemies? But Mr. Nehru refuses to withdraw the troops, which means he is not prepared to permit a free election."

The position of India, on the other hand, is equally positive. The legally constituted authorities of Kashmir, they point out, decided that this independent state would join the Republic of India. Under the Constitution of India security and communications within any of the states and provinces are the responsibility of the central government of India. The raids of the tribesmen, at Pakistan's instigation, led the local Kashmir authorities to appeal to the Indian central government for troops. Those troops are there because Kashmir asked for them, as is her right as a state of the sovereign Republic of India.

India is quite agreeable to a plebiscite, and will abide by the result. But while Pakistan's "tools," the tribesmen, threaten the peace and security of Kashmir, Indian troops must stay and shall stay. In the meantime, the people of Kashmir have every right, India asserts, to set up their own Assembly to govern the internal affairs of their state, as an integral part of the Republic of India.

This so-called "demilitarization" issue has been fought up and down and back and forth in the Security Council, the General Assembly, and in an endless exchange of arguments within the subcontinent. But a more inflammatory issue even than "demilitarization," though little discussed, is involved. That issue is keeping religion out of any plebiscite that may be held.

By the partition, the political division was obviously made on the basis of religion: Hindus to India, Moslems to Pakistan. Kashmir is certainly predominantly Moslem. If religion is the basis, Kashmir would seem to belong to Pakistan.



COLLIER'S "Why should I paint the kitchen ceiling? Nobody ever sees it . . ." RAY HELLE

There can be no doubt that the Pakistanis do regard religion as having a decisive bearing on their claim to Kashmir, and that they would see to it that the prospective voters would be reminded of this. This is frankly admitted; one high Pakistan official was quite candid with me on this point. "What Plebiscite Administration," he said "can keep the question of religion out of the voting? It is part of our Moslem religion that several times a day we are called to prayer. Who is to prevent the call to prayer being sounded in this wise: 'Come to prayer—vote for Islam and prosperity, vote to protect yourselves against the Hindu.'? Can you deny a man his religious freedom, can you interfere with the way in which his religious services are conducted, in the name of a Plebiscite Administrator?" The answer in my own mind was that as a practical matter this could not be prevented.

In New Delhi the Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, in an evening-long conversation with me on Kashmir, made it plain that he opposes and will challenge *any plebiscite in which religion is permitted to be an issue.*

Nehru stated the matter to me in these words: "A question of principle is involved. We are quite ready—indeed we first suggested the idea of a plebiscite; it was sometime later that Pakistan suggested it. We are quite prepared to reduce the size of our forces in Kashmir required to maintain order and prevent a recurrence of tribal violence against the Kashmiri. But the issues in that election must be economic and political, not religious. We will not yield on the matter of the kind of propaganda that goes on in Kashmir. For if that election is permitted to be carried on on religious grounds, then it will cause grave danger throughout India, with implications in every part of this country."

Mr. Nehru continued: "There are today many Hindus in parts of Bengal and elsewhere in Pakistan; there are also millions of Moslems in India. To claim the allegiance to Islam of citizens of India who happen to be Moslems in religion is to set up two kinds of citizens, and this cannot be permitted if India is to survive and if we are to avoid widespread troubles throughout our country.

"If Kashmir decides to go to Pakistan—we shall be disappointed. But that is not the critical issue, and the one on which we shall stand fast. The critical issue is that this determination must not and shall not be on the basis of the religion of those voting. It must be a secular decision."

* * *

No one who visits Pakistan and India as I did recently, who keeps his eyes open to reality, could fail to recognize many unmistakable evidences of threatening war.

One afternoon beyond Ambala our automobile, heading for Nangal, got caught in the middle of a convoy of Indian heavy tanks, moving ponderously in their giant motor carriers in a steady stream toward the Pakistan border and the environs of Kashmir. We had hardly managed to get around this convoy when we encountered, coming from that area, a long procession of Indian army trucks, filled with the famous mountain fighters, the Gurkhas and Garhwalis. (The budget of these two poor and hard-pressed new countries allots the major part to military expenditures.)

The Grand Trunk Highway is one of the oldest and most famed roads in the world. For hundreds of years it has been the main artery between Calcutta in the east and Peshawar in the mountainous northwest of India. Now for the first time in centuries that fabled thoroughfare is cut in two, at the Pakistan-Indian border, 12 miles outside the city of Lahore. At this border, I saw military encampments on either side of high barriers. In a narrow, barbed-wire enclosure called No Man's Land old friends and associates—Hindus and Moslems—could talk to one another or transact business only by permission of the soldiery.

While I was in Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, in mid-February, a gathering of Moslem leaders, known as Motamar-e-Alam-e-Islami, was being held there. What was said in the open sessions is representative of declarations and resolutions throughout the Moslem world. For example, Dr. Moustafa Sabai, chief delegate of Syria, assured the Pakistanis that the whole Moslem world is behind them in the Kashmir issue, and warned them not to place any reliance on the UN or the Anglo-American bloc: "In the valleys of Kashmir," he said, "it is not Pakistan alone which has her honor at stake, but the whole Moslem world."

The leader of the delegation representing the tribal territory of Pakistan on the western borders of Kashmir promised the Motamar "that the services of the 35 lakhs (3,500,000) of tribesmen would be always available to further the cause of Islam" in Kashmir or elsewhere, and that the tribesmen "would not take rest till their Kashmiri brethren were liberated."

* * *

Even though heated words, of which these are typical, should not be taken literally, nevertheless in the light of recent history it would be foolhardy to ignore the risk of a "holy war" of vast proportions over Kashmir. Nor can anyone dismiss the likelihood that with the Moslem world arrayed against her, India would seek allies, and thus widen the conflict; nor that Red Russia and Red China would cultivate the opportunity for Communism all this added turmoil in Asia would provide. The consequences of such a war upon the hopeful and constructive trends in Pakistan and in India are painful to contemplate.

Pakistan is a country that is moving toward the kind of modern outlook that in a brief span of years transformed a past-ridden Turkey into a forward-looking nation, a bulwark of strength to the free world. Democracy and democratic ways now have a great foothold in this new nation of Pakistan. Her people, with great courage, have surmounted amazing difficulties these past four years. She has survived a stupid economic war against her by her big neighbor India; has made headway in the emancipation of women from their thirteenth-century status; is developing irrigation, agriculture and industry with an energy and practical approach that is inspiring to see.

The Pakistanis as individuals are a delightful people, approachable, friendly, charming in manner and custom; their diplomatic representatives in the United States and at the UN are exceptionally able and attractive individuals. But war would reverse the whole trend in Pakistan, put a stop to development, put religious fanaticism and reactionaries in the saddle.

In his study in Karachi, I visited with Pakistan's Prime Minister, Liaquat Ali Khan, a mild-mannered lawyer, a partition refugee from western United Provinces and east Punjab, very Western in dress, appearance and speech. Liaquat never raised his voice, never spoke in bitterness. But his resolution was plain, and what he said, when he put the case for Pakistan, was as strong as words could make it:

"With the best of good will on the part of Mr. Nehru and myself, with two armies facing each other, and with the background that exists, the danger of war is a real danger. Remember that in the back of the minds of our troops and our people are the half-million Moslem refugees [from India, who fled after partition] who still lie in camps, such as those you have seen here today in Karachi. There is the background of this bloodshed, the denial of a plebiscite, the abuses and irritations and economic measures India has taken against us. How can this go on? It can't go on.

"Kashmir is very important, is vital to Pakistan; to India it is what you might call a luxury; with us it is a vital necessity of our survival. Kashmir, as you will see from this map, is like a cap on the head of Pakistan. If I allow India to have this cap on our head, then I am always at the mercy of India. Then the sacrifices of millions will have been in vain.

"The very position—the strategic position of Kashmir—is such that without it Pakistan cannot defend herself against an unscrupulous government that might come in India. Nehru is not going to live forever. How do I know what may happen tomorrow in India? And bear in mind that there is a large element in India that does not yet accept the partition of India, that still plans to undo that partition. We of Pakistan would never, never permit the reuniting of the country under Hindu domination; a single government for the whole of the subcontinent is intolerable. For us it would be Hindu rule and Hindu domination.

"We might as well fight in Kashmir—that is my conclusion. Otherwise the next time it will be east Bengal—and so on to the dissolution of Pakistan."

It is my own conviction that the controversy over Kashmir has been so heated that the real issue between Pakistan and India has largely been lost sight of.

The real issue is *not* the plebiscite, but how best to prevent war between Pakistan and India; how best to promote and insure peace and a sense of community in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent; how best to avoid a UN situation that will create another, though different, "Korea." In this new "Korea," religious fanaticism would be substituted for Communist fanaticism, but the result for the UN (and hence the U.S.A.) would be similar—commitment of armed forces to enforce its decrees.

I submit that if preventing war between Pakistan and India over Kashmir, if peace and unity in Indo-Pakistan is the real purpose and the real issue, rather than the narrow one of counting noses in Kashmir, a plebiscite at this time might contribute to rather than discourage war.

India has made it clear that she will reduce but not withdraw all her troops from Kashmir, which she regards as legally Indian territory; and Pakistan will not go into a plebiscite so long as Indian troops are there. Hence if there is to be a plebiscite, the UN will have to force it. This is a bad way to promote good relations.

* * *

It is moreover, in my opinion, imprudent that any American, even such eminent men as Dr. Frank Graham, United Nations Mediator for Kashmir, and Admiral Nimitz, be asked to serve at this stage. American stock in that part of the world is not so high that we can afford to injure our prestige further, as we are bound to, by sending Americans into a dispute that, *on its present assumptions,* is hopeless of solution. The United States should be wise enough to insist that an Asian country send one of its leading citizens on such a mission, if the mission cannot be avoided.

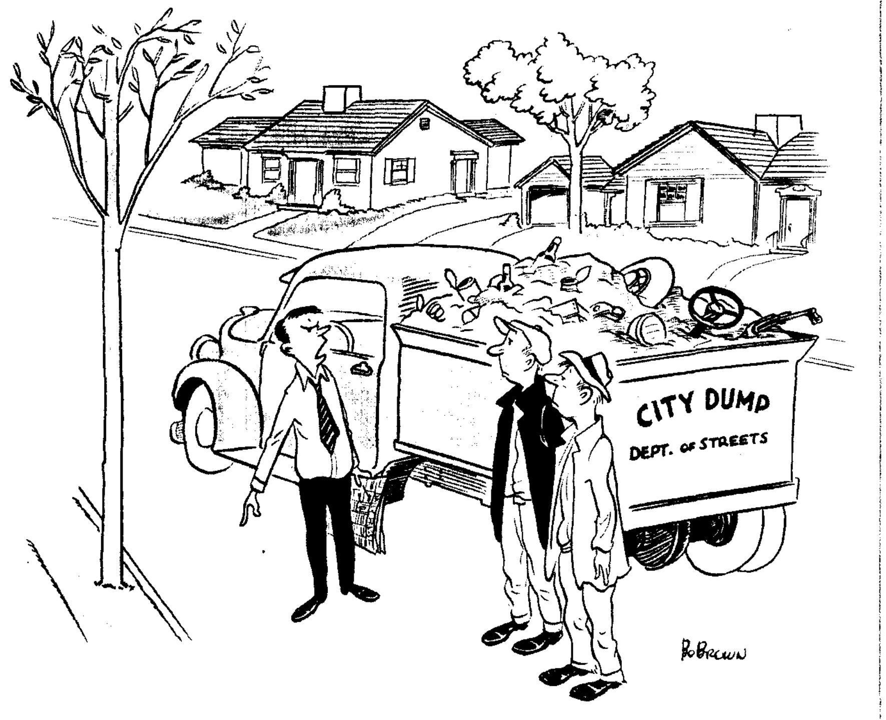
The Kashmir issue, *as an issue in itself,* may not be solvable, now, short of war. But the surrounding tensions can be reduced, one by one. It may then be possible to solve the matter of Kashmir's political future.

There have been bitter disputes between India and Pakistan about such things as the use of water, and property settlement, and the abduction of women, resulting from the mass migrations after partition. There is the memory of massacres by both Hindus and Moslems. These are not an integral part of the Kashmir dispute, although they have become part of it. Kashmir has come to embody and symbolize the distrust and fear, an aftermath of partition, existing between Pakistan and India.

Into this emotionally surcharged atmosphere, it seems to me vitally important to remove the emphasis from the present idea of a plebiscite and to introduce a new and simple concrete idea.

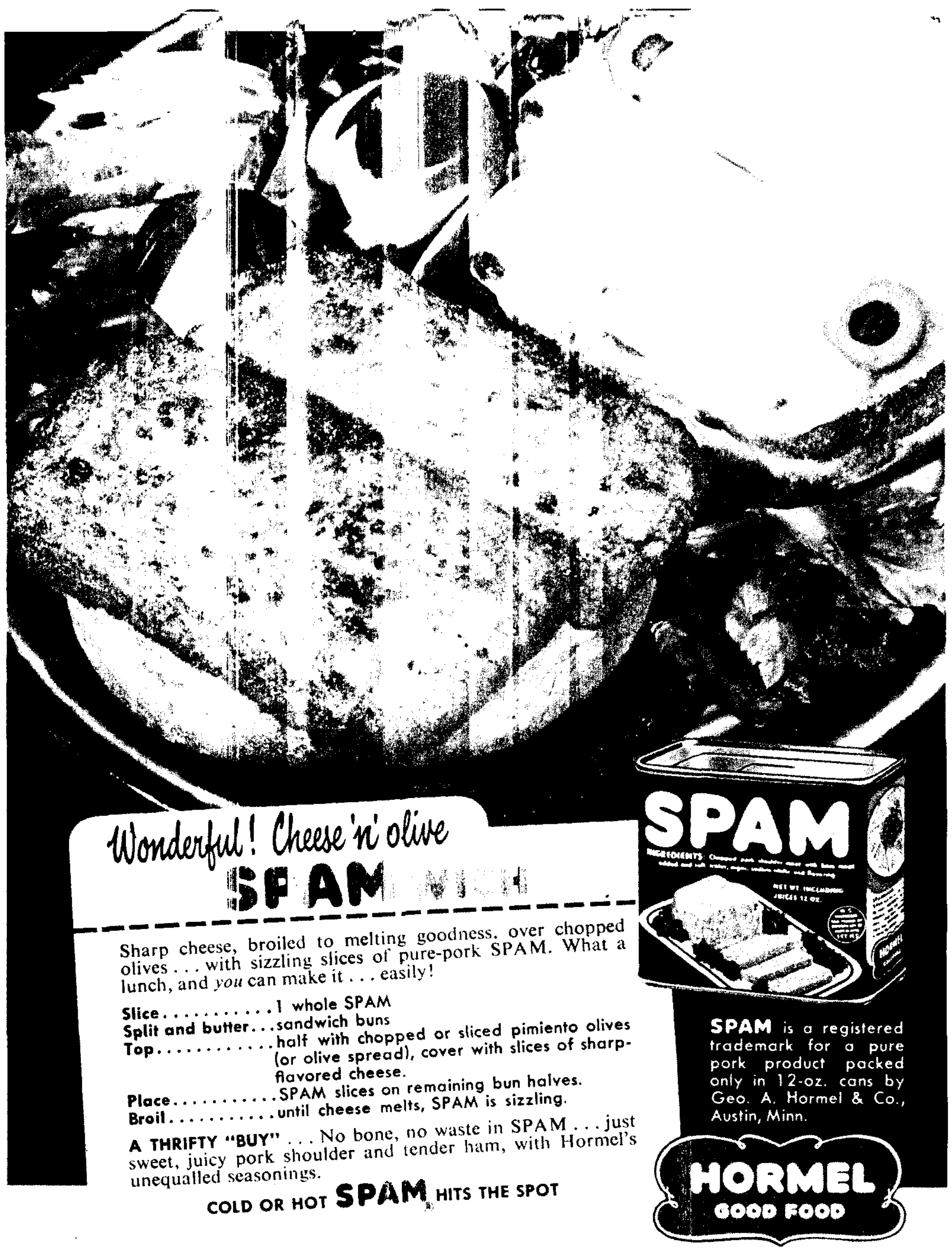
The practical procedure in my judgment should be not the adjudicating of a dispute between two enemies, whether before the World Court or a board of arbitrators, but the setting up of proper living conditions between brothers in the same household. Two people once united are now separated by extraneous things. The natural bonds uniting them are still far greater than the artificial barriers separating them.

The steps I suggest as an alternative



"Don't give me that stuff! There was a 1926 convertible sitting right here not five minutes ago!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN



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must, however, be predicated upon the fullest acceptance on all sides of substantially these two propositions:

(A) That the partition of the subcontinent into Pakistan and India is accepted as a final and permanent thing. If Pakistan feels that India or the United Nations or the U.S.A. is seeking by indirection to return Pakistan (piecemeal, perhaps) to India, she will meet every proposal with distrust and fear.

(B) That Pakistan and India do not accept an armed truce as the natural relation, but that they integrate their economic and cultural life, and become dependent on each other as neighbors, as are Canada and the United States, for instance.

* * *

There are problems between the countries on which a solution can be reached; these should be separated from the Kashmir dispute and dealt with separately. Once these are on the way to settlement, the result should be lessening of the existing antagonisms. To some extent Moslems would then return to their former homes in India and Hindus to Pakistan, if conditions guaranteed security of the minority.

Two of these other causes of trouble have already been largely eliminated. Trade relations were resumed, on a temporary basis, when India accepted, a few months ago, the Pakistan rupee's value at higher than the Indian rupee. This trade agreement should be made permanent and expanded. The return of the women abducted *by either side during the partition riots and* migrations of 1947 and 1950 is also well under way.

Efforts to remove the most serious cause of friction and fear—the dispute over water for irrigation—have made no headway; conditions have indeed become worse as each month and each growing season has gone by.

The partition gave the major part of the irrigated lands of the Punjab and Sind to Pakistan; but the headwaters of some of the largest irrigation canals that feed Pakistan were left with India or Kashmir. All the rivers upon which Pakistan depends for life *originate* in India or Kashmir. Two thirds of the entire water supply originates in Kashmir, where the snow-fed Indus rises. This crucial and determinative aspect of the "Kashmir issue" is rarely referred to; it is not even an issue before the United Nations.

Why the flow of the Punjab's lifeblood was so carelessly handled in the partition no one seems to know.

Pakistan includes some of the most productive food-growing lands in the world in western Punjab (the Kipling country) and the Sind. But without *water for irrigation* this would be desert, 20,000,000 acres would dry up in a week, tens of millions would starve. No army, with bombs and shellfire, could devastate a land as thoroughly as Pakistan could be devastated by the simple expedient of India's permanently shutting off the sources of water that keep the fields and the people of Pakistan alive. India has never threatened such a drastic step, and indeed denies any such intention —but the power is there nonetheless.

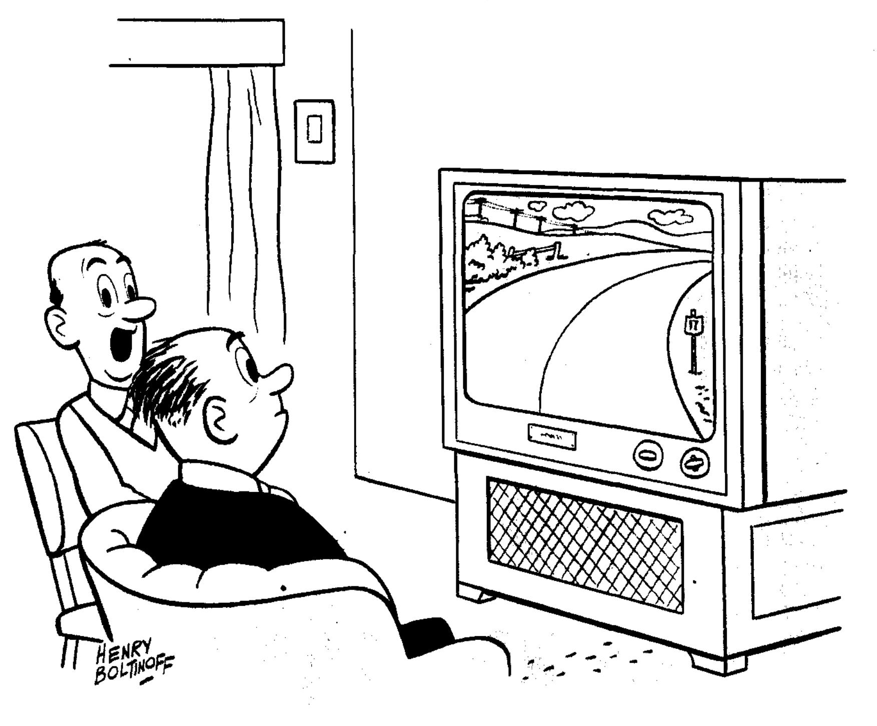
Except during the brief monsoon rains which run off in violence and torrent, there is almost no rain in Pakistan or in the adjoining part of India, the area that is a part of the basin of the great Indus River, which is made up of six tributaries. Life depends upon irrigation canals, some of them hundreds of years old. Not only farms depend on irrigation; as great a city as Lahore takes her drinking water from a canal.

I saw the source of water supply for Lahore and the surrounding farming country near the border when (probably for some operating reason) India had cut down the flow; every passer-by could see how low the canal's waters had fallen. An hour later I talked to Pakistanis so furious and worried they were ready to fight with their bare hands. Later in the day, the waters were up again; but the fear was still there. In the spring of 1948, during international negotiations as to the allocation of water for irrigation, India cut off most of the supply of water to Pakistan for a month, causing distress, loss of crops and general disruption. This rankles and makes Pakistan fearful of the future.

But India, too, must have more water or starve.

The partition gave India almost none of the canals and irrigation systems, and little irrigated land compared with her needs. Out of 22,000,000 acres now irrigated in the Indus Basin, Pakistan has 18,000,000, India about 5,000,000; yet India has 20,000,000 people in the Indus Basin, almost as many as Pakistan's 22,000,000. There are 35,000,000 more acres in India's part of the Indus Basin which *if irrigated* could raise food and do a good job of it. So India is going full speed ahead with canals, headworks and dams that will divert the flow of upstream water to irrigate as many of these 35,000,000 acres as possible.

The Pakistanis naturally view with the greatest alarm the major new irrigation and water-power development program of the Indians. Most of this new withdrawal of water will come from rivers or canals within India which would otherwise flow on to Pakistan. I visited one dam that had already been completed; and another, Bhakra, that is planned to be higher than Hoover Dam, and able to store, i.e., hold, the entire flow of the Sutlej River for a year. There are many smaller structures.



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* * *

At Ferozepore, for example, there is an important diversion dam (called a "headworks" in irrigation parlance) which lies just within India along the Sutlej River, a river on which millions of Pakistanis depend for life. It has been reported that India proposes to abandon this headworks and build a new one farther upstream. This will have the likely result (as things now stand) that more than 5,000,000 acres of Pakistan's irrigated land would be without enough water to sustain life, or even enough for drinking water.

Pakistanis say this will deny them water to which they have a legal and moral right. India says it is her water, her dam and that her people must eat, too.

So has arisen a bitter controversy, one that involves life itself for 42,000,000 people.

It is pure dynamite, a Punjab powder keg. Peace in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent is not in sight with these inflammables lying around. Unless a better answer on water is soon forthcoming, *even if the Kashmir plebiscite could be held,* peace would not come.

An affirmative solution of the water problem can create an atmosphere that may make settlement of the Kashmir dispute possible on some basis not even now thought of because of the bitterness and sterility of the present argument.

I suggest that this unnecessary controversy can be solved by common sense and engineering, to the benefit of all the people who live by the waters of the Indus River.

Less than 20 per cent of the water of the Indus Basin is now put to use for irrigation; most of the waters of the six life-giving rivers of the Indus Basin flow to the Arabian Sea unused. If this wasted water, or even a large fraction of it is put to use, both India's needs and Pakistan's needs could be more than met.

India's present course of drawing more and more water from the upstream of these rivers will injure Pakistan and endanger the peace.

Pakistan's position—that she has the *legal* right to the uninterrupted flow of water, a right to a share of waters stored by India's dams upstream—is quite inadequate for this great issue, however sound her legal claim might be if the dispute were between two farmers asserting their private rights. The International Court of Justice might decide the legal issue in Pakistan's favor if India agreed to submit it.

But this would not bring peace, for India's food problem would still be on her back. Such a legal decision would not prevent the waste of most of the precious waters of the Indus, it would further antagonize India, and certainly it would not start these two countries down the road of active partnership in developing their common resource, the six rivers on which their millions depend for their livelihood and their future. But Pakistan's position, though inadequate, should be the *starting point,* should be accepted as a minimum, without question.

The starting point should be, then, to set to rest Pakistan's fears of deprivation and a return to desert. Her present use of water should be confirmed by India, *provided* she works together with India (as I believe she would) in a joint use of this truly international river basin on an engineering basis that would also (as the facts make clear it can) assure India's future use as well.

The urgent problem is how to store up now wasted waters, so they can be fed down and distributed by engineering works and canals, and used by both countries, rather than permitted to flow to the sea unused. This is not a religious or political problem, but a feasible engineering and business problem for which there is plenty of precedent and relevant experience.

This objective, however, cannot be achieved by the countries working separately; the river pays no attention to partition—the Indus, she "just keeps rolling along," through Kashmir and India and Pakistan. The whole Indus system must be developed as a unit—designed, built and operated as a unit, as is the seven-state TVA system back in the U.S.

Jointly financed (perhaps with World Bank help) an Indus Engineering Corporation, with representation by technical men of India, Pakistan and the World Bank, can readily work out an operating scheme for storing water wherever dams can best store it, and for diverting and distributing water.

Once the scheme is designed, the works can be operated by an Indo-Pakistan Agency, or by a supranational international agency such as the Schuman Plan provides in Europe, or by some special corporation like the Port of New York Authority, or some comparable scheme.

Such a plan could certainly be financed, for this now worthless unirrigated land would, with water, become immensely productive and valuable; the increased value of the land, now owned by the respective governments, would be enough to base financing.

* * *

Such planning of the water resources (and the accompanying potential electric power) of the Indus Basin is nothing new; it was for generations largely a function of British-trained Indian engineers of the state of Punjab. They saw the river basin as a unit, as it is in nature. Then partition, a politico-religious instrument, fell like an ax, and colleagues who had worked together all their lives, elbow to elbow, separated because they were Hindu and Sikh, or Moslem. Partition did not repeal engineering or professional principles among these engineers; it merely made them secondary, for a time, to politics and emotion.

This proposal I make would draw upon the professional sense and honor of the men, both in Pakistan and India, whom I got to know, as I traveled with them and visited with them in their homes and on construction sites. I am convinced that they are quite capable of working together again. It was touching to see how homesick the Hindu and Sikh engineers who fled Pakistan are for their ancestral home in Lahore and their old associates.

The same thing I found true of the Pakistanis who fled Delhi or other places in India. When the partition rioting began, Hindu engineers helped their Moslem colleagues and vice versa, hid them, fed them, got them safely on their way. Their loyalty is now to their new countries. But from what I have seen of them and from my knowledge of technical men anywhere, they can also be loyal to this job of making a river basin go to work for *both* of their countries, as a joint venture.

Working together on a common project that is not political but functional, a part of life, and based on technical skill and human need, is the way to inject a creative decent note into the rapidly degenerating quarrel between Pakistan and India over Kashmir. The endless and futile arguments on political issues, such as plebiscites and the legalisms about reference to the International Court of Justice of rights to existing supplies of water, serve only to inflame these controversies, or create new ones; they "solve" nothing.

These people will live or die by the way they handle the waters of the Indus River *and its six parts. Properly handled, the* river has plenty of water for everyone. With a mutual project under way, with these brothers again working together on big things, then the political issue of Kashmir may be solvable, the UN's heavy commitment discharged without force, and "another Korea" prevented. THE END

Point Venus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Marianna and she jumped lightly down from the saddle. "Poriri! All of you! You shouldn't have come—you know the danger."

The others were crowding about her, the men shaking her hand, the girls kissing her on the cheeks. "We had to give you our farewells, Marianna. We couldn't let you go away without that," Poriri said.

The girls took the soft, fragrant wreaths of flowers from their arms and threw them over her head, settling them about her neck. The men were transferring the bundles from their horses to Jonas' and Marianna's saddles. There was a suckling pig, a long plaited sack of oranges, a bunch of mountain plantains. "It is too much," Marianna said. "You shouldn't have brought me all these things."

Poriri looked at her seriously. "We could never give too much to you, Marianna."

She blinked rapidly, and her eyes were very bright as she answered, "There is still some flour and sugar and tea in the mission storeroom. I left it there for all of you—Teaui will show you where. Take everything—leave nothing for the French. Take something to everyone, if you can, as a gift of love from me."

How easy she was with these people, Jonas thought, how released from whatever it was that controlled her when she was her cool, English self. These were her old playmates, he realized suddenly, her real friends. Reluctantly, he reached out and touched her arm. "I'm sorry, Marianna, but we must be on our way if we're to reach Papeete before dark."

He helped her into her saddle, and she leaned down, shaking hands with each of them again, her face vivid with tenderness. One of the girls looked up at her mischievously. "With all those flowers and gifts you look like a bridal couple. When is the wedding, Marianna?"

Jonas turned to mount his horse, as if he had not heard. "I'd be an old woman if I waited for Jonas," Marianna said lightly. "Wish me better luck than that."

Good girl, he thought, relaxing; you deserve better luck—someone who's neither a prig like Johnson, nor a bloody fool for freedom, like myself.

As they rode slowly away, Marianna raised a wreath of creamy white flowers to her lips, breathing in their fragrance and murmuring, "Aren't they beautiful?"

"Sometimes I wonder, Marianna," Jonas said, "if you are not more Tahitian than Puritan."

She turned to take a last look at the familiar landscape of Point Venus. Her words came back to him faintly on the wind. "Sometimes I wonder myself."

THE inn, a modest wooden bungalow near the beach on the eastern curve of Papeete Bay, was almost hidden from the road by the great trees that surrounded it. The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Buelle, were a quiet, respectable couple who would have seemed far more at home in a village tavern in their native England than in this tropical setting.

Outside of Marianna, the only permanent guests at the inn were Anthony and Lily Nicholls, who occupied one wing of the bungalow. Her own little house, covered with flowering vines, was about a hundred paces nearer the beach. It had only one room, which served as bed and sitting room, and a tiny veranda, but it was neat and attractive. With the books and personal things she had brought in from Matavai, it already seemed quite homelike.

After two weeks her days had settled into a quiet pattern. The mornings were the best, when for four hours she taught in the frame schoolhouse next to Mr. Thomson's church. She felt almost at home then, in the same comfortable routine she had known for so long; and had it not been for Mr. Thomson's strict insistence on more catechisms than she or her father had ever thought necessary, and his frequent, unexpected visits to the schoolroom, when he stood soberly observant, watching her from the doorway, she might have been back in Matavai again. So far he had always nodded approvingly and slipped away again, but there was something about his silent appearances there that made her a little uneasy. Still, he was a good man, and his strict conscience, his rigid concepts of duty, were after all what had kept him from deserting to England as Richard Johnson and the others were doing.

AFTER lunch at the inn, there were the long, quiet hours of the afternoon to get through. Sometimes she went to see Mrs. Pritchard, to help her in her packing up for England, sometimes she called on Mrs. Truelove or Mrs. Thomson, to sew and chat with them. More frequently Lily Nicholls came over to her cottage, and settled down on the veranda to gossip.

Lily had been touchingly glad to see her. Without resentment, Marianna realized that Lily's warm welcome was merely a reflection of her unhappiness; Lily was clutching at anything that would help her through the pointless and terrible ennui of her days. It was impossible to approve of Lily, who brightened into animation only at dinnertime when her breath was heavy with brandy, but it was impossible not to feel sorry for her, too. Anthony was away more and more often, and it was known to everyone in Papeete that his trips to oversee his plantation in Moorea were merely pretexts to visit the native mistress he had there. Presumably Lily's profound indifference to him was deep enough to encompass that knowledge too.

Marianna had seen very little of Jonas since she'd come to town, although his schooner, the Moana, was moored little more than a stone's throw from the beach in front of her cottage, and she frequently glimpsed him working about the deck, or rowing to shore in his dinghy. Occasionally he had dinner at the inn, sitting at one of the two long tables on the veranda with her and the Nichollses. He was always friendly, but he had not troubled to come to see her; and she told herself, the familiar resentment rising again, that now he had got her safely settled, he considered his duty to her discharged.

This afternoon, as she brushed out her hair, she found herself wondering, as she always did at this hour, whether he would be on the veranda when she went over for her evening meal. Dinner was at five thirty at the inn, so that everyone could be in his own quarters by evening gunfire at seven—a mandate of the French martial law.

She was the first to take her place at their table this evening. At the next long table down the veranda, five or six French officers and officials, who dined there nearly every night, were already seated. They all jumped politely to their feet and made her their customary bows, to which she replied with a cool, "Good evening."

Beyond their quick and animated chatter she could hear Jonas' low voice talking to Mr. Buelle in the room behind the veranda that served as bar and parlor. She was still alone at the table when he came out and took the chair beside her. "Hello. It's good to find you here. How's life in town by now? Is it bearable?"

"I'm bearing it," she said, "but I'm afraid I'm a rustic at heart."

"I am too." He leaned toward her. "I know how you've been feeling, Marianna. Damn it all, I miss your father constantly. He was the wisest man I ever knew."

The sympathy in his voice, the sincerity of his words, moved her more than she dared to show. She looked at him without speaking, and nodded her head.

"I've been wanting to talk to you," he went on, "but the Moana has kept me work-

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ing like a slave. Is your cottage all right? Is Thomson giving you enough freedom to teach school the way you want to?"

"Everything is fine," she said. "I'm sorry the schooner is so demanding."

"There's no tyrant like a small boat. A wife could be no worse. Have you noticed the new foresail? I'm going to try it out someday, outside the reef. Perhaps you'd like to come along."

"I'd love to," she said, a little breathlessly. "I haven't sailed along the reef for a year or more."

Just then Lily Nicholls came rustling along the veranda, dressed in crimson silk, her rounded arms and neck bare, her dark curls piled coquettishly on top of her small head. As Jonas helped her into the chair opposite her, Marianna saw that Lily's eyes were very bright, and that there was a trace of rouge on her smooth cheeks.

"I'm sorry to interrupt this charming tête-à-tête," Lily said, "but, after all, I cannot starve."

"You're rather late for one so hungry, Lily," Jonas said.

"I've been hunting for my comb," Lily replied peevishly. "Anthony's off to Moorea again, and doubtless has it in his pocket. I hope the Moorean beauty he gives it to will properly appreciate it."

It was the first time she had ever spoken so openly of Anthony's peccadilloes.

"Lily," Jonas said lightly, "you show a touching confidence in your husband's behavior. Are you always so harsh in your judgment of men?"

Lily gave him a long look across the table. "I've had few reasons not to be."

Miatu, the inn's newest servant, came out with a tray of soup bowls, splashing one down at each place, and giggling as she brushed against Jonas' sleeve.

"Jonas," Lily said abruptly, "your hair wants cutting."

"I can't believe you're right," he said. "Marianna, help me out. Do you think I need my hair cut?"

Marianna didn't look up from her soup. "I hadn't noticed," she said.

How churlish her voice had sounded! She found herself wishing that Anthony Nicholls were back again, sodden and surly though he might be. Anything was better than this role of middleman between Lily's coquettish rudenesses and Jonas' amusedly tolerant efforts to side-step them.

For the rest of the meal she said little, and when at last Miatu came out to gather up the dishes, she felt as if it were an escape to bid them good night and cross over the lawn to her lonely little house.

AFTER evening gunfire, at seven, an unnatural stillness descended upon the village, broken occasionally by the sharp barking of a dog as the patrolling sentries passed. Only the French were free to come and go as they pleased. Everyone else, native or foreigner, had to remain in his own house, and receive no visitors.

For Marianna, it was the hardest time of all. It was useless to try to read or sew for very long; the coconut-oil lamps gave out too feeble a light for that. In desperation, she had formed the habit of going to bed very early each evening and waking with the dawn, but there was always a black hour or two to be faced every night after dinner when sleep was still beyond her reach.

During those hours her daytime mask of serenity slipped away, leaving her faced with an aching and unbearable loneliness. This evening, as the twilight deepened, she put down her book and sat staring before her. Shortly before seven, Jonas passed by and waved good night to her; from the shadows of her veranda she watched him row out to the Moana, climb aboard, and hang a lantern from the mainmast.

There was a small and selfish comfort in that light; it told her that he, too, was alone. Perhaps even Jonas, behind his swagger, behind the amused, sardonic face he turned upon the world, knew his own moments of loneliness and despair.

For a long time she sat there, watching the stars emerge from the blackening sky. Here, in the quiet dark, there was no escape from the knowledge that had been haunting her so long. I love him, she thought tiredly; of course I love him. I've always loved him.

When she went inside, her last look was for the lantern, glowing across the water.

She waked up at cockcrow the next morning, got up, put on her dressing gown and went out to the veranda to sniff the early morning air. The lantern on Jonas' schooner had burned out during the night, and the spars were barely distinguishable against the gray sky. The sound of a soft and cautious splashing in the water at the side of the boat attracted her attention, and she peered out through the murky dimness.

Presently she could see that a small outrigger canoe had pushed away from the Moana and that someone was paddling quietly to the beach. There was no one else about as the canoe's occupant stepped out into the shallows and pulled the little craft up on the sandy beach. Marianna moved back into the shadows and watched the small figure cross the beach to the lawn in front of the inn. She could see now that it was a woman—a girl with a *pareu* wrapped tightly about her body in the native style. Miatu, she thought, with a sick feeling of revulsion—stupid, giggling Miatu, with her flat round face and her slim, animal body.

But as the woman came closer, Marianna saw that it was not Miatu, that the girl's face was pale. Lily Nicholls, of course! Lily, disguised as a native girl, slipping furtively across the lawn and letting herself, with practiced quietness, into the door to her rooms. So this was the lost and pathetic Lily whom she had pitied! This was how Jonas passed the long hours when she had felt so close to him in loneliness!

Marianna turned toward her doorway, sick and trembling. Clumsily, she groped her way across the room to the bed, and lay down, her face against the pillow, tasting the bitter salt of tears on her lips.

WHENEVER a ship sailed away from the island, those left behind were forcefully and rather unpleasantly reminded of the insular character of their lives. In an hour of farewells to friends who in all likelihood would never return, Tahiti had a dismaying way of shrinking from a complete and absorbing world to a mere pin point of unimportant land surrounded by vast seas, and no one felt quite comfortable again until the ship had sailed out of sight.

The sense of being apart from the rest of the world, of being left behind, had never been stronger in Marianna than when she watched the brig, Feejee, which was to take the departing missionaries to Valparaiso, draw up its anchor. The knowledge that she herself could have been among those leaving only intensified its sharpness. There was no one aboard, save Mrs. Pritchard and her children, whose absence she would regret, but her mind went straining after the things they would see—the great continents, the changing weathers and, above all, England. To Marianna, who had never been farther than the island of Raiatea, a hundred and twenty miles to the northwest, England was as familiar as the words and pictures in her favorite books, and as hard to visualize accurately as the kingdom of heaven.

Well, she had rejected England and had clung, with what might be more fright than bravery, to all that was familiar. But the bitterness of the past month, since the morning she had seen Lily steal back from Jonas' schooner, mocked at her choice.

She let her gaze slide along the faces lining the Feejee's taffrail. Mrs. Pritchard and her children, Mr. Howe, Mr. Jesson, Mr. Buchanan, Richard Johnson . . . Richard was looking the other way.

At a light touch on her elbow, Marianna turned her head. Jonas was standing there, looking at her gravely.

"Are you sorry you're not aboard?"

"Should I be?" she asked defensively.

He looked down at her, his heavy eyebrows arching a trifle. "I hope not," he said. "We need you here."

She looked out at the ship. "So you have said. But I don't know why." Her voice was very low.

"You've given me small chance to tell you why," he said. "It's quite obvious you've been avoiding me for the past few weeks. And when we do meet, you're cool and distant as the Andes. What's the matter? What have I done?"

A dull flush crept into her cheeks. He had done nothing that she had any right to criticize; she could in no way make demands on him or try to regulate his behavior. "Nothing, of course." She turned toward him, making an effort to speak lightly. "It must be my pedagogic manner."

"Ah," he said roughly, "I know you better than that." He took her arm, felt it stiffen at his touch, and let it go abruptly. "I was going to suggest that we walk back to the inn together, if you've nothing better to do."

Unexpectedly, she murmured, "Nothing could be better."

HE GLANCED at her sharply and then laughed. "That's handsome enough—for the moment. But I expect enormous docility from now on to make up for your past rudenesses."

"I didn't intend to be rude," she said.

"No one could have been ruder—not even I. What's more, I was forced to try out the new foresail with only my sailor, Farenui, to admire it." They turned their backs to the Feejee and started toward the green shade of the trees on the other side of the road. "Never mind," Jonas continued. "By way of punishing you, I've appointed you chief agent in the newly organized Truelove-Burkham espionage service. You haven't given me a chance to tell you, Marianna, that you are now a spy."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"You may well ask," he said portentously, "because your life is in my hands. Unless you're kind to me I'll turn you over to the French authorities."

"What are my duties? Only to be kind?"

"That's the most important one," he said, smiling. "Let's wait till we're back at the inn to discuss the others."

When he had sat down beside her on her little veranda, Jonas told her of the arrangement he had made with Mr. Truelove, the British merchant for whom he had worked when he first came to Tahiti. "Ostensibly, I'll be working for him again—using my schooner to take his goods to the other islands, and helping him in the warehouse. Actually, we'll be doing all we can to get supplies to the people in the mountain camps and establish some sort of communication between them and the queen."

Queen Pomare, after months aboard the little British ship, Basilisk, had at last been granted permission to go, with her family, to Raiatea, one of the neighboring islands. Her followers in the fortified camps, as Marianna knew, sometimes managed to slip by the French outposts and come into town, carrying messages and gathering information to take back to their leaders. Since the lull in the fighting, there had been quite a number of them—ordinary people who would not be suspect even if they were observed.

"That's where we need you, Marianna—you know so many of the natives well, and if someone like Teaui, for instance, came to town, nothing would be more natural than for her to see you. If they all came to Truelove or me, the game would be up. But you can be a liaison between us, and if we're careful, I don't think it will look suspicious. There will be a certain risk," Jonas said gravely, "and I hate to think of exposing you to it. Think it over."

"I have decided," she said. "The risk is nothing. I'd welcome the chance to see my old friends, and if I can be of use to them, nothing would make me happier. What shall I tell them when they come?"

"Everything," he said. "The latest movement of the French, what fortifications are being built, which natives have turned traitor to the queen. Sometimes there'll be more specific information. Next week, for instance, I'm taking a cargo to Raiatea in the Moana—the French have granted me a passport—and on the way back, without their knowledge, I'll run in at Papenoo with some supplies."

"When will that be?"

"In about three weeks, probably. I'll let you know all the details in a day or two."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her. There was a faint flush in her cheeks, a lilt to the curve of her lips, and her dark gray eyes were clear and shining. "You look as if being a spy agreed with you," he said.

"It's the pleasantest assignment I've had in months," she said warmly.

He had got to his feet now. "Good. Did I tell you I was moving?"

"Moving?"

"This afternoon, to the spare room in Dr. Ferguson's house. That way I'll be able to get about the village at night, if necessary. Sleeping aboard the schooner was like being in solitary confinement."

"It must have been unbearably solitary," Marianna said.

The unexpected irony of her tone made him glance sharply at her. The happiness he had seen in her face before was quite erased, her chin was high, and there was a set look to her lips. Heigh-ho, so she knew about Lily, and her missionary blood was roused! "It was not unbearable," he said, "but I think I can be more useful if I have some freedom."

"And freedom is what you're working for, isn't it?"

She had stood up, too, and her eyes, which had been averted, suddenly met his. For an instant their glances locked.

"It's more important to me than anything else," he said. "Good-by."

LILY NICHOLLS sat alone at the dining table on the veranda, automatically taking food from the dishes that Miatu passed to her, and scarcely tasting it after she had put it on her plate. At the next table four or five Frenchmen were chattering. The sound of their voices and laughter filled her with a furious envy. Anthony was in Moorea, Marianna was dining with the Trueloves, Jonas had been away in Raiatea for more than a week, and there was no one, no one, to rescue her from the stifling loneliness that faced her.

She stared out morosely across the quiet shimmer of the bay. If only Jonas were back, they might have had an evening alone together. Yet even if he were here, as things stood between them now, they would no doubt end by quarreling. Her lips tightened, and she picked up her fork. Jonas was becoming impossible. His calm assumption that their affair was merely a convenience to them both had brought them to a point almost of enmity.

Still, anything would be better than this isolation. The easy tears welled into her eyes, and she brushed them hurriedly away with her napkin. At the next table the Frenchmen were getting to their feet; they made her their quick, stiff bows, and all of them, except Captain d'Aubigny, commanding officer of the French corvette, La Meurthe, went down the veranda steps toward the road. D'Aubigny remained, still standing beside the table. As she glanced toward him, he bowed again.

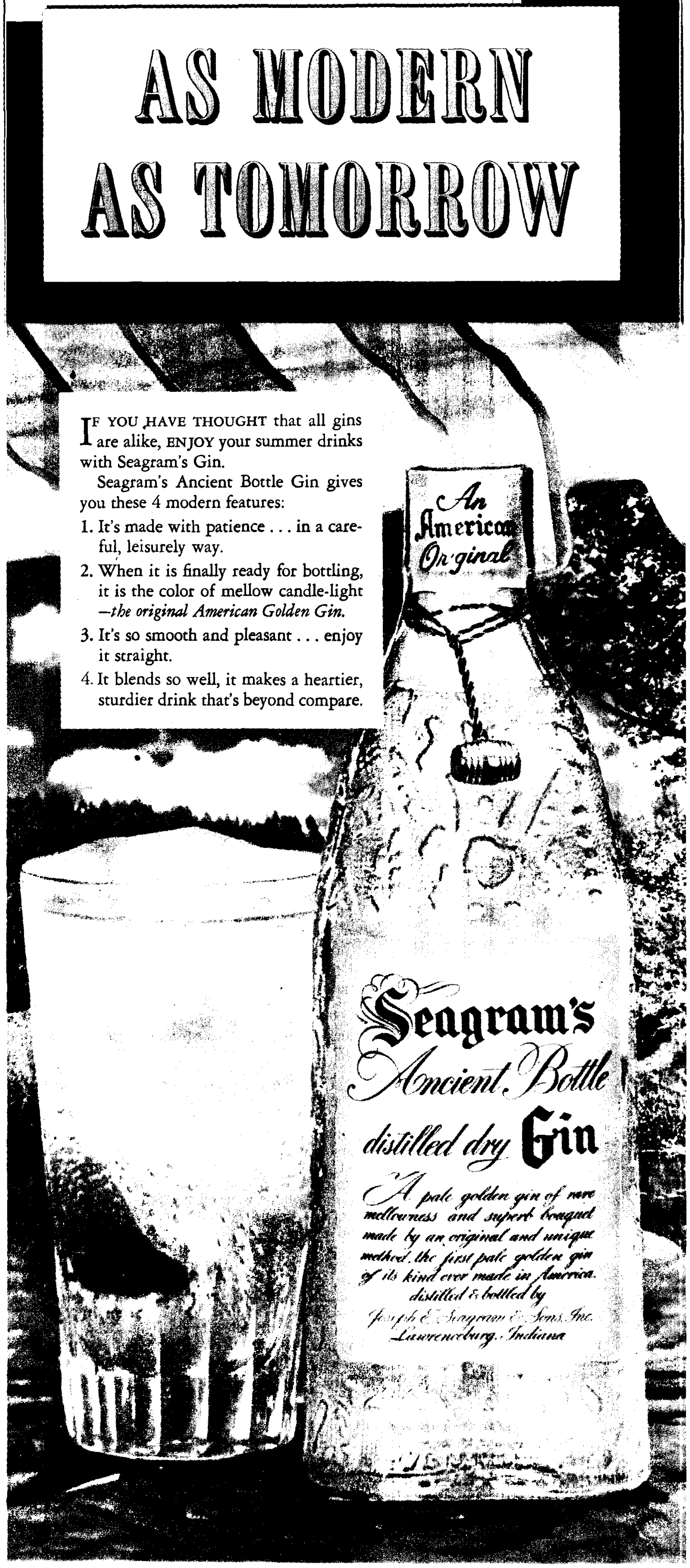
"I beg not to be impolite, madame," he said, stepping toward her, "but would you favor to join me in a glass of wine?"

There was something in his eyes as he looked down at her that made her suddenly alertly aware of the artless perfection of her black curls and of the soft folds of her sprigged muslin gown clinging against the white swell of her breast. She hesitated only for a moment. "If you like," she said.

"If we speak Angleesh," he said, pulling out the chair beside her, "perhaps Madame will be so kind as to help my errors."

"I would be delighted to," Lily said, "but you make so few."

"You deceive me weeth charm," he said. "*Vraiment,* one loses one's language in this savage island. A try for the barbaric Tahitian; a leetle Angleesh for purpose to



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quarrel in; and in my own tongue, only men to talk it. I 'ave lost 'ow to talk to a beautiful lady."

"I don't think you need worry on that score," Lily said.

"So, you are kind, as good as beautiful," he said triumphantly. "Now I am 'appy for the first time in thees barbarism!"

Miatu had come out on the veranda to clear the tables. She stopped short when she saw Lily with D'Aubigny, and cast a dour, resentful glance at the back of Lily's head. D'Aubigny was leaning toward her.

"Tell me you will be kind enough to let me geeve you a leetle glass of cognac."

Lily's glance was a masterpiece of diffident acquiescence. "It would be very nice."

AS HE turned away to explain with gestures to Miatu what he wanted, she studied him obliquely. He was a Frenchman, of course, and naturally she hated the French. He wasn't even a very handsome Frenchman. He was rather small, and his waxed mustache was absurdly precise, but his attempts at English were amusing, and he was trying hard to be agreeable. Surely it could do no harm to spend a few minutes chatting with him.

Miatu came back with a bottle of brandy and two glasses, slamming them sullenly down on the table. D'Aubigny filled the glasses and handed Lily one with a little bow. *"À votre santé, madame."*

Lily took a meditative sip, and then another. "Don't you like being here in Tahiti, Monsieur?"

"Like it?" he said. "Madame, it is the ends of the world! My home was always Paris—I cannot be 'appy among savages."

He went on to tell her in detail what he thought of life in Tahiti, and Lily found herself thinking how easy and sympathetic he was to talk to. Poor man, it wasn't his fault that he was assigned to such an unpleasant mission, so far away from home.

It was nearly dark when she saw Dr. Ferguson, the gruff Scotsman who, drunk and occasionally sober, had been Papeete's only physician for so many years, mounting the veranda steps with his ponderously unsteady gait. D'Aubigny, talking confidentially, his sharp nose close to her ear, was saying, ". . . and the women! No man of good taste can be amuse' by a dark, eegnorant savage. I tell you, now ees the first hour of civilize I 'ave spent on thees island."

He looked up then and saw Dr. Ferguson leaning against the pillar at the top of the steps, gazing at them owlishly.

"Mrs. Nicholls," the Doctor said thickly. "Is this—Frenchman—annoying you?"

"Not at all," Lily said uneasily.

"If he is," Dr. Ferguson said, raising one arm unsteadily, "I'll knock his blasted head off!"

D'Aubigny jumped to his feet. "I must remind you, Monsieur," he said harshly, "that it is past the hour of curfew. Eef you do not go 'ome at once I must oblige to put you in the 'and of the police."

The doctor grunted. "Sit down, Frenchman, and let me get my bottle of rum. I'll take it home right enough. The society here is hardly to my liking."

He went inside, and soon came out, a bottle tucked under each arm. He didn't speak as he passed them and went down the veranda steps. Lily, nervously aware of his righteous disapproval, straightened in her chair.

"It's curfew time for me, too," she said.

"But no!" D'Aubigny said. "The laws of France apply never to so beautiful a lady." He leaned toward her, and his hand brushed fleetingly against her bare arm. "You 'ave cold, madame! You must take a glass of cognac for your chill."

Dr. Ferguson had disappeared among the shadows of the road. Lily's hand stole out for her empty glass. "Just one more, then," she said. . . .

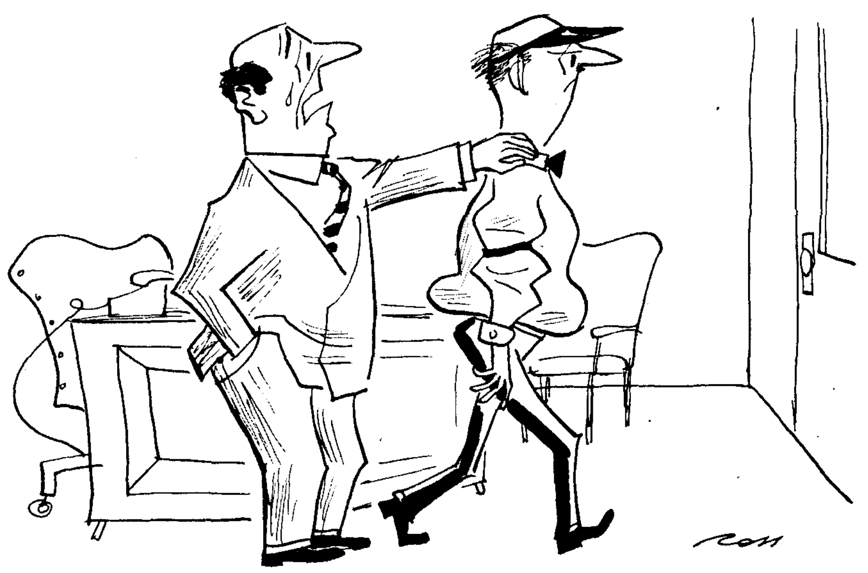
On a hot and drowsy afternoon in late September, as she was coming away from a Bible class at Mr. Thomson's, Marianna saw the small, trim shape of the Moana making bare headway through the pass in the reef. She stopped abruptly in the road, staring out at it, her heart lifting with sudden thankfulness. It had been more than four weeks since Jonas had left in the Moana; by his own calculations he should have returned to Papeete several days ago, and she knew, now that it was relieved, how great her anxiety for him had grown.

Within the hour the Moana was swinging to anchor at its old mooring in front of the inn, and Marianna was waiting on the veranda of her cottage, in her coolest and most becoming white dress.

She told herself that waiting was foolish, that it might be a day or two before Jonas would stop by to see her. But her heart was racing when, at last, he appeared on deck and Farenui, his native sailor, rowed him to the beach. He crossed the road and came directly to her cottage.

"Welcome home!" she said warmly from the top of the veranda steps. "I've been worrying about you."

He took her hands in his, and his gaze, a trifle quizzical, was searching the frank radiance of her face. "Have you? I don't deserve it in the least."



COLLIER'S "Sorry I can't do anything about that raise right now, and I'll return your five as soon as I can" AL ROSS

She pulled her hands away and indicated a chair for him, suddenly shy. "I've been uneasy ever since the Phaeton left for Raiatea a couple of weeks ago. I was afraid you might run into trouble."

He sat down in the chair beside her. "I took care to avoid it," he said.

"Tell me all about it," she said. "Did you see the queen? Did you go to Papenoo?"

"We were in Papenoo last night," he said. "Left there at dawn this morning. Everything went off perfectly, and with luck the French should never know that I was there. I'd rather not go into details, Marianna. It's safer for you not to know."

"Oh. All right. Now back to Raiatea. Is that where you went first?"

It was, he said, and he had found the queen and several chiefs at Uturoa, on the north side of the island. There had been great anxiety when the French steamer, Phaeton, was sighted outside of Uturoa Harbor, and the queen and her followers had fled to a valley in the southwest part of the island which was shut in by mountains on every side except that facing the sea, and could only be approached by a long and tortuous passage through the shallows of the lagoon. The French had sent a boat in pursuit of her, but had given up at last, baffled by the intricate passage. After a few fruitless days the steamer had left.

"After it had gone," Jonas went on, "I stayed on for a few days to help plan the fortifications in this valley. They were even building houses by the time I left."

Marianna, watching his face as he talked, listening to the lazy and casual cadences of his voice, low and curiously foreign with its American accent, found herself thinking more of Jonas himself than of his words; of the friendliness that now and again flowered so spontaneously between them, and of the joyous sense of being alive that washed over her when she was with him. And occasionally she permitted herself a warm and secret look into the knowledge she held so carefully at the back of her mind—that he had come to see her first of all, before Mr. Truelove, or Dr. Ferguson; before Lily Nicholls.

"Now I want to hear about you," Jonas was saying. "How is your teaching job?"

"All right, I suppose. At least, the children are. Mr. Thomson—" She hesitated.

"What about Thomson?"

"He's rather a—difficult man. His ideas are so rigid."

"A fanatic, isn't he?"

"I suppose so. I'm afraid he doesn't understand Tahiti very well. He wants me to teach a school for fallen girls."

Jonas let out a shout of laughter. "Teach them how to fall? Or how to rise again?"

For an instant he glimpsed that quick, mischievous quirk of her lips. "I imagine they know how to do both better than I."

"Has he considered how big his enrollment would be?"

"Don't laugh," she said. "What can I do about it?"

"What did you tell him?"

Her tone was more demure than the brief sidelong glance of her gray eyes toward his. "I said I thought perhaps it was too great an undertaking."

THE dinner bell from the inn cut across the late-afternoon quiet. Crossing the lawn, he asked her about the Nichollses.

"Anthony's been away," she said. "In Moorea. And Lily's been—here."

It was an oddly incomplete answer, and he thought he knew why, a few moments later, when they had seated themselves at the table on the veranda. Lily, holding a glass of wine in her hand, and laughing tipsily, appeared in the doorway from the inner room. Just behind her shoulder they saw the smooth, foxlike face of Captain d'Aubigny.

Lily stopped short at the sight of Jonas. "So the sailor is home from his perilous voyage," she said, in a high, mocking voice.

D'Aubigny, his small, neat figure elegant in his dress uniform, stepped forward and made his bows to Marianna and Jonas.

"Madame," he said to Lily, "I regret it ees time I must go to the dinner of the governor." He hesitated a moment, said something to her quickly, in a low and urgent tone, and they heard the words *"Au revoir."* He bowed again, and was gone, and Lily sat down, a little unsteadily, at the table.

"What fine new friends you seem to have made," Jonas said with distaste.

Lily put her lips to her glass, and raised her dark eyes to Jonas in a hard and scornful stare. "At least they are more attentive than my old ones."

When the servant, Miatu, brought their dinner, Marianna and Jonas scarcely touched their food, and Lily made no pretense of eating at all; she drank her wine, and stared moodily out at the road.

"How is Anthony?" Jonas asked.

"He'saway," she said thickly. "Moorean girls—beautiful, too." She pushed her chair back, and a curious, glazed expression of concentration came into her eyes. "I don't—feel very well."

Jonas was at her side before she finished speaking. "Let's get her to her room! Take her other arm, Marianna."

Lily was a limp, almost lifeless weight between them, but when they reached her room she lurched suddenly out of their hands, to lean over the washstand.

Marianna caught her as she crumpled to the floor, and Jonas lifted Lily from her arms, and carried her to the bed. "She's not ill," he said, seeing Marianna's stricken face. "Only drunk."

"Should I—should one of us stay here with her tonight?"

He shook his head. "She'll be all right—as good as ever in the morning." There was no scorn in his voice; it was completely dispassionate.

Marianna smoothed back the tangled curls above Lily's forehead. Lily turned her face to one side, breathing stertorously. "Poor Lily," Marianna said softly. "Poor Lily!"

Jonas was waiting for her by the door, and they went out together into the soft, warm twilight, stopping in the shadows of the tree before her cottage.

"Poor Lily," Marianna said again. "What will happen to her?"

"She's lost," Jonas said, in that same dispassionate tone. "There's nothing we can do to help her."

And all at once Marianna knew that she would never be jealous of Lily again.

SINCE curfew, two hours earlier, there had been scarcely a sound to disturb the quiet of the soft November night; only the whisper of the surf. Marianna, sitting on her veranda, could endure it no longer. She pushed back her chair and went inside.

She undressed by lamplight and put on a white nightdress with a ribbon drawn tight beneath the bosom. She was standing in front of the mirror, about to take the pins from her hair, when she heard Jonas' low, urgent whisper.

"Marianna!"

Excitement surged through her as she swiftly pulled on her dressing gown. What could be important enough to bring Jonas here after curfew? It had been nearly six weeks since he had returned from Papenoo and Raiatea, and they had met only casually once or twice since the evening of his return.

She opened the door. Jonas stepped inside, shut the door quietly, and went over to turn down the lamp.

"The sentries," he said briefly. "Pull down the blinds."

She crossed the room, dropping the rolled rattan shades against the two small windows. "What's happened?"

"Farenui's not on the schooner."

"He sleeps ashore sometimes, doesn't he?"

"But he usually tells me first."

"Is it so important to see him tonight?"

"It might be. I found out we may have been spied on when we went in to Papenoo. If the French get to him before I can, he might give the whole show away."

Marianna sank down to the edge of the bed, and motioned Jonas to the only chair in the room. "What did you hear?"

"Dr. Ferguson's woman told me tonight that one of the natives has deserted the Papenoo camp and come to town. He may be in the pay of the French."

Marianna caught her breath. "When did he leave?"

"I don't know."

"But he might have been there when you took the supplies in six weeks ago?"

"Yes."

They were both silent, thinking of the implications of this possibility. A few days before, Mr. Truelove had been summoned before a French court and accused of selling powder to the natives. The proceedings had been stayed, but the judge had warned him that a future offense would mean military court-martial, and execution if he were guilty.

"What about Farenui?" she asked.

"That's what I'm wondering," Jonas said. "You didn't notice any soldiers hanging about here today, did you?"

"No."

"Good. That's what I wanted to know. Perhaps they didn't pick him up, then. He's got a girl somewhere in town, but I don't know where she lives."

"You aren't going to look for him now?"

"No. I might blunder into a sentry."

"What will you do if the French accuse you?"

He shrugged. "Tell them I put in at Papenoo for repairs, and had no dealings with the camp. But Farenui's got to tell the same story."

IN THE dim lamplight she looked at Jonas thoughtfully—at his thick brown hair, and the bold nose above his incongruously tender mouth. With sudden intensity she felt the fact of his nearness. He can't be in danger, she thought desperately, he can't.

"Don't look so worried, Marianna!" Jonas got up and came over to her, holding out his hands to pull her to her feet. As she stood up the dressing gown fell away from her throat, and he thought suddenly of the day he had seen her bathing in the valley pool. For a second he stared into her questioning eyes, dark and wide in the dim light, then he dropped her hands abruptly. "I must go," he said. "Will you look out and tell me if the coast is clear?"

As Marianna turned, there was the sound of heavy footsteps on the veranda. The door burst open and the bright beam of a lantern shone into the room. Nari, one of the native policemen, was holding it, and just behind him was a French gendarme, with a pistol in his hand.

Before Jonas could speak, Marianna said swiftly in Tahitian, "How dare you break in here like this?"

"You know the law," Nari said. "He's not allowed out after curfew."

"Put up your hands," the gendarme said to Jonas. "You're under arrest."

"What for?"

"For plotting against the French."

"Plotting with women?" Jonas asked sarcastically.

"Then why are you here?"

Marianna turned on him. "Blockhead, why do you suppose he's here? Why do you visit your *vahine* in the back street?"

"Marianna!"

The Frenchman and the native were gazing at her in astonishment. Slowly, the gendarme lowered his pistol, and a sly look of comprehension crossed his face.

"You swear he's your lover?"

"If I must," she said curtly.

"It's not true!" Jonas said.

Marianna was seized with a deep, unreasoning anger. Under the appearance of a caress she took his arm, and pinched it. "Be quiet!" she said in English. "Do you want to be arrested?"

"Don't be a fool," he said. "These two will tell the whole town of this!"

"They will in any case. For Heaven's sake, do as I say!" She linked her fingers in Jonas', leaning against him possessively.

"He only wants to protect me," she said in Tahitian. "Now can't you be on your way and leave us alone?"

After a moment's hesitation, the gendarme said, "Very well. But I warn you, if you leave this house before morning gunfire, your game will be finished!"

As the door closed behind them, Marianna dropped Jonas' hand and turned away, but he took her by the shoulders and pulled her about. "Do you realize what you've done?" he said angrily. "Your name will be ruined in the town!"

"What difference does it make?" she asked impatiently.

He seized her shoulders more tightly, suddenly furious at the dilemma she had put him in, and at the awkward, impotent figure he had cut. "I was thinking of your happiness," he said, "and of how you destroyed it in a sentence."

DEFIANCE reared up in her like a mounting wave. "You're suddenly very solicitous of my happiness."

"By God, I am," he said. "I'm leaving."

She pulled away from him. "Go ahead then, leave. Walk right into their arms. Betray yourself and Mr. Truelove and the men at Papenoo, and even me."

"There are all kinds of betrayal," he said. "I won't hide behind your skirts!"

"That's what you once told me you needed. The protection of a woman's skirts—a liaison with respectability."

"You'll hardly seem respectable after those policemen start talking!"

"Do you think they believed me?"

"A Frenchman and a Tahitian? You little idiot, of course they did!"

"So much the better, then."

"Oh, no, it isn't. I'm going, Marianna."

The mounting wave broke, and all the old hurts and resentments he had ever inflicted on her boiled about her like a surf. "Apparently you prefer arrest and imprisonment to a night in my company!"

"I prefer it to your disgrace."

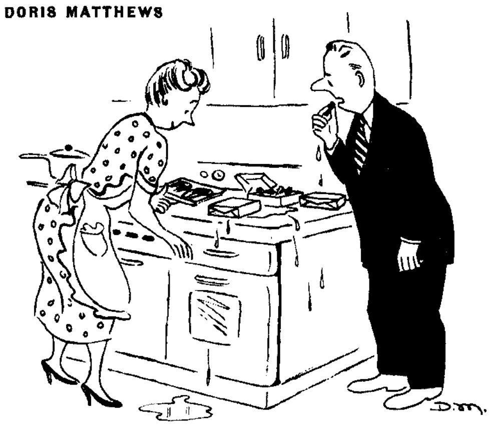
"How gallant! By all means, then, suit yourself."

Struck by the bitterness in her tone, he looked at her searchingly—at her bright, defiant eyes, and at the little tremor on her soft lips. "Suit myself?" he said slowly. "Shall I?"

He moved toward her, and for a frozen and deliberate moment he stood gazing at her wonderingly. And then his hands came out gently to touch her shoulders, slid down her immobile arms and locked behind her back. He felt her tense away from him, then, on a long sigh, she swayed into his embrace.

(To be continued next week)

DORIS MATTHEWS



Cold Facts

In the dear dead days of recipe books,
Papa came home and asked: "What cooks?"
Now when hunger pangs are gnawing,
He walks in and says: "What's thawing?"

—DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD

"Hey, what d'ya know! they've got a ranch house on this train"

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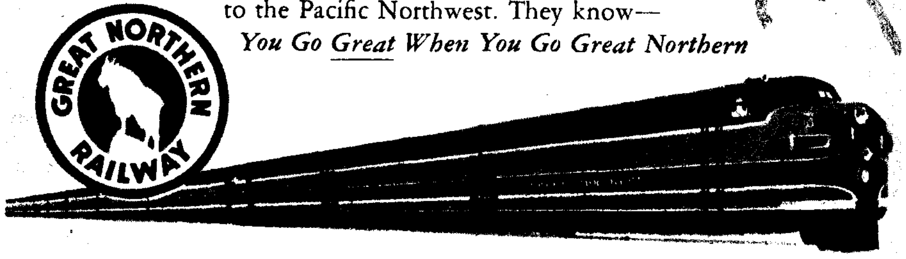


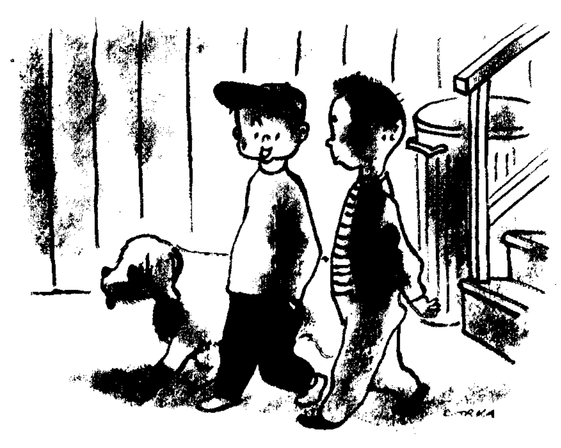
Volcanic Is the Word for Valerie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Bert Lahr revue Two on the Aisle. She has developed into an accomplished blues singer, an obsessed amateur painter and a party giver of note. And, in the game of poker—almost the official offstage pastime for those who perform in the ballet—she is known as a violently competitive, if not highly successful, high-stakes player.

In company with her husband—Brazilian concert pianist and composer Bernardo Segall, whom she married when she was twenty-three—she has written two sambas; both have been published, and Enric Madriguera's rendition of one of them, Cansado, has sold over 200,000 records. In this same period she has written several magazine articles and two unproduced plays, and taught herself French, Italian and Portuguese. And she has given straight dramatic performances, with stock companies and on four different television shows. Her work as a legitimate actress has been so impressive that producers, with casting in mind, are beginning to send her scripts to read.

Valerie is able to carry on these various activities largely because she possesses a nervous vitality that is simply appalling. In a single 24-hour period, while on tour, she once did the following: gave an evening performance; lost a couple of hundred in an all-night poker session; took a dawn walk; then, after three hours of restless sleep, put in four hours on her painting; devoted the afternoon to working on a new dance she was developing; and, finally, went on for her usual evening performance—studying French in her dressing room when she wasn't on stage.



“I stayed up till twelve o'clock last night. My sitter fell asleep”

COLLIER'S CORKA

She is thoroughly unpredictable; with her deep, throaty voice, her incessant talking, booming laugh, and rampantly theatrical behavior she has, inevitably, been compared with Tallulah Bankhead. But she and Tallulah need never worry about appearing together at a party wearing the same psyche; Valerie is no carbon copy, she is a prismatic personality in her own right.

In 1947, Valerie became the first modern dancer ever invited to create, stage and dance a ballet—Virginia Sampler—for the sacrosanct Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. It was an event the company has not forgotten. Alexandra Danilova, last of the great ballerinas trained in the Imperial Russian Ballet, says:

“None of us did really know much of this young one. But when I see her I say, ‘Well, later on she will do great things, if she can control her fame.’ We much admire her. Most modern dancers so untidy, with strange, hanging hair. Here is very elegant, perfumed woman, with clean fingernails. And there was that something of the tiger in her: that so-supple, feline body; those faraway, tigerish green eyes; the soft walking and the coiled strength—like ready to leap or pounce. Very extraordinary woman.”

Frederic Franklin, ballet master of the Ballet Russe, adds, “It was never dull. When we didn't do what she wanted she cursed us like a Trojan trooper. It was time to take cover.”

If there seems to be a conflict between the elegance recalled by one observer and the cursing remembered by the other, it is because Valerie's is a personality that follows no known pattern.

She will break into hysterical tears in her dressing room because she feels she has given a bad performance—and two hours later, at a party, she will be entertaining her friends with a hilarious burlesque of that same performance. She can insult a director on first meeting him, and be happily working with him a month later. After her third singing lesson she filled the air with flying cushions and ash trays and swore she would never sing another note. A few nights later she approached Gian-Carlo Menotti, brilliant young composer of such operas as The Medium and the Consul, and told him, quite seriously, “I want you to write an opera for me next year. I've started singing lessons.”

The original orchestration for her Haunted Heart dance, in Inside U.S.A., faded away in its final bars to an ending so inconclusive the audience, not quite sure the music had stopped, didn't know whether or not to applaud. This displeased Valerie, and she made it known.

The show's producer, Arthur Schwartz, had the number reorchestrated, so that it ended in a blaring fanfare. The new orchestration was introduced one night as a surprise for Valerie and, after the fanfare, the audience burst into tumultuous applause as she left the stage. The stage manager beckoned for her to take a bow. “I am *not* a circus dancer with a boa constrictor,” she informed him, “and I will *not* dance to circus music. As for taking a bow—that audience would throw peanuts at me. They are obviously expecting a damned trained elephant.” The number had to be reorchestrated again.

Five years ago, Miss Bettis refused to wear false eyelashes when performing; they were, she felt, much too extreme, too garish. Later, she capitulated, but insisted on trimming the eyelashes into insignificance with a pair of nail scissors. Today, on the stage, she does wear false eyelashes—the longest available.

“If someone were to suggest to Valerie,” her husband once said, “that she was at her most charming when she was docile—that is, if anyone had the imagination to conceive of such a thing—she'd immediately become the essence of docility, until a new role suggested itself.”

Meanwhile, she is far from docile—even in the periods of intense concentration that come over her when she is at work.

When Dancers Missed a Cue

One night, in the middle of her Desert Flame dance in Bless You All, she got an unexpected ovation just as she spoke the line which was the cue for two other dancers to appear on stage. The line couldn't be heard above the applause, but Valerie was so intent on what she was doing that she wasn't aware of what had happened. Believing the two dancers had missed their cue, she stopped in the center of the stage and began screaming furiously at the wings, cursing the derelict dancers, demanding that they make an entrance. The grandeur of her fury so impressed the spectators, who thought it was part of the dance, that they applauded even more lustily.

Finally, as Valerie made a maddened dash toward the wings, the two dancers got the idea and made their entrance. When the dance ended, and all three dancers were backstage, Valerie still had to be given a full explanation, to prevent her from rending her colleagues limb from limb. She hadn't for a moment been conscious of the audience's applause.

The tendency to be oblivious to everything but what she's doing is a key part of the Bettis personality. She demonstrated it earlier, when, in 1946, she and Bernardo made a joint piano-concert and dance-recital tour of Central and South America. They arrived in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, the day after the island had suffered its most destructive earthquake. The streets were deserted. Little tremors still shook the earth. Most of the populace was huddled in a public park, fearing there was still worse to come.

Valerie ignored all of this and hastened to the theater, where she was horrified to discover the stage was lighted by only one bare bulb; the rest of the sockets were glaringly empty. Determined to have some sort of stage lighting, she managed, by some magic, to snare two youths from the street. She coaxed them to round up some light bulbs, white paper and water colors, and then put them to work coloring makeshift paper light shades, while she ironed her costumes. Every time a tremor shook the theater they'd head for the open air, with Valerie at their heels to haul them back. “They were soon more afraid of her than the quakes,” Bernardo says.

When the curtain went up, Valerie was disappointed to discover the theater only half full (later, she learned that the local movie houses were completely empty that night). As she got into her dance, she forgot everything else. There were two bad tremors during the performance; she didn't miss a step, and no one left the theater. When she took her final curtain call, the worst tremor of the night shook the theater and sent her skidding into the wings. There, she looked at Bernardo in puzzlement and asked, “What the hell's going on here?”

On that same trip she displayed another facet of her character: her innate theatricality, and her need to be constantly playing a part, on or off stage.

The Segalls had agreed that when they reached Brazil, Bernardo would tour alone while Valerie spent six weeks on the beach, getting the rest she swore she desperately needed. After two days on Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana Beach, she sheepishly approached her husband and asked where she could find a rehearsal studio. She couldn't stand the inaction, she said, so she might as well work on some dances she had in mind.

In another 10 days she suddenly announced that she'd arranged to give a concert the following week in Rio's Teatro Municipal. “This,” Bernardo explains, “in a country where it usually takes months to arrange a concert. And mind you, she really didn't want to give a concert. You have to understand the dramatic situation she'd dreamed up for herself. She suddenly saw herself as a poor, stranded American dancer who could barely speak the language, all alone in a foreign country. And every hand was against her. Obviously, all the concert managers were in a deep conspiracy to thwart her. But she, the indomitable Valerie, would show them! They couldn't do this to her.

“So she descends on these poor concert managers, sputtering broken Portuguese. If any of them said, ‘No,’ as some must have, she didn't hear them. Many of them probably tried to talk to her in English, but she wouldn't have that; it'd spoil the script. She just steam-rollered ahead until she got everything she wanted, and the concert was a big success. The movie people even made her dance a number for the newsreels; that served as the curtain call for this production, which she probably titled Lone Dancer Conquers Foreign Capital. The fact that Rio was my home and that she was surrounded by large chunks of my family was totally irrelevant to her script.”

Valerie explains the whole venture away with, “Well, I'd slaved to learn that damned language and I wanted a chance to use it.”

The fact that only two days' inaction on the Copacabana Beach drove her frantic illustrates how roughly she is ridden by her apparently compulsive will-to-work. It goads her constantly, so that work takes precedence over anything and everything.

Her Strenuous Moving Day

The Segalls recently moved into a house, with studio attached, in Greenwich Village. Valerie took possession of the new purchase at three in the afternoon, just as the movers had piled the last piece of furniture in the middle of the studio. She immediately began to shove. When her rehearsal pianist arrived at three thirty, as instructed, she had pushed all of the furniture and packing cases against the wall and had cleared a practice space. She then rehearsed for three hours, ate dinner, worked until 4:00 A.M. putting the house in order, and was rehearsing again at 11:00 A.M.

She sees nothing unusual in the manner in which she entered the first house she has ever owned. Before she was married, Valerie worked a solid year, in seclusion, while preparing for her first solo recital, given at Carnegie Hall's Chamber Music Hall in November, 1941. She was twenty when she began this preparation; she had spent three years studying with Hanya Holm, a leading exponent and teacher of the modern dance; and she had decided it was time she went out on her own.

Always an artist at blandishment, she talked the eccentric owner of a house on East Twentieth Street into renting it to her for $50 a month. It had been used as a warehouse for its owner's collection of oddities. Valerie's bed rested on a podium that was reached by a flight of steps. She slept surrounded by a collection of old vaults and safes, statues of bow-and-arrow-bearing cupids, and busts of Roman dignitaries. The room she used as a studio featured false Doric columns in support of a skylight which shed a lurid, purplish glow. From its ceiling hung a chandelier made from a full suit of armor, with its mailed fist holding a spear from which lights sprouted.

In this nightmarish atmosphere Valerie went into training, like a prize fighter, to perfect her technique and create the dances for her recital. She worked day and night, month in and month out. Her major relaxation came from long walks and from painting sprees, in which she attacked the inside walls of the house with a brush in each hand.

It was in the fitting atmosphere of this house that Valerie made an eerie discovery: she met the first of what she now insists is a special breed of cats, evidently placed on this earth for the sole purpose of tormenting her. She says, quite seriously:

“It's sort of hard to explain. I get along with most cats, but these stinkers don't fall for the kitty-kitty, saucer-of-milk routine. The Twentieth Street cat was very special. It got into this country when a king or something visited New York and they rolled out the red carpet for him. When the carpet was unrolled this cat strolled out. It was in all of the papers, you can look it up. It came every damn' night and it would walk on the keyboard and then come and sit on my bed and stare at me. It drove me frantic, and it damn' well knew it.

“That one haunted me for three years. Then, when Bernardo and I got married and moved to Twelfth Street, another cat materialized. It arrived promptly at two o'clock every night. I don't know where it came from or how it got in, but you could set your watch by the thump as it landed in the studio. Its scheme was to wait until everything was quiet, then it would start raising hell. This went on for seven years.

"We've been in this house only a month, so they haven't found me yet. But you wait, one will show up soon."

The visitors to that house on Twentieth Street weren't all of this spooky nature, however, for it was while living there that Valerie met Bernardo. Word had reached him that Miss Bettis was looking for a young pianist who could compose musical accompaniments for the dances she was creating. He quickly waived his status as a concert pianist and volunteered for the job. "Corny as it is," he says, "I'd seen her dance with the Hanya Holm group and fallen in love with her at first sight."

This began one of the most spectacular collaborations in dance history. "Within three weeks *she* was telling *me* how to play the piano," Bernardo insists.

"I've never done any such thing," she replies. *"He* had ideas about dancing."

As Valerie works out a dance—its movements, its theme and its mood—Bernardo composes music to fit. They frequently have different ideas about the best way to achieve this blend of music and movement. In their search for harmony, Bernardo may be moved to point out that she is a leg-waving imbecile. This forces Valerie to confess that she's never understood how such an absolute idiot can lay claim to being a musician, even a lousy one. Having built up a good head of steam, they can continue at this pace for hours—and then, to their friends' constant amazement, sit down to coffee or cocktails, the very picture of blissful compatibility.

Their explosive romance, nurtured on insults, began soon after they started working together, but they weren't married until two years later, in 1943. Bernardo has, since then, composed the music for the majority of her concert dances. A small, calm man with an excellent sense of humor, he dismisses his wife's high voltage with a shrug. "She's just a madwoman," he says, and goes quietly about the business of exercising the only outside restraining influence Valerie has ever shown herself amenable to.

When she wants to, she apparently can restrain herself quite successfully. Volatile as she is, Valerie has a surprising and universal reputation as a very patient, gentle and considerate teacher of the dance, and her pupils idolize her.

She explains her teaching attitude with the statement, "I know what it is. I've sweated in class, myself. There are some people in this world you have to yell at, but they're never beginners, they're generally at the top."

As Seen by College Roommate

There are some people around Broadway who feel that the Bettis temperament is all an act; they accuse her of consciously trying to create a legend. Her oldest friends, however, have no doubt of her sincerity. They insist that she has always been a creature of temper and temperament. Mary Nell Milby, who was her close friend all during her youth and who roomed with Valerie during the one year she spent in college, writes:

"She was the kind of kid who ran, never walked, knocked things over, talked and laughed too loud, tore her dresses, and always had a dirty face. I remember her tearing her clothes out of a closet, at college, throwing them on the floor and stamping on them, screaming, 'I haven't a thing to wear!' And I remember ink bottles crashing against the walls when she grew disgusted with math problems . . .

"Sometimes, when we were studying history, she would chew her pencil and wonder if her name would ever go down in history—but even at that time she was pretty sure it would someday blaze in lights. She knew herself, and where she was going."

She does seem to have very few illusions about herself—other than her astounding belief that she is a wholly reasoning and reasonable person. And she can discuss her weaknesses as well as her strengths with considerable objectivity. She once said, "I guess I'm a little baroque. That's the trouble with me." A friend insisted she couldn't mean that, since baroque meant, by definition, "so extravagantly ornamented as to be in bad taste."

Valerie's answer was, "I know damn' well what the word means. That's why I used it."

She was born December 20, 1919, in Houston. Her father, a well-to-do oilman, died when she was twelve. Her mother still has a reputation as a great beauty. Valerie's own latent beauty was, in her youth, concealed by grime and a completely tomboyish attitude; she still speaks of a summer in her childhood when "there was nothing to do but play baseball." And, even in those days, her nervous energy was so appalling that her family, to keep her occupied, added to her school burdens by giving her piano, painting and dancing lessons. She won scholarships in painting and music and displayed her prescience by insisting that dancing was her métier.

An Early Symptom of Genius

She began dancing lessons at ten, studying at Houston's Rowena Smith Studio of the Dance. The program for a recital by the studio when she was fifteen lists, significantly, A Rachmaninoff Serenade, with the program note, "An original composition by Valerie Bettis and Martha Ann Picton."

After a year spent at the University of Texas—"I was a very bright little girl, and I collected fraternity pins. Couldn't have been duller"—she came to New York, in 1938, for further instruction in the dance. She sought out Hanya Holm, who asked her why she wanted to dance. Her blunt answer was, "Someday I expect to be one of the world's great dancers." And after her first solo recital, in 1941, critic Martin of the New York Times shared some of Valerie's enthusiasm for herself. He foresaw a great future for her, ". . . if she can acquire patience."

There isn't the slightest evidence that she's acquired even a smidgen of patience, but she has progressed, perhaps because of this fact. And she has progressed, some think, in too many directions.

Valerie plans to continue dancing, singing and acting, and to do more choreography work. If the opportunity arises she might put into practice her theories on stage lighting, design a few costumes, and sketch a stage set or two. And, of course, she's got to find time, someday, to do some serious painting.

And then there's her writing . . .

At the moment, she is making plans for a new conquest of television in the fall, co-starring with comedian-pianist Victor Borge on his program over the National Broadcasting Company's network. Television has always been an appealing medium for Valerie; she first started to work out dance routines for it toward the end of World War II—months before TV was being offered to the general public. The new show with Borge has an especial appeal for her because it will give the various Bettis talents wide scope: on it, she will sing and act, as well as dance.

But even this doesn't entirely satisfy her. She dreams of a new form of lyrical dance-drama for which—besides dancing, acting and singing—she can do the choreography and staging. And, if such a drama is ever written for her, the scenic backdrop has already been designed.

On the west wall of his New York living room Saul Bolasni, a talented young artist, has hung one of his own pictures: an oil painting of a Sphinx. The mythical creature—with its supple, lion's body, its sharp claws, and its eagle's wings—rests on a high pedestal. Purpling, lowering storm clouds are massed behind its head, and lightning may be expected to crash about it at any moment. And the enigmatic face on the Sphinx is, of course, the face of Valerie Bettis.

THE END

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SCHNOZZOLA!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

do so. He had to be tied to the saddle, with the horse's head controlled by means of a thin wire. "I'd never rode a horse," the Schnozzola says, taking recourse to an old gag, "and the horse had never been rode. So we both started out on even terms. It was a catastastroke!"

That was the closest Durante came during this period to making a comeback in pictures—and it wasn't much of a comeback. Clayton, however, kept trying, and at last was told that Jimmy was being considered for a fat part by one of the major studios. Days went by without definite word from the picture company. After three weeks of mysterious silence, Clayton made inquiries of a friend at the studio.

"They have decided," the friend said, "that Jimmy is getting too old for pictures."

"But he's only forty-eight," Clayton protested, "and his kind of talent doesn't age."

"I only know what they said at the second conference," the friend said. "It had been all set for Jim. Then one of those whispers arose, and you know how it is. The slightest drop of cold water sends everybody into a chill. And from a little word, the others begin to nod and agree, and then it's all off."

"Yes," Clayton said. "I know how it is. All right, then. But we'll make 'em eat those whispers someday."

Sorrows in His Private Life

This was what Durante calls "the low pernt" of his career and it lasted a long time. In his personal life, also, he suffered a series of shocks. Both his beloved father, Bartolomeo, and his sister, Lilian, died, and the doctors discovered that Jeanne had developed a mortal illness. She was in and out of the hospital, once for an abdominal operation, once for a series of transfusions, and often for checkups.

The studios occasionally offered Durante small parts in inferior pictures, but because of Jeanne's illness, Jimmy steadfastly refused all engagements that would take him away from home. Again and again, he canceled deals which Clayton made for him.

Finally, in 1943—when Jimmy was so badly in need of money that he had started borrowing on his insurance policies—Clayton persuaded him to accept a highly lucrative offer for two guest appearances on radio and a two-week engagement at the Copacabana night club in New York.

"Let's face it," Lou said. "You're slipping in the public mind. Soon it will mean curtains. You could easily see to it that Jeanne is taken care of by nurses while you go out and make some money."

"Take it, Jimmy," Jeanne said. "I want you to go."

So Durante reluctantly left for the East. His night-club engagement was an immediate success, and Jimmy was feeling somewhat more at ease when he called his wife the night after his first broadcast. "I liked the program, Jimmy," she said. "It was very good."

The next morning she died.

Grief-stricken, Durante took a plane back home for the funeral. Jeanne's death, although he had been steeling himself for it, was a terrific blow; it was three days before Clayton could get him to eat anything.

Discussing this period later, Durante said: "You get to thinking and thinking, not only about this, but about the little farm you never got for her, a place where you could have lived together on spinach, like she used to say.. And I thought: Why did I leave her? Did we need that money so bad? I had been at the bedside of everyone connected with me when they died, but when Jeanne died I was not with her."

It was a long time before Clayton could persuade Jimmy to go back to work. Ironically, Jeanne's death had come at a time when Jimmy's comeback as an entertainer was assured. The New York engagements had been remarkably well received; the Schnozz suddenly was in great demand.

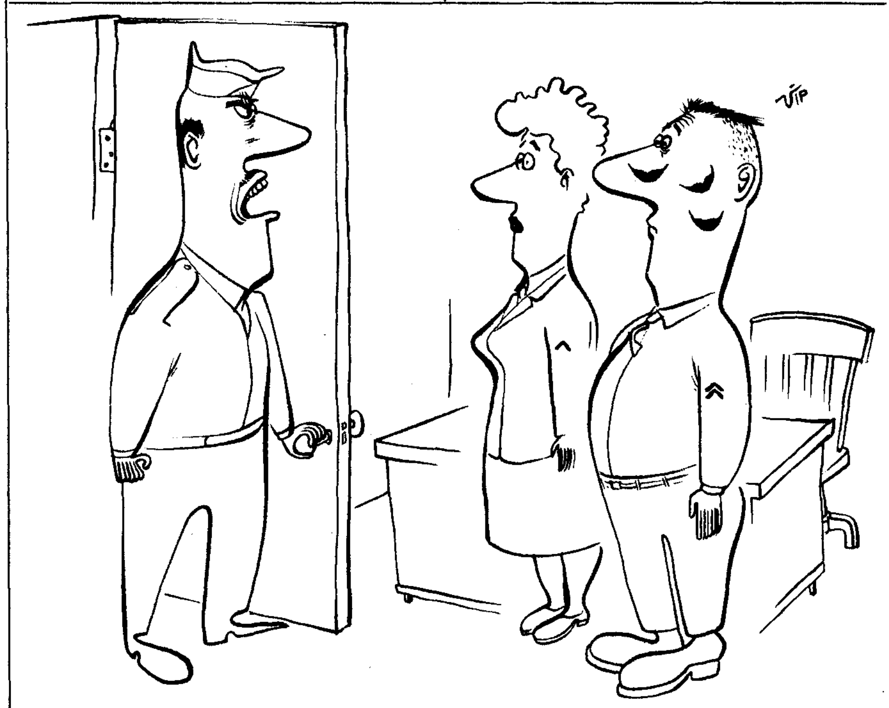
A comedian's business is being funny, and eventually Durante agreed to play again at the Copacabana. It was supposed to be a brief engagement, but Jimmy stayed for 14 weeks.

He said of this return to the night-club floor: "I'm thinking all the time: Gee! Wouldn't it have been nice if she'd been here to see the crowds in the café? I don't know if she'd like it. But it's a big opening and you're on the verge of a big thing and you say, Oh, gee! it would have been nice.

"I mean, them things come to you when you're succeeding. It's funny what happens when you're in trouble and you're an actor. The minute that band plays and you get out on the floor, you seem to forget everything. Everything else goes from your mind, thinking of your jokes. Your mind is flashing ahead to what's going to come after this, and the only time anything ever distracts from you, if you look to the first row in a theater or the first row in a café, and you see a guy with a puss on him, and he's looking at you like he hates you, and you haven't ever done nothing to the guy, and you think of it, that annoys you.

"But the band plays. And you forget even your griefs for a moment, you forget everything until you come off. Then when you come off, you flop down."

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S **". . . and wipe those silly grins off your face!"** VIRGIL PARTCH

The final night of the Copa engagement was a great one for Durante—and for the crowd which had come to see him. For this engagement, his old vaudeville partner, singer Eddie Jackson, had returned from semiretirement to join Jimmy after being on his own for some years, in and out of show business. Durante had located him managing a small café in Akron, and had urged him to come back. "We'll all be together again," the Schnozz wrote. "We were never really apart, you and me and Lou."

Lou, in fact, had accompanied Jimmy East to manage his affairs, but he remained in retirement as a performer. However, on that last night, to the astonishment of the spectators, a figure suddenly came whirling out onto the dance floor to join Durante and Jackson: unannounced, Clayton had put on his dancing shoes and was back in the act—at least, for that one show.

It was the first time the partners had appeared together publicly in 12 years and the aroused patrons cheered themselves hoarse. Clayton, Jackson and Durante gave the kind of performance that had made them famous years before—singing, dancing, ad-libbing, and generally storming about like men demented.

After this, Jimmy's comeback was complete. Hollywood, impressed by Durante's success in New York, forgot its old haughtiness and Clayton negotiated a five-year contract, virtually on his own terms, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In its final form, it called for one picture a year at $100,000—and left Jimmy free to do radio shows and vaudeville and night-club acts.

To top this off, Jimmy signed a five-year contract that summer to appear on radio for 40 weeks a year at $5,000 a week. Shortly after that, he teamed up on radio with the young comedian Garry Moore; the two men remained together through four highly successful years.

With the rise in his fortunes—and the kind way time has with grief—laughter came back into Jimmy's life. It was a time of reunions and new friendships, and the warmhearted Schnozzola reacted to these stimuli with refreshed spirit.

While he was in Hollywood, he had one reunion of an unusual sort. He learned that Big Rosie—the elephant with whom he had shared billing in Billy Rose's Jumbo years before—had gone on a hunger strike at the California animal farm where she was spending her last days. Jimmy, always loyal to his old friends, motored out to the farm on what he called an "error of mercy." He found the elephant standing mournfully in her stall, trunk down and body swaying in a slow, sad rhythm. Durante whooped and ran inside the enclosure. "Rosie! Rosie!" he shouted. "It's Nosey!"

As though responding to a cue, Rosie trumpeted and then lay down, as she used to in the act with Jim. He got down on the turf beside her, crying out, "Rosie ain't forgot me! Look! She still loves me."

Her keepers reported later that the big beast snapped out of the doldrums after Jimmy's visit and began to eat again. She lived for several more years.

Rosie was one friend who didn't become a member of the Durante retinue, which is what often happened with other chance acquaintances of his. During his engagement at the Copa in New York, he somehow acquired a masseur known as the Whale, who weighed almost 300 pounds and had an appetite to match. Durante had no real need of a personal masseur, and the Whale wasn't a very good one anyhow. Nevertheless, he attached himself to the Schnozz, and Jimmy determined to make whatever use he could of the big man.

One night at the Copa, he found an assignment that seemed just right for the Whale. It appears that Eddie Jackson was at his best as an ad-libber when he was a bit high, and it seemed a shame to Jimmy to let Eddie's gems go unrecorded. So he told the Whale to make notes of Jackson's witty remarks while on the night-club floor.

As Durante was undressing after the show, he asked the Whale, "Did you set down them notes?"

The Whale replied that he had forgotten his pencil and paper.

"Too bad," Jimmy said. "For Jackson has a created mind with a few powders in him. We'll try again tomorrow night."

The next night Durante saw to it that the Whale had a pencil and paper, and ordered Jackson to swallow three double-bourbons before going onto the floor. At the close of the performance, however, the Whale had entered nothing on his note pad.

"I demand an exclamation!" said Durante in a furious tone.

The Whale looked sad. "I got to admit that I don't know how to write."

Despite this additional shortcoming, Jimmy took the Whale with him to California. One evening as Durante returned home from a broadcast, he found the masseur snoring hugely on a couch, which sagged under his great weight. "Use the floor after this!" Durante cried out. "You've made a canoe outa my couch!"

The Whale's Social Errors

The Schnozzola persuaded Jackson and Jack Roth, his drummer, to take the Whale to their apartment, where he proceeded to make a "canoe" out of their settee, snored like a steam shovel all night, guzzled Roth's beer, and devoured four pounds of sweet butter at two sittings. Finally, he broke Roth's bed during a siesta, whereupon the drummer announced, "He's gotta go! Anything he don't bust, he eats."

The softhearted Durante assigned Lou Clayton to deport the Whale, and Clayton obliged in characteristic fashion. He bought the huge fellow a ticket to New York, and then said, forthrightly, "Scram." The Whale scrammed.

In December of 1947, Durante agreed to go on tour for the March of Dimes. He was to play one-night-stand benefits for this charity in 17 cities; after that he would return to the Copacabana.

But Jimmy had been having some digestive trouble, and a few days before Christmas, Clayton said, "Jim, before you go on this long, hard trip, I want you to have a thorough physical examination."

The docile Durante agreed to enter a hospital for a series of X-ray tests. He took with him several Western stories and a few other books which he referred to as "non-friction," and sent out each morning for the "scratch" sheets to study the recent performances of race horses.

But the short stay in the hospital became longer than anyone had anticipated; Jimmy had a serious internal difficulty and was told he'd have to undergo an operation.

So he made the best of his confinement, filling in the time by making friends with his fellow patients, and helping his nurse make race selections. (She won three bets, which is somewhat better than Jimmy normally did for himself.)

Before the big day, he gave Clayton a

sealed envelope. "If I don't come out of this, Lou, here are some instructions."

"You'll come out of it," Clayton said. "You can't run out on me now, Big Nose."

"It's gonna be a narrow screech," the Schnozzola said.

It was, but Jimmy came through; when he emerged from what he called the "antiseptic," he found Clayton and Jackson and other friends standing beside his bed. "I didn't run out on you this time," he said, smiling weakly. "I'm a very lucky guy."

Telegrams and letters came from all over America, and cablegrams from abroad. Several top comedians had offered to take over Durante's radio program at no cost to Jimmy. This demonstration of loyalty moved him deeply. Red Skelton, Bob Hope, Al Jolson and Frank Morgan appeared on the Schnozzola's weekly broadcast.

When Durante returned home, Clayton gave him back the sealed envelope which had been entrusted to him. "And I hope it's a hundred years before you hand me another letter like this," he said.

"You didn't read it?"

"No, Jim. But I got an idea it took care of all of us."

"Maybe," Jim said as he tore up the envelope and its contents. "Maybe it did."

Sitting in the warm California sun, Jimmy made a rapid and complete recovery. He swiftly returned to his flourishing career. Besides his radio appearances, he made a movie called The Great Rupert for an independent producer and was warmly praised for his performance.

In 1950, still picking up steam, the Schnozz laid plans to sail for England with Clayton. He was to play at the London Palladium, and both men looked forward to the trip as a holiday abroad.

At that point, a new calamity struck.

For years, and apparently without cause, Clayton had worried about getting cancer, a disease referred to among Broadwayites as "Big Casino." "A strong man simply can't take a draw with Big Casino," he would say. "The odds are too long." Now Lou suddenly took sick; the doctors' diagnosis shocked and disheartened Clayton's friends and family. It was Big Casino, so far advanced that the physicians could do no more than prolong the sick man's life.

Clayton wasn't told. The Palladium engagement was canceled "until next year," and Lou left the hospital to go to Jim's house for an extended visit.

Durante, during this time, was hard at work—making movies and recordings, and rehearsing for his weekly radio show. But Clayton, notwithstanding his grave illness, began mapping out what he called a "real future" for Jimmy. That future, he decided, lay in television.

Durante listened to these plans with a half-attentive ear. He had no intention whatever of leaving California for the East, and certainly not without Clayton at his side. It had been proposed that he make nine telecasts a year, one each month, with the three summer months off. The shows would be done from New York—at least until the completion of the coaxial cable from Chicago to the West Coast made it possible to do them in California. "I won't fly back and forth between shows," Jimmy said. "I'll wait till they get that coactrical cable up to my front door."

"It's my hope that Durante will sign up for this," Clayton said. "It means an added annual income of $200,000 for the next 10 years. That would give him security." Sometimes he could be overheard praying softly at night for enough time to see Durante as a great television star.

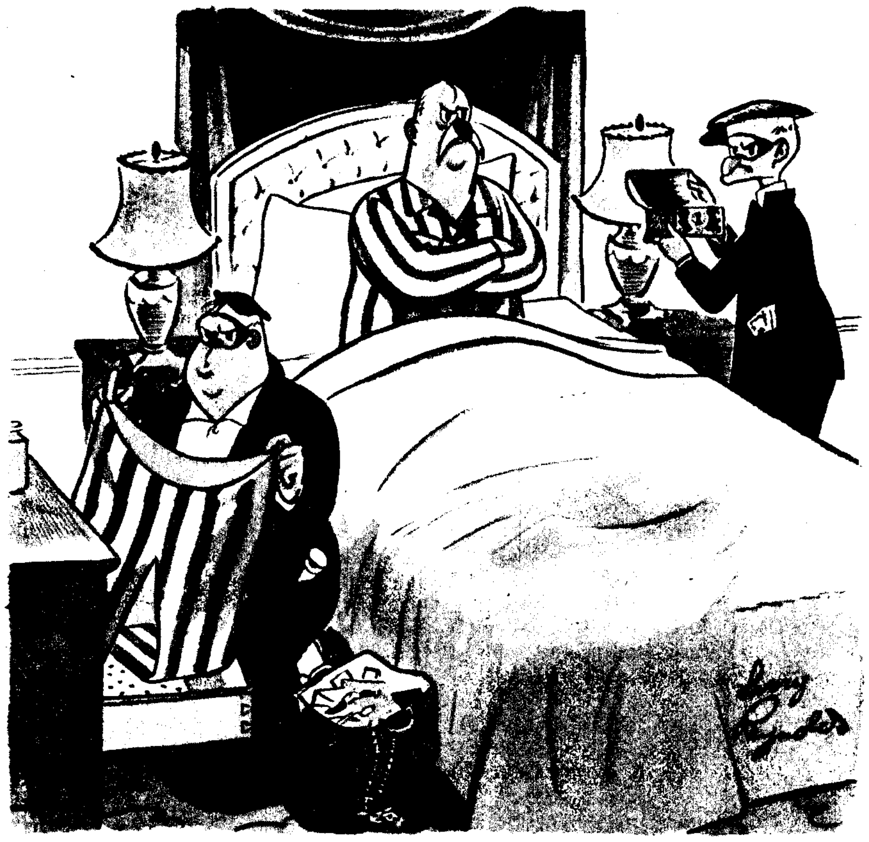
Then, late on the night of August 26th, Clayton telephoned Jimmy to come over to his apartment right away. Durante sprawled out on the bed beside his friend, talking to Lou until daylight, recalling old days and discussing plans for the future.

The next day, the doctors broke the news to Clayton that he didn't have long to live. The sick man reacted like a tiger; when Jimmy visited him that night, he found Clayton grimly erect in the middle of his apartment, swaying on his thin legs—yet standing with a purposeful air, as though daring anyone to deal him a blow.

Durante, heartsick and unnerved, tried to find something to say, but as he started to speak, Clayton interrupted, "Don't play dumb with me, Jim! It's Big Casino; I should have known it all along."

It was with considerable difficulty that

BUTCH



"It ain't either shameful, Butch. . . . Lots'a people sleep that way on hot summer nights"

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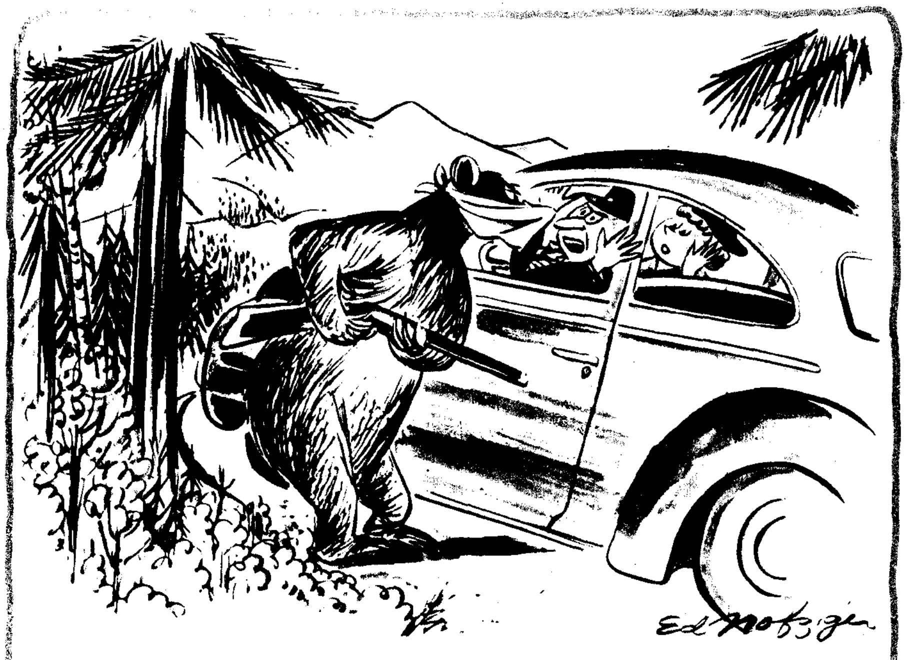

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Clayton was persuaded to return to St. John's hospital. Once there, his whole manner changed. He now seemed resigned to death. "I fought and I lost," he told Father Herbert Rogers, the hospital chaplain. To Eddie Jackson and other members of the Durante troupe, he said intensely: "Take good care of the big-nosed one. If I ever hear of anyone hurting him, I'll come back and kill him!"

Durante spent every spare minute at the hospital, although Clayton was asleep most of the time. One night, Lou opened his eyes and said, "Give me your hand." The friends clasped hands, and Clayton said, "Jimmy. My Jimmy."

He never again opened his lips or his eyes. The following morning he died.

Like the loss of Jeanne, Clayton's death last fall shook Durante greatly. For weeks, he stayed at home, seldom speaking to anyone. The two men had been inseparable for more than a score of years; all during this time Clayton had been Jimmy's adviser, protector and confidant. "Without Lou," the Schnozz said, "it's like I lost both my arms and legs."

When Jimmy ultimately agreed to tackle television, it was largely out of respect for his late partner's wishes. "I'd like to stay in California," he said as he left for New York, "but Lou wanted it this way."

So once again, the Schnozzola was cast in the rôle of Pagliaccio, the clown with the aching heart—and this time he surpassed the hopes of even his most optimistic friends. From the moment he first strutted into camera range on that initial show, November 1, 1950, eyes agleam and arms flapping, it was clear that he was on his way to the greatest triumph of his career. He stormed all over the stage that night, singing, leering, ripping apart the piano, shouting his hoarse, frustrated cries, completely dominating everything in sight.

"Which camera shows my picture in Schenectady?" he demanded wildly. "I *onct* knew a *girl* in Schenectady!"

Like in the Good Old Days

Eddie Jackson and Jack Roth were with him on that program—as they were on his later ones—and the flavor of the old days was further preserved with songs like I'm Jimmy, That Well-dressed Man and You've Got to Start Off Each Day with a Song.

Yet, while it was the same old Durante who that night captured the hearts of millions all over the land, it was a different Durante, too. Never a man to rest on yesterday's laurels, Jimmy had adjusted his routines to the new medium; he found it made to his order. The pace was so furious that at times he outran his script; unfazed, he extemporized some of the program's best lines. The finale left both Durante and his audience exhausted.

"It was sheer, inspired, richly comic mayhem," reported critic Jack O'Brian of the New York Journal-American, "the fun growing and spreading while he was on until surely it must have spilled well beyond the confines of the coaxial cable."

Said Bill Irvin of the Chicago Sun-Times: "His ad-libbing broke up the show, especially when he rasped at the announcer: 'When I *remember* a line, let me get it in!' "

Top TV comic Milton Berle was quoted afterward as saying he would vacate his throne as "Mr. Television" in favor of Jim, and Durante's old pal Billy Rose chimed in: "Jimmy's show was the gayest 60 minutes video has come up with so far."

It was a smashing personal victory for the Schnozzola, and he repeated it on program after program, calling in such guest stars as his old friend Eddie Cantor, comedienne Sophie Tucker and opera star Helen Traubel to assist. The acclaim was lasting, and there were virtually no dissenting votes. After seeing several of the Durante telecasts, Philip Hamburger said in The New Yorker magazine:

"Along with many other people, I have known for years that Durante is a great man, but it has taken his television appearances to make me aware of the extent of his greatness. He seems to have an uncanny instinct for this new and baffling medium."

Last spring, in recognition of his tremendous success, Jimmy received the coveted George Foster Peabody Award for having offered the year's best entertainment in television. The citation paid glowing tribute to "the sheer impact of his irresistible personality," and added: "Durante's warmth, sincerity and whole-hearted joy in what he is doing have done more to raise the spirits of television audiences than any single program in the memory of the Peabody Award Committee."

As always, the simplicity and warmth of Durante the performer remain an integral part of Durante the man. The center of volcanic turbulence all his professional life, Jimmy lives, as he has from the start, quietly and modestly.

Now at the peak of his career, the unassuming Schnozzola stays at the Astor Hotel on Broadway when he's in New York. The rest of the time, except when he makes personal-appearance tours, he spends at the simple eight-room house he bought in Hollywood in 1945. He has roses in his garden, and, back of the house, a swimming pool and a garage with an upstairs alcove and den to which he retires when he wants privacy. Many pictures of his celebrated friends, and of scenes from his films and musical shows hang on the walls of his garage apartment.

Jimmy has successfully resisted efforts to prettify his home. When an interior decorator suggested doing over his dining room with a birds-and-flowers motif, "to bring the outdoors indoors," Durante retorted: "When I want the outdoors, I don't bring the outdoors indoors; I go outdoors."

Just as in former days, one may always find at the Schnozzola's house a congregation of his friends—ex-vaudevillians, athletes, sports writers, radio and television executives, orchestra leaders—as well as the more or less permanent members of his troupe.

A few years ago, the Schnozz set up the Jimmy Durante Music Publishing Company, next door to the Hollywood office of the entertainers' trade paper Variety. "The boys now have someplace to go besides my home," he said. "They study the Racing Form all day, and to date I think we have sold maybe one copy of The Lost Chord."

His friends have meant much to Durante, especially since the death of his wife. For a long time after Jeanne died, Jimmy showed no inclination for feminine company; recently, however, he has often been seen with Margie Little, a red-haired show girl who has sung at a number of night clubs in New York. From time to time, columnists have reported them engaged, but Jimmy has always denied the rumors—although he acknowledges that he and Miss Little are "congenital," and never fails to speak of her highly. Margie, he says, is a "voracious girl." Experts in Durante-ese know he means "vivacious," for Miss Little is a girl of normal appetite.

Miss Little's presence in Manhattan makes it easier for Jimmy to endure his frequent absences from his Hollywood home. For despite his television comeback and his lifelong love for Broadway, he still looks longingly toward the day when he can spend most of his time in California.

"I got a bear by the tail," he says, "and a fellow can't walk out on his friends. Success is wonderful in one way, but in another it's a catastastroke."

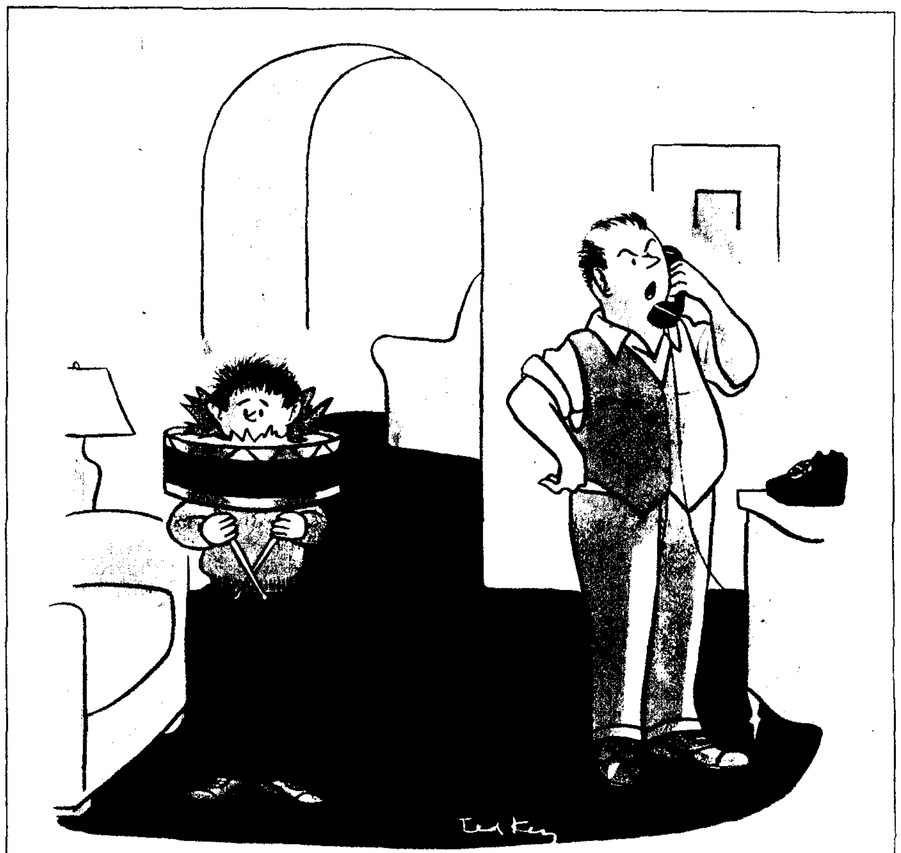
Someday, a bundle of wires stretched across the mountains will bring the images of the West's great entertainment folk into the parlors of the East. And then Jimmy Durante, the warm, humble clown a whole nation loves, will be able at last to spend his time in the restful atmosphere of the Golden State, among the nostalgic mementos of beloved friends and memorable years. There he will have the opportunity, greatly deserved, to turn from his labors as laugh maker and relax in his leisure moments under the sun by his back-yard pool.

But wherever he may be, this great clown stays with us, as great clowns must always stay in the hearts of those who seek refuge from the scowls of the long day. He enters our homes, a welcome visitor, and his parting brings a moment of sadness. For we feel a stirring oneness with the loved little figure on the television screen, as he walks out of our living rooms with his wistful and mystery-touched farewell:

"Good night, Mrs. Calabash—wherever you are."

THE END

Schnozzola, Gene Fowler's story of Jimmy Durante, will be published in book form early this fall by Viking Press, incorporating all the material that has appeared in Collier's pages



COLLIER'S "Afraid you'll have to repeat that, Joe" TED KEY

Polio Is Losing Its Punch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

(b) the older, slower method of weaning a patient from the iron lung onto an ordinary flat bed; and (c) the iron lung itself, modified to give a patient the equivalent of the occasional long sighs all of us heave normally to inflate portions of the lung that don't get all the air they should have while we're breathing quietly. Not yet included in the Boston study is an iron-lung attachment designed by Dr. Alvin Barach of New York to duplicate the periodic monosyllabic coughs with which we unconsciously clear accumulated mucus from the chest.

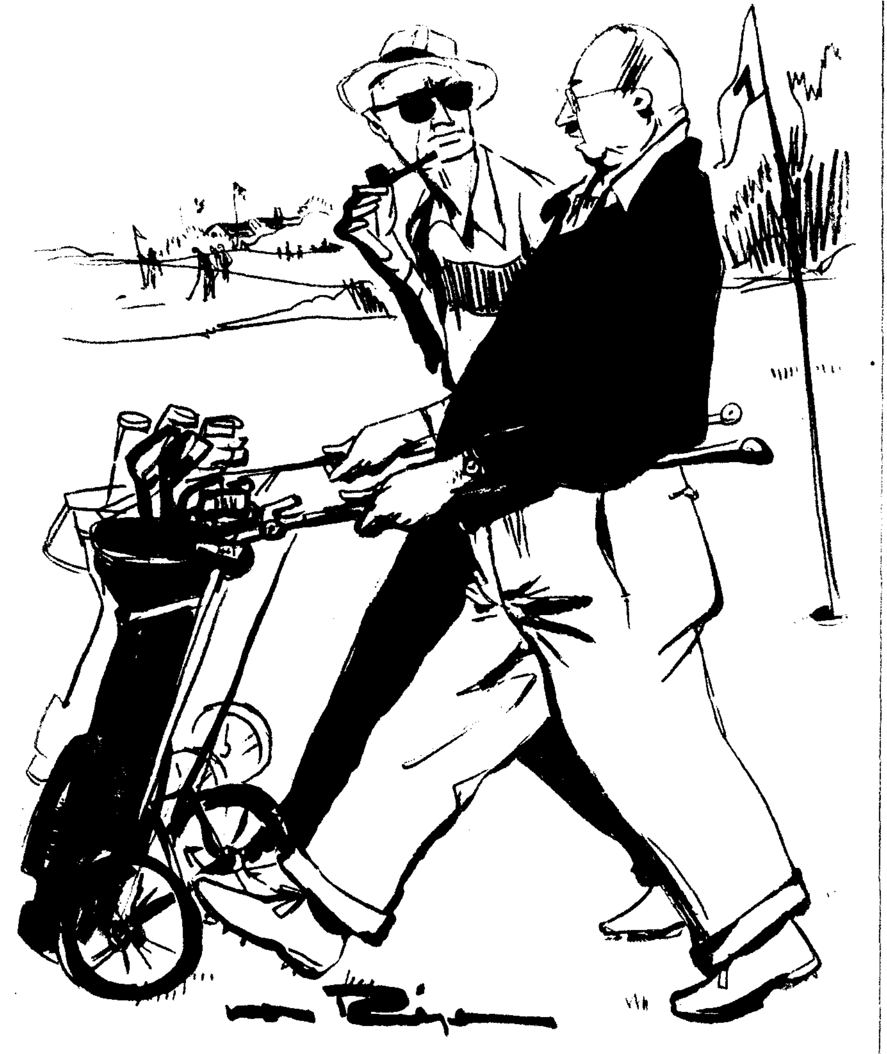
Down in Houston, the Texans have reacted pretty much as everyone expects Texans to—along with the plastic chest bubble, they have made the rocking bed part of a polio-recovery assembly line, and set out to prove that they can rock it bigger and better than anyone else. Their score in five months' time: all but one of 20 cases that were treated early have escaped the iron lung; six of 18 chronic cases (who had been in the lung six months or more before moving day) are free of the lung and recovered far enough to go home; the other 12 are all on their way to freedom.

During the 15 years ending in 1949, polio epidemics in the United States caused an average of eight deaths in every hundred positive clinical cases. In the last two years, this fatal figure has been cut in half. The change may be accounted for, in part, by the fact that more polio cases have been accurately diagnosed as knowledge of the disease has spread. But there is not much doubt that the true death rate has dropped to some degree. Not all of the saving of life is due to the rocking bed, of course. Nevertheless, the improvement has taken place entirely within the 20-out-of-100 cases involving paralysis of muscles of the chest and throat. And in that range, the rocking bed is the most widely accepted innovation of the last five years.

Any review of where we stand in regard to polio must pause at some point to consider what and how polio strikes. The polio virus is a mighty particular critter. On occasion it invades the brain, but most of the time it reserves its company for the cells of the motor nerves in the gray matter of the spinal cord and the medulla oblongata, boring inside them, feeding on the tissue and turning their entire metabolism to its own ends.

Sometimes, this starves individual nerve cells and they die, never to be replaced. With each such death, the transmission cables are cut to anywhere from one to 200 muscle fibers. Fortunately, all the important big muscles have thousands of fibers and, if enough nerve cells can fight off the polio virus, it is possible for the fibers controlled by the survivors to take over the work of those which have been withered.

The most vital muscles of all are operated from the medulla oblongata, which connects the spine to the brain and which is known to doctors as "the bulb." Hence the name, bulbar polio. The nerve centers in "the bulb" regulate the heartbeat, the breath rate, swallowing and speaking. Un-



"I don't give two hoots for the game —but who ever heard of a vice-president who didn't play golf?"

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A.

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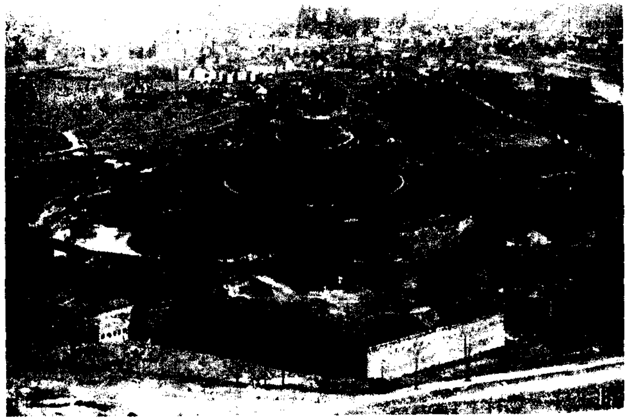

Where is this?

C.

What is this?

D.

Who is this?

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2. ***From what common substance is streptomycin, one of the miracle drugs, prepared?***
3. ***What United States President was rejected entry into West Point because of a weak eye?***
4. ***Who is the Communist-trained guerrilla leader in Indo-China?***
5. ***What famous British admiral crossed the "T" and in what battle?***
6. ***What is the meaning of the Arabic word "shah mat" and how does it apply to a favorite American game?***
7. ***What is the difference between a photomicrograph and a microphotograph?***
8. ***Do you weigh more (1) at the Equator or at the North Pole (2) at sea level or on a mountain?***
9. ***Name 4 of the 8 battleships sunk or damaged at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.***
10. ***How many major encyclopedias on the market today have been produced completely new in the past thirty years?***

ANSWERS: ***Picture questions:*** A. First out of a "double play" in baseball. Collier's Encyclopedia highlights all sports and describes each player position in detail. B. Mound of soil, built near Kraków, Poland, in 1820 as a monument to General Thaddeus Kosciusko. The soil was taken from the battlefields on which the Polish patriot fought. C. 220,000-volt X-Ray Machine for examining welded joints in steel equipment. D. Syngman Rhee, President of South Korea. ***Word questions:*** 1. Since peculiar geological conditions permit a single well to draw from an immense area, present production comes from only 65 wells. 2. Streptomycin is prepared from basic microorganisms isolated from the earth's soil. 3. President Harry S. Truman. 4. Ho Chi Minh. 5. Admiral John B. Jellicoe in the battle of Jutland. 6. "Shah mat" means "the king is dead" and signifies the ending of a game of chess. 7. A photomicrograph is a greatly enlarged photograph of a microscope object, while a microphotograph is a microscopically small reduction of a normal photograph. 8. You weigh more at the North Pole and more at sea level. 9. The battleships Arizona, California, West Virginia, Oklahoma, Nevada, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Maryland were sunk or damaged. 10. Only one . . . Collier's Encyclopedia.

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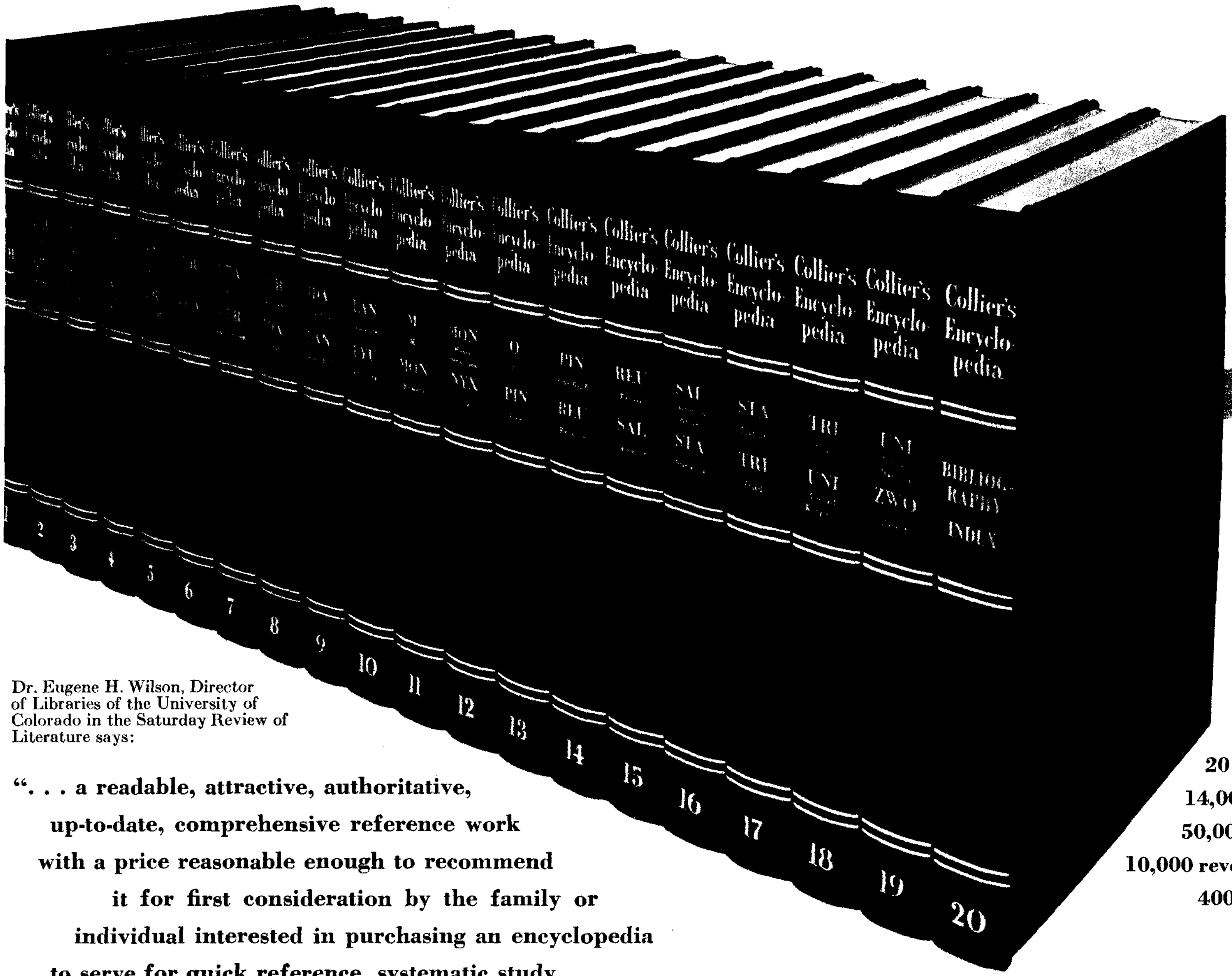

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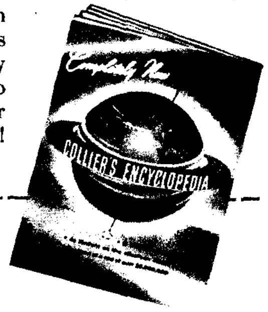

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til very recently, it was stated as a fixed rule that, although bulbar cases were more likely to be fatal than any others, the threat of death did not last long; if the patient could survive for as long as a week after his acute symptoms first appeared, he would not only recover but would have no lingering trace of affliction.

This rule, it is now known, was too optimistic. Bulbar patients who pull through the crisis do sometimes have faint fogging of speech or slight halts in swallowing. But it is still true that they emerge from the ordeal lightly touched, and that the problem is to keep them alive over that short, rough stretch of time.

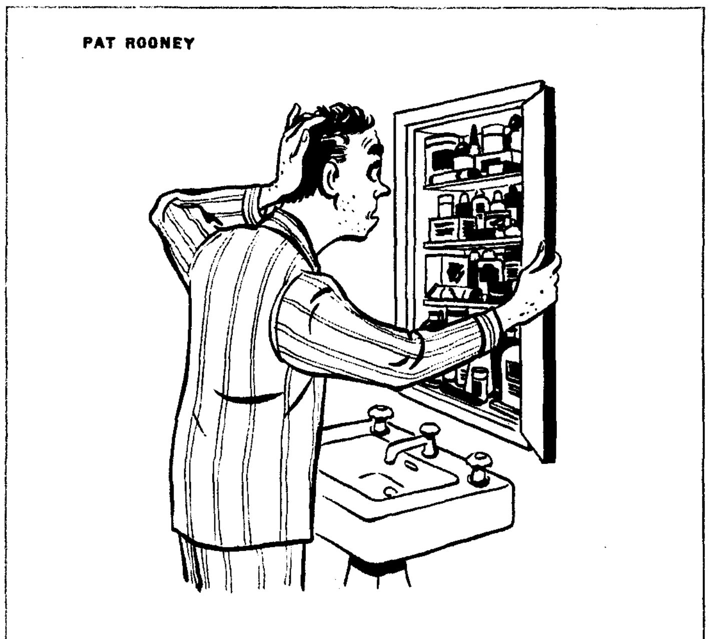
For Paralyzed Throat Muscles

Up to 1946, treatment of bulbar polio was limited to constant nursing care—with the patient lying head down to allow saliva to drain out of the mouth—and to feeding by vein. That year Drs. A. B. Baker and J. R. Brown, of the University of Minnesota, popularized a long-known surgical operation, tracheotomy, to treat those polio cases where throat muscles were paralyzed. The operation—generally employed today only after the older and simpler method proves insufficient—consists simply of inserting a silver breathing tube into the windpipe just below the voice box. Once in place, the tube remains as an airway until the power to swallow or to speak, whichever is lost, returns and there is no longer any danger of strangling from accumulated secretions.

The main communication cables from "the bulb" to the diaphragm are the two phrenic nerves, running down either side of the neck. These can be regulated artificially by application to the skin of a plastic "thimble" connected by wire to what looks like a portable radio set.

This is the electro-phrenic respirator which young Dr. Stanley J. Sarnoff of Harvard invented.

Six models of this device are being tried out experimentally by the polio foundation; and so far, regular respiration has been restored in more than a score of cases of chaotic breathing where the air passages were clear.



Chest Expansion

Is my finger bleeding and cut nearly off?
In my medicine chest there's a cure for a cough.
Is a tooth shooting pains out in every direction?
Here's something that's good for an eye infection.
Have I poison ivy, and need for a lotion?
Well, here, all unused, is a seasick potion.
My medicine chest's never known to fail me—
It's bursting with cures for what doesn't ail me.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

In at least one case, the patient was blue from lack of oxygen when treatment began. Where blood pressure had shot abnormally high, it invariably fell promptly.

Use of this device, however, requires far more skill than does the rocking bed. Unless an incision is made in the neck and the stimulating electrode is applied directly to the phrenic nerve, there must be scrupulous around-the-clock nursing to hold the plastic thimble exactly in place on the skin. For the vagus nerve, which regulates the heartbeat, is very close by the phrenic, and interference with it could have grave consequences. On the other hand, if an incision is made to reach the phrenic nerve, there is danger of deadening that nerve in cases of prolonged paralysis.

Fortunately, the general rule about bulbar polio—that the crisis is quickly passed—holds true here. Further encouragement is lent by the fact that in no instance of the device's use has the vagus nerve been touched.

As for the spinal cord nerves which direct the movements of our arms, legs and torso, there is not much new in treatment since Sister Elizabeth Kenny, the determined nurse from Australia, forced the medical profession in general to recognize the wisdom of getting paralyzed muscles back into motion as early as possible. Gentle massage, hot packs, warm-water bathing and mild exercise are still the best therapy. Doctor Wright's work with the rocking bed is a common-sense extension of this concept, which, incidentally, was being carried out in practice by many enlightened doctors before Sister Kenny arrived to dramatize it for the man in the street.

Widening knowledge of proper treatment of the disease has appreciably lessened polio deformities in recent years. Tendon grafts to replace shriveled muscle are almost commonplace. And it is now possible to regulate growth with such precision that a child starting out with a short leg will end up on an even keel.

This latter piece of surgical legerdemain originated with Dr. Dallas Phemister, of Chicago, in 1933. He began with the fact that growing bones, viewed in length, are roughly comparable to a five-layer cake. Starting at the bottom, there is a thin, hard layer, then a soft layer, then a thick hard layer in the middle, and another soft layer, with a second thin hard layer at the top. The soft layers do the growing. They are called epiphyses.

Dr. Phemister had no formula by which to speed up a bone's growth. So he started in the other direction, to bring growth to a stop. In time, he found that all he needed to do was cut out a neat little rectangle of bone that included a small section of two of the hard layers and the soft layer between them. By turning this lengthwise rectangle around and restoring it to place, backward, he broke the continuity of the soft layer and brought growth to a standstill.

After ascertaining this much, the problem was to figure out *when* to cut out the rectangle. Generally, girls stop growing two years earlier than boys do, and individuals within each sex complete their growth at different ages.

These ages are not necessarily related to birthdays, for in youth we pass through two different kinds of time simultaneously: calendar and skeletal. Calendar age can be reckoned by consulting a birth certificate. Skeletal age must be read from X rays of the wristbones.

By studying hundreds of wristbone X rays and measuring the bone growth of the boys and girls attached to those wrists, Dr. William Green, of Children's Medical Center in Boston, has worked out a chart from which he can predict the proper age when the bone growth of a healthy leg of a given child should be stopped in order to bring it out even with a leg stunted by polio. Recently, Dr. Walter Blount, of Milwaukee, began experimenting with a method to substitute for removal and replacement of the little bone rectangle. He straddles the growth layers with removable staples and thus slows growth to a stop.

Are the hopeful treatments described in this article beyond the reach of the common man's pocketbook? According to the polio foundation, they are not. That institution has a standing guarantee that the money it receives through the March of Dimes (over $150,000,000 since the late President Roosevelt's first Birthday Ball in 1934) will be devoted to a fundamental goal: making sure that each patient who needs help will have every opportunity for care that promises to be effective in his particular case.

The worst polio epidemic in our history—in 1949—struck a total of 42,366 persons. That's 28.5 per 100,000 population. You can figure out for yourself what a vast multiplicity of chances you have to *escape* polio. And if you do happen to fall in the small segment of population that is stricken, you still have a 4-to-1 chance of recovering with no serious aftereffects. Last year, 76 per cent of all polio cases that reached the hospitals were dismissed within 30 days. Surely, this is justification for saying that polio should not be read as a synonym for panic. What people really fear about polio is not the extent of its crippling or killing power but the present impossibility of preventing or curing it.

It is considered almost unethical to invoke hope that polio can and will be prevented in the foreseeable future. The last 15 years have witnessed the development and failure of two vaccines which, at the time of their introduction to the public, were regarded as sure-fire. Their fate has soured the medical profession on the subject. Yet, research has proceeded steadily, with help of foundation funds, and hope has grown.

A vaccine compounded of dead virus has blocked infection by two types of polio virus in mice. Whether it will stop the third known type as well, and also prove effective in man are open questions.

How Many Types of Virus?

Perhaps there are more than three types of virus that infect man? If there are, any successful vaccine must combat them all. Before that can be determined, it must first be known with certainty how many of them exist.

The first step toward this fundamental bit of knowledge has been completed at Children's Medical Center in Boston by Dr. John F. Enders and two Harvard associates, Drs. Thomas H. Weller and Frederick C. Robbins. These three scientists have succeeded in growing polio virus on fragments of human tissue obtained from various surgical operations. In the process, they have devised a relatively quick laboratory means of identifying virus types taken directly from feces of polio patients.

Before this work was done, the virus could be identified only after it had been passed from human feces into monkeys by inoculation—a process which took weeks, So, Doctors Enders, Weller and Robbins have saved time as well as money. And the ignificance of their work does not stop here. For the human tissue on which they have grown the virus in test tubes does not consist of motor nerve cells, polio's favored haunt in the living human body, but in nonnervous tissue of muscle, intestine and skin.

Because the growth occurred in test ubes, it cannot be taken as proof that the ame thing happens in the body. But it does suggest that men like Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., of the University of Michigan, may be right in their long insistence that polio is essentially a disease of the digestive ract and that the virus not only enters the body through the mouth and the gastrontestinal system but multiplies there before attacking the nerves.

Parents who have kept a watchful eye on polio through recent epidemics will find hat this information merely confirms the wisdom of their past precautions. If the virus travels through the mouth, it must be passed in such intimate family-and-close-friend contacts as kissing, fondling, feeding, oy and lollipop swapping and so on; and, since 75 per cent of the disease hits children under fifteen years, the spread of infection s very likely complicated by childish neglect of hand washing after visiting the toilet.

All available evidence indicates that the polio virus is being carried around somewhere, by somebody, all the time. Most of those who carry it are not even mildly ill. For reasons not yet understood, they pass t on infrequently—except in the summer and fall. Then, perhaps during vacation travel, they come into contact with someone not previously exposed, and—*boom!* By the time a family suspects the virus is under its roof, the whole family is infected. So are close friends, probably. Fortunately, most of them don't get sick. Unfortunately, sick or not, they can spread the virus through intimate contact for several weeks.

When a polio epidemic strikes a town, the wisest course is to restrict children's play to accustomed groups. If someone in that group has the virus, chances are all the rest have, too. There is nothing to be gained by frantically packing up and getting out of town. In fact, the very exertion involved may make a child prey to attack. Any infection has a better opening if its host is run-down, and polio is notoriously vicious in taking advantage. The most famous of all polio sufferers, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was not stricken until after he had piloted a yacht through a heavy storm, fought a forest fire, taken an icy swim and then sat around in a wet bathing suit writing letters.

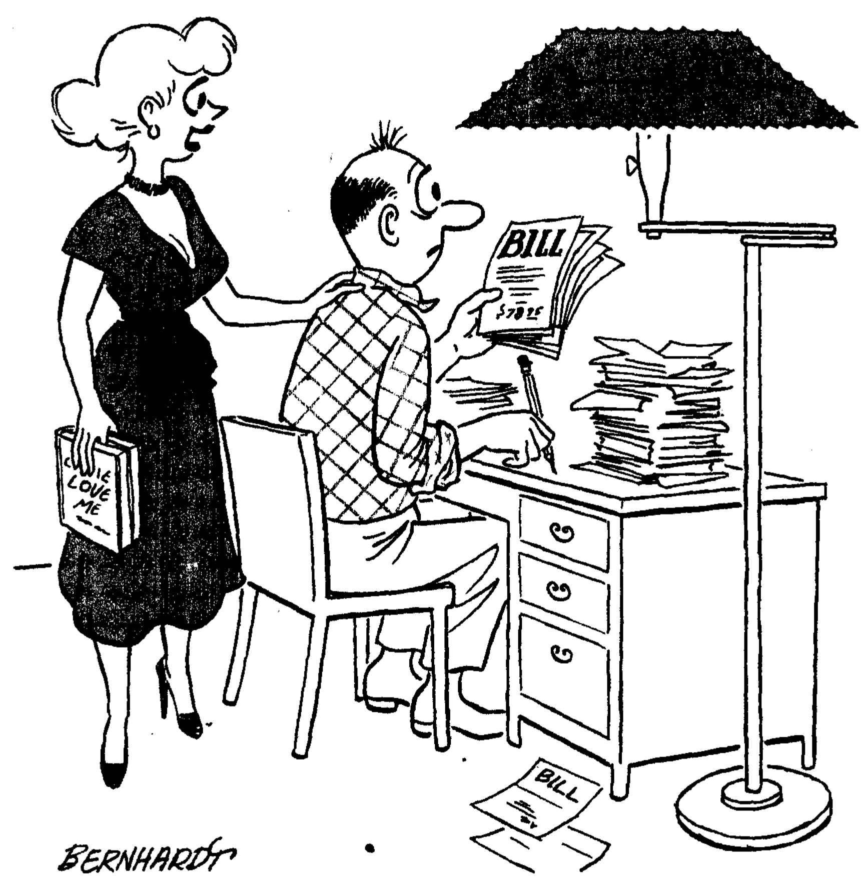
Tonsil and adenoid operations open pathways of invasion for the virus; consequently, they should be avoided if possible during the summer months.

Vaccinations and inoculations in general seem to bear a relation to susceptibility to polio, and it may be wise to skip them during a polio epidemic; but this should be governed by common sense; if, in the family doctor's opinion, the need for inoculation is pressing, it should not be neglected. There is no reason to suspect that vaccinations or inoculations *cause* polio.

When, in summertime, in spite of all precautions, a child develops fever, stomachache, sore neck, it is a clear case for the doctor's judgment. Those symptoms may mean any one of a number of minor ailments. But they may also mean polio. If it happens in your family, don't risk trying your own diagnosis. And if the doctor says it's polio, and you need help, telephone your local chapter of the polio foundation. Every county in the country has one, ready and waiting for just such a summons.

Whatever happens around you this polio season, keep calm. Remember, the odds are all in your favor, if you don't get rattled.

And before the virus reaches you, there may be a way to stop it. Gamma globulin, the blood fraction that contains all the disease-fighting antibodies in the human body, has successfully prevented polio infection in monkeys. It already prevents measles in children. The only question remaining to be settled, before it can be tried against polio in humans, is this: how big should the dose be? The answer cannot be far off. THE END



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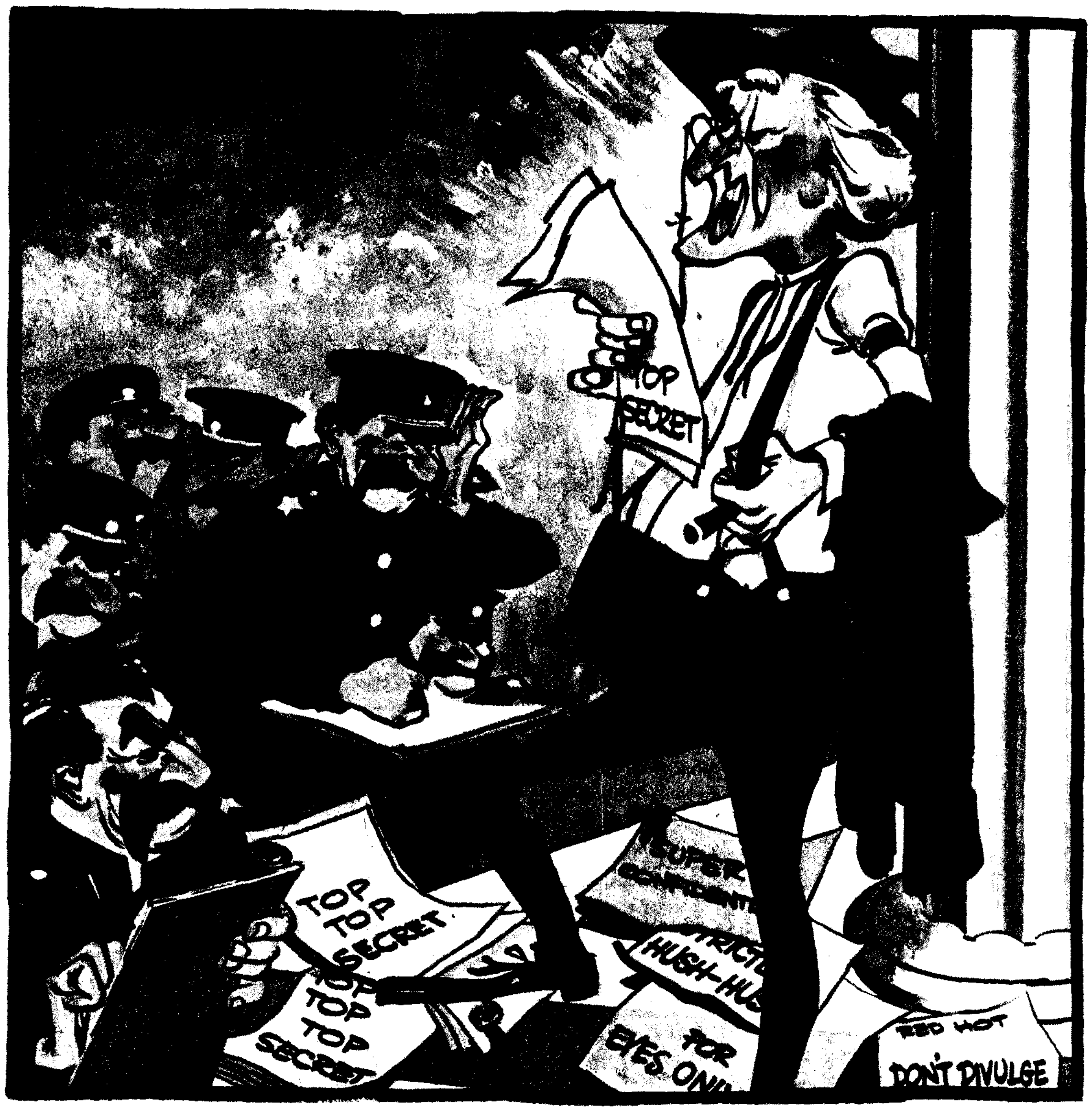


HARRY DEVLIN

To Minsk or to Pinsk?

THERE IS AN OLD RUSSIAN STORY, dating from pre-Soviet days, of two men who meet in a railroad station. "Where are you going?" one of them asks. "To Pinsk," the other replies. When they have parted, the first man says to himself, "What a sucker that Ivan must think I am. He tells me he's going to Pinsk because he wants me to think he's going to Minsk. But he doesn't fool me. He's going to Pinsk."

We don't buy generalities, as a rule. But we do buy the general implication of this story that suspicion is an ingrained trait of the Russian mind. And having bought it, we can't help but wonder how the suspicious, skeptical minds of the men in the Kremlin have reacted to some of the recent news from America. What have they made of the public soul-baring which reached its climax in the Senate hearings on General MacArthur's dismissal?

During those sessions the Secretary of State and the top brass of the armed services, among others, gave the world what seemed to be a blueprint of the United States government's whole foreign policy. They freely discussed the nation's military strength and strategy, its hopes, fears and confusions. There were a few deletions from the testimony as published. But, as someone said, if a Soviet agent had secretly procured what was openly revealed at the hearings, he would have been retired by his grateful government with the rank and pay of field marshal.

Then, while the MacArthur inquiry was still going on, Representative F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana reverted to his earlier incarnation of newspaperman and wrote some widely syndicated articles on the Eniwetok atomic bomb tests, which he had witnessed. Some people, including the New York Times's science writer, William L. Laurence, thought he had said much too much. So Mr. Laurence wrote a piece for his paper which went over the high spots of the Hébert series, pointed out what he considered were dangerous revelations, and explained why he thought they were dangerous. A side result of this, of course, was to call the Russian leaders' attention to what Mr. Laurence felt were security violations in the congressman's articles, in case the Soviets had missed them before.

But do the men in the Kremlin take all these frank discussions at face value? It seems quite possible to us that they may find them confusing as well as revealing. The motives for many of the things that go on in our democratic republic must be wholly incomprehensible to these men. They base their policies, by instinct and necessity, on secrecy, deviousness and distrust. And the innate suspicion of these policy makers is surely intensified by the intellectual isolation of their dogma-steeped minds and the physical isolation of their existence. Stalin, so far as we know, has never been outside the borders of Russia except briefly for the Tehran and Potsdam conferences. Most of the other members of the Politburo are similarly untraveled.

To these men, disagreement with established policy is not a democratic right, but a punishable offense. Disagreement, when it exists, is expressed in private and purged in public. The men in the Kremlin could never understand that the right to speak up in opposition is a safety valve and not a sign of weakness. To them, differences of opinion are a threat to their tyrannical power which must be and are suppressed.

So the spectacle of such things as General MacArthur's testimony and speeches and the publicized statements of the administration witnesses must be considerably baffling to the Politburo. We can imagine the members wondering: Are the Americans completely crazy, or are they being clever? Do we actually know how strong they are, how strong they expect to be and when, how they're coming with the hydrogen bomb, and how scared they are of us?

And if those same members should chance to read this editorial, it will give us great pleasure to let them try to figure out whether it indicates that we are heading for Minsk or Pinsk.

Save Them in Advance

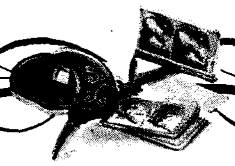
CONGRESS HAS MOVED to remedy the shocking prevalence of teen-age drug addiction in American cities by legislation which would punish peddlers by much heavier penalties. This is good and necessary, but only a start.

The U.S. Bureau of Customs needs to be strengthened so that it may stop more drugs at ports of entry. Certainly the woeful shortage of hospitals which provide treatment for addicts must be corrected. These are not new proposals. But there is another matter aside from punishment, seizure and treatment which we have not heard discussed, and which is of comparable if not equal importance. That is education.

Small children in many schools are learning a simple explanation of human birth through motion pictures. The armed forces have campaigned effectively against venereal disease by showings of educational films, at which attendance is compulsory. Why can't the same thing be done in schools of every city where the drug problem exists in any degree whatsoever?

There is no reason why it can't and shouldn't be done, but it seems to us that it is a job that only the federal government can tackle. The problem is national, and its educational aspect would have to be approached nationally. All the individual states are not equipped to do this job adequately. Neither are most cities or schools. It calls for professional competence from a team of professional educators, medical scientists, and film technicians and actors.

Heavy as the federal tax burden is today, it is not possible to talk of economy in this matter when one has read the pathetically tragic stories of teen-age, and sometimes less-than-teen-age, drug users which have been disclosed in local and national investigations. There are many afflictions which the American people and their government have fought successfully, or are fighting now, through treatment, prevention and education. None of them is worse than, or perhaps as bad as, the life-wrecking torture of physical and moral degeneration and almost inevitable commission of crime which the drug habit inflicts upon these pitiful youngsters. It will take a total war on all fronts to stamp it out.



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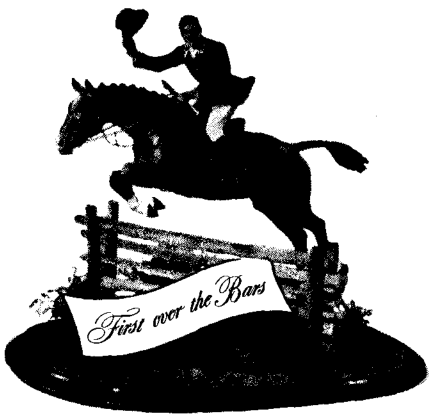

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